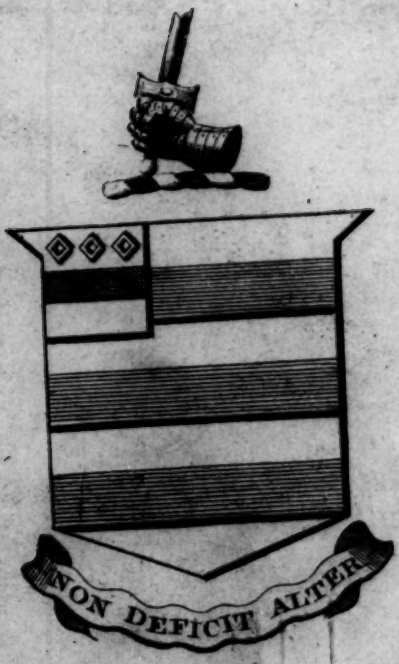
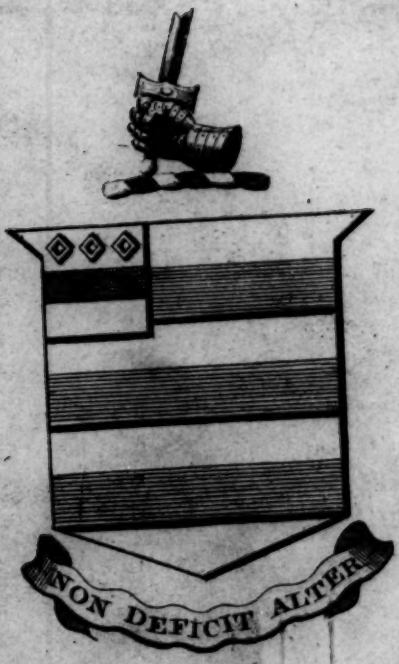


Stainforth



Stainforth

PLAYS

Written by the late

Ingenious Mrs. *BEHN*,

Entire in Two VOLUMES.

VIZ,

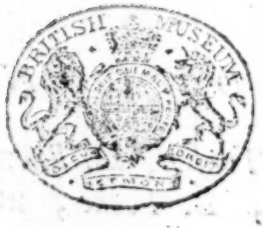
I. The False Count; or, a New Way to play an Old Game.
II. The Luckey Chance; or, an Alderman's Bargain.
III. Forc'd Marriage; or, the Jealous Bridegroom.
IV. Sir *Patient Fancy*.
V. The Widow *Ranter*; or, the History of *Bacon* in *Virginia*.
VI. The Feign'd Curtizans; or, a Nights Intrigue.
VII. The Emperor of the Moon.
VIII. The Amorous Prince.

The Second Volume. 4:6

LONDON,

Printed for *J. Tonson*, *D. Brown*, *J. Knapton*, *R. Wellington*, *B. Tooke*, and *E. Rumball*. 1702.

Where you may be furnish'd with all sorts of Novels and Plays.


BRITISH MUSEUM

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. *Smith*.

KNow all the Whigs and Tories of the Pit,
(Ye furious Guelfs and Gibelins of Wit,
Who for the Cauſe, and Crimes of Forty one
So furiouſly maintain the Quarrel on.)
Our Author as you'l find it writ in ſtory,
Has hitherto been a moſt wicked Tory;
But now to th' joy o' th' Brethren be it ſpoken,
Our Siſters vain miſtaking eyes are open;
And wiſely valuing her dear intereſt now,
All powerful Whigs, converted is to you.
'Twas long ſhe did maintain the Royal Cauſe.
Argu'd, diſputed, rail'd with great applauſe;
Writ Madrigals and Dogerel on the times,
And charg'd you all with your fore-fathers crimes;
Nay confidently ſwore no Plot was true,
But that ſo ſlyly carried on by you.
Rais'd horrid ſcandals on you, helliſh ſtories,
In Conventicles how you eat young Tories;
As Jew *did heretofore eat* Chriſtian *ſuckling;*
And brought an Odium *on your pious curling:*
When this is all malice it ſelf can ſay,
You for the good old Cauſe devoutly eat and pray:
Tho this one Text were able to convert ye,
Ye needy tribe of ſcribblers to the Party;
Yet there are more advantages than theſe,
For write, invent, and make what Plots you pleaſe,
The wicked Party keep your Witneſſes;
Like frugal Cuckold-makers you beget
Bratts that, ſecur'd by others fires ſhall ſit.
Your Conventicling mirgles out do
All that the Whore of Babylon *e're knew:*
By wondrous art you make Rogues honeſt men,
And when you pleaſe transform 'em Rogues again.
To day a Saint, if he but hang'd a Papiſt,
Peace a True Proteſtant, your Saint's turn'd Atheiſt:

And dying Sacraments do leſs prevail,
Th'an living ones tho took in Lamb's-Woolll-Ale.
Who wou'd not then be for Common-weal,
To have the Villain cover'd with his Zeal?
A Zeal, which for convenience can diſpence
With Plays, provided there's no wit nor ſenſe;
For Wit's prophane, and Jeſuitical,
And Plotting's Popery, and the Devil and all.
We then have fitted you with one to day,
'Tis writ as 'twere a recantation Play;
Renouncing all that has pretence to witty,
T'obleige the Reverend Brumigham's *o' th' City:*
No ſmutty Scenes, no Feſts to move your Laughter,
Nor Love that ſo debauches all your Daughters.
But ſhou'd the Toryes now, who will deſert me
Becauſe they find no dry bobs on your Party,
Reſolve to hiſs as late did Popiſh Crew,
By Yea and Nay, ſhee'll throw her ſelf on you,
The grand Inqueſt of Whiggs, to whom ſhee's true.
Then let 'm rail and hiſs and damn their fill,
Your Verdict will be Ignoramus *ſtill.*

EPI

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. *Barry*. Made by a Perſon of Quality.

I Come not a Petitioner to ſue,
This Play the Author has writ down to you;
'Tis a ſlight Farce, five days brought forth with eaſe,
So very fooliſh that it needs muſt pleaſe;
For though each day good Judges take offence,
And Satyr Armes in Comedy's defence,
You are ſtill true to your Jack Pudding *Senſe.*
No Buffoonry can miſs your Approbation,
You love it as you do a new French *Faſhion:*
Thus in true hate of Senſe, and Wit's deſpight,
Bantring and Shamming is your dear delight:
Thus among all the Folly's here abounding,
None took like the new Ape trick of Dumfounding.
If to make people laugh the buſineſs be,
You Sparks better Commedians are than we;
You every day out fool ev'n Nokes *and* Lee.
They're forc'd to ſtop and their own Farces quit,
*T'admire the Merry-*Andrews *of the Pit;*
But if your mirth ſo grate the Cririque's ear,
Your Love will yet more Harlequin appear.
—You everlaſting Grievance of the Boxes;
You wither'd Ruines of ſtum'd Wine and Poxes;
What ſtrange Green-ſickneſs do you hope in Women
Shou'd make 'em love old fools in new Point Linnen?
The Race of Life you run off-hand too faſt,
Your fiery Mettle is too hot to laſt;
Your Fevers come ſo thick, your claps ſo Plenty,
Moſt of you are threeſcore at five and twenty.
Our town bred Ladys know you well enough,
Your courting Women's like your taking Snuff;
Out of meer Idlenes you keep a pother,
You've no more need of one than of the other.

Ladies ———

Wou'd you be quit of their inſiped noiſe,
And vain pretending, take a fools advice;
Of the faux Braves I've had ſome little trial,
There's nothing gives 'em credit but denial:
As when a Coward will pretend to Huffing.
Offer to fight, away ſneaks Bully-Ruffin.
So when theſe Sparks, whoſe buſineſs is addreſſing,
In Love-purſuites grow troubleſome and preſſing.
When they affect to keep ſtill in your eye,
When they ſend Griſons every where to ſpye,
And full of Coxcomb dreſs and Ogle high;
Seem to receive their Charge, and face about,
I'll pawn my life they never ſtand it out.

Actors

Actors Names.

Mr. *Smith*,	Don *Carlos*,	Governour of *Cadez*, young and rich, in love with *Julia*.
Mr. *Wiltshire*,	*Antonio*,	A Merchant, young and rich, Friend to *Carlos*, in love with *Clara*, promis'd to *Isabella*.
Mr, *Nokes*,	*Francisco*,	Old and rich, Husband to *Julia* and Father to *Isabella*.
Mr. *Bright*,	*Baltazer*,	Father to *Julia* and *Clara*.
Mr. *Freeman*,	*Sebastian*,	Father to *Antonio*.
Mr. *Underhill*,	*Guzman*,	Gentleman to *Carlos*.
Mr. *Lee*,	*Guiliom*,	A Chimney Sweeper; the False Count.
	Two overgrown Pages to the False Count.	
	Petro,	Cashier to *Antonio*.
	Captain,	Of a Gally.
	2 Seamen,	
	Lopez,	Servant to *Baltazer*.
	Several,	Disguis'd like *Turks*.

Women.

Mrs. *Davis*,	*Julia*,	Wife to *Francisco*; young and hansom, in love with *Carlos*.
Mrs. *Petty*,	*Clara*,	Sister to *Julia*, in love with *Antonio*.
Mrs, *Coror*,	*Isabella*,	Daughter to *Francisco*; proud, vain and fooliſh, despising all men under the degree of Quality, and falls in love with *Guiliom*.
Mrs, *Osborn*,	*Jacinta*,	Women to *Julia*.

Dancers, Singers, &c.

THE FALSE COUNT OR, A New way to Play AN OLD GAME.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Street.*

Enter Carlos, Antonio, *and* Guzman.

Car. BY all that's good, I'm mad; ſtark raving mad
to have a Woman young, rich, beautiful,
Juſt on the point of yeilding to my Love,
Snatcht from my Arms by ſuch a Beaſt as this;
An Old ridiculous Buffoon, paſt Pleaſure,
Paſt Love or any thing that tends that way;
Ill-favour'd, Ill-bread, and Ill-quallifi'd,
With more Diſeaſes than a Horſe paſt Service;

And only blest with Fortune and my *Julia*:
For him, I say, this Miser, to obtain her,
After my tedious nights and days of Love,
My midnight Watchings, Quarrels, Wounds and Dangers;
—— My Person not unhansom too,
By Heav'n 'twas wonderous strange!

Anto. And old *Francisco*, without the expence of an hours Courtship, a *Billet-Dux*, or scarce a sight of her could gain her in a day; and yet 'tis wonder, your Fortune and your Quality, should be refus'd by *Don Baltazor* her Father.

Car. A Pox upon't, I went the wrong way to work, and courted the Daughter, but indeed my Father, the late Governour of *Cadez*, whose Estate and Honour I now enjoy, was then living; and, and fearing he would not consent to my Passion, I endeavoured to keep it secret, though sacred Vows had past between us two.

Anto. Did she not tell you of this Marriage with old *Francisco*?

Car. The night before, she did; but only by a Letter from her window dropt; which when by the help of a dark Lanter, I had read, I was struk dead with Grief. (*gives him the Letter.*

Anto. reads. (*Expect to morrow night to hear I'm dead, since the next Sun will guide me to a fatal Marriage with old* Francisco. *Yours* Julia.

Car. Judge, dear *Antonio*, my Surprise and Grief;
A while I stood unmov'd, thoughtless, and silent,
But soon rage wak'd me to new Life again;
But what I said and did, I leave to raging Lovers,
Like disappointed me, to guess and judge;
She heard —— and only answer'd me in tears,
Nor could I beg one tender word from her,
She sight, and shut the window too, and vanisht.

Ant. And she accordingly next day was married.

Car. She was, —— and I have since endeavoured all the Arts and Ways I can to Cuckold him; 'tis now two months since the Wedding, and I hear he keeps her as close as a Relict, Jealous as Age and Impotance can make him.—She hitherto has been absent at *Sivil*, but Expectation of her Daughter-in-laws Wedding with you has brought 'em hither, —— and, I ask your Pardon, *Antonio*, for rallying your Father-in-law that shall be, old *Francisco*.

Anto. I hope you are mistaken, Sir.

Car. How, are not you to marry his Daughter *Isabella*?

Anto. Not,

Anto. Not, if I can help it, Sir, —— the Honour you have done me in your friendſhip to me, a Perſon ſo much above me in Title and Birth, makes me think it my Duty to conceal no part of my Heart to you, —— Know then this *Iſabella* Daughter to old *Franciſco*, and your Cuckold that ſhall be, I hope is, though fair moſt ridiculouſly proud, vain and fantaſtical; as all of her Birth and Education, grown Rich, are;

Car. Prethee, What was her Birth?

Anto. Why, her Father, old *Franciſco*, was in his youth an Engliſh Cordwinder, that is to ſay a Shoo-maker, which he improv'd in time to a Merchant, and, the Devil and his Knavery helping him to a conſiderable Eſtate, he ſet up for Gentleman; and being naturally a ſtingey, hide bound Raſcal, and in the Humour of jealouſie even out-doing the moſt rigid of us *Spaniards*, he came over into *Spain*, to ſettle with his whole Family, where his Wife dying, to heighten the vice, marries this young *Julia*, your Miſtreſs, Sir; ——and now this Daughter of his having wholly forgot her original Dunghill ſets up for a Vicounteſs at leaſt, though her Father has deſign'd me the Bleſſing; but I have fixt my Heart and Eyes elſe-where, *Clara*, the young Siſter of your Miſtreſs, Sir, commands my Liberty.

Car. I've ſeen her, ſhe has Youth and Beauty capable to make a Conqueſt any where, ——but, does ſhe know your Love?

Anto. She does, and makes me think my Love return'd.

Car. Then know, *Antonio*, I muſt be your Rival.

Anto. How, Sir!

Car, You ſaid but now you were my Friend, *Antonio*, If true, you muſt aſſiſt in my deſign.

Anto. I liſten, Sir, impatiently.

Car Then thus; before I knew ſhe was your Miſtreſs, I had reſolv'd upon Addreſſes to her, in order to't, have treated with her Father about a Marriage.

Anto. How! and wou'd the falſe, forſworn, receive your Vows!

Car. No; but with Tears implores her Father dayly, when e'er he ſpeaks to her about my Paſſion; nor can I undeceive her, for indeed I have but feign'd a Love, (ſhe living in the ſame houſe with *Julia* whilſt here at *Cadez*) to get an opportunity with that dear, charming Creature; for, coming as a Brother, ſure they'll admit me kindly; nor will *Franciſco*, who has heard of what has paſt 'twixt me and *Julia*, ſuſpect me any more.

Anto. I

Anto. I knew I had a Rival, Sir, which *Clara* lov'd not; but ne'er cou'd get it from her who he was, for fear of mischief ——— I have often the Liberty to see her, under the name and pretence of *Isabella*'s Lover.

Car. And I Visit her only to get a sight of *Julia*, which hitherto has been impossible, though I have oft endeavour'd it —I beg you'll not be jealous, for this, by Heav'n, is only my Design.

Anto. I'll trust my Life, my Honour and my Mistress in so good hands at any time.

Car. You oblige me; but though I find your *Clara*, cold and cruel, *Isabella* would invite me to her Love, and makes so many kind advances to me ———

Anto. So would she for your Title were you deform'd, and had no shape of man about you; but me, because a little Citizen and Merchant— she so reviles, calling me base Mechanick, Sawcy Fellow; and wonders where I got the Impudo to speak of Love to her. ——— *in fine*, I am resolved to be reveng'd on all her Pride and Scorn; by Heav'n, I will invent some dire Revenge; ——— I'm bent upon't, and will about it instantly.

Car. —— and would you do it home and handsomly ——— and have a good occasion of being disingaged from her, and make her self the instrument?

Anto. Ay, such a Plot were worth the Prosecution.

Car. And such a one I have in my head, *Guzman*, my servant knows a fellow here in *Cadez*, whom for his pleasant humour I have oft observ'd, as I have past the streets, but too mean to be converst with, by almost any humane thing, by Trade a Chimney Sweeper.

Anto. On, Sir, I beseech you.

Car. This Fellow's of a quick Wit and good Apprehension, though possibly he cannot act the Don so well, yet that which makes up the best part of our young Gallants, now a days, he shall not want; that is, good Cloaths, Money, and an Equipage, ——— and a little instruction will serve turn.

Anto. I'm ravisht with the Fancy; ——— let me see ——— he shall be an English Lord, or a *French* Count.

Car. Either, we'll furnish him with Bills on Seignior Don *Francisco*, ——— men and bagage, and the business is done ——— he shall make Love to her.

Anto. Most Excellent.

Car. Guzman, have you not observ'd this Fellow I am speaking off.

Guz. Ob-

Guz. Obſerv'd him, Sir; I know him particularly, I'll fetch him to you now, Sir; he always ſtands for new Imployment with the reſt of his Gang under St. *Jago*'s Church-wall.

Car. Bring him anon to my Lodgings, where we'll prepare him for the Adventure.

Anto. And if the proud *Iſabella* bite not at ſo gay a bait, I'll be bound to married to her.

Car. And if ſhe do not, poſſibly that may be your Fate—but in return, you muſt let *Clara* know the Deſign I have, and, undeceiveing her opinion of my Love, make her of our Party.

Anto. Truſt my Friendſhip, Sir, and Management, I'll to her inſtantly, that is, make a Viſit to *Iſabella*, and get an opportunity to ſpeak with *Clara*.

Car. And I muſt write a Letter to *Julia*, to undeceive her Fears too, could I but get it to her.

Guz. For that let me alone —— [Exeunt *ſeverally bowing*.

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

Enter Julia *and* Jacinta.

Jac. Lord, Madam, you are as melancholy as a ſick Parriot.

Jul. And can you blame me, *Jacinta*, have I not many Reaſons to be ſad; firſt have I not loſt the only man on earth in Don *Carlos*, that I cou'd love? and worſe than that, am married to a Thing, fit only for his Tomb; a Brute, who wanting ſenſe to value me, treats me more like a Priſoner than a Wife,—and his Pretence is, becauſe I ſhould not ſee, nor hear from *Don Carlos*.

Jac. Wou'd I were in your room, Madam, i'd cut him out work enough i'd wartant him; and if he durſt impoſe on me, i'faith i'd transform both his Shape and his manners; in ſhort, i'd try what Woman-hood cou'd do. And indeed, the revenge wou'd be ſo pleaſant, I wou'd not be without a jealous Husband for all the world, and really, Madam, Don *Carlos* is ſo ſweet a Gentleman.

Jul. Ay, but the Sin, *Jacinta*!

Jac. A' my Conſcience Heav'n wou'd forgive it, for this match of yours, with old *Franciſco*, was never made there.

Jul. Then

Jul. Then if I wou'd, alas what opportunities have I, for I confeſs ſince his firſt Vows made him mine ———

Jac. —right— that lying with old *Franciſco* is flat Adultery——

Jul. I might, with ſome excuſe, give my ſelf away to *Carlos* ——but oh, he's falſe, he takes unjuſtly all the Vows he paid me, And gives 'em to may Siſter *Clara* now.

Jac. Indeed, that's ſomething uncivil, Madam, if it be true.

Jul. True! my Father has with joy conſented to it, and he has leave, to viſit her; and can I live to ſee't? No Miſchief will enſue, my love's to high, too nicely true to brook Affronts like that,

Jac. Yet you firſt broke with him.

Jul. Not I, be witneſs Heavn with what reluctancy I forc't my breaking heart; and can I ſee, that charming body in my Siſters Arms! that Mouth that has ſo oft ſworn love to me, kiſt by anothers Lips! no *Jacinta*, that night that gives him to another Woman, ſhall ſee him dead between the Charmers Armes. My life I hate, and when I live no more for *Carlos*, I'll ceaſe to be at all, it is reſolv'd.

Jac. Faith, Madam, I hope to live to ſee a more Comical end of your Amours——but ſee where your Amiable Spouſe comes with Don *Baltazer*, your Father!

Enter Franciſco *and* Baltazar.

Fran. So ——you two are damnable Cloſe together, 'tis for no goodneſs i'll warrant, you have your trade betimes.

Jac. Meaning me, Sir?

Fran. Yes you, one of my Wives evil Councellors, ——— go, get you up both to your reſpective Chambers, go ———

[*Ex. both.*

Bal. Barring your Complyments, good Son, give me leave to ſpeak.

Fran. Shaw, I know as well as your ſelf what you wou'd ſay now; you wou'd aſſure me I am Sole Maſter of your Houſe, and may command; that you are heartly glad to ſee me at *Cadez*, and that you deſire I wou'd reſolve upon a weeks ſtay, or ſo; that you'll ſpare nothing for my enterment, why I know all this, and therefore pray take my word, good Father-in-Law, without any more ado.

Bal. Well, Sir, pray anſwer me one queſtion, What drew you to *Cadez*?

Fran. Why,

Fran. Why, I'll tell you; in the firſt place, a Pox of all Lovers, I ſay; for my Daughter *Iſabella* is to be married, as you know, to *Antonio*, a young rich Merchant of this Town; in the ſecond place, my Wife, with a Vengeance muſt be gading to viſit you and her Siſter, whom we heard alſo was to be married to the young Govornor Don *Carlos*; 'tis ſhrewdly againſt my will heav'n knows, for my witts are in an uprore already about this buſineſs ——— your Gallants, Father, your young Gallant's, —I wiſh my Wife were ſecure at home again.

Bal. Pray why ſo?

Fran. Alas, I ſee the Trick, Sir, a meer Trick put upon a man, a married man, and a married man to a hanſom young woman,—you apprehend me.

Bal. Not I, Sir.

Fran. Not, you Sir; why look ye; your young Governour who now is, made moſt deſperate love to her who is now my Wife, do'e mind me?——— but you, being a man of an exact Judgment, to her great grief, gave her to me, who beſt deſerv'd her, both for my civil behaviour, and Comly Perſonage, d'ye underſtand me? but now this *Carlos*, by his Father's death being made Governor, d'ye ſee? is to marry my your other daughter *Clara*, and to exaſperate me, wou'd never let it be at quiet till he had got both of us to *Cadez*, to grace his Wedding; a Pox of his Invitation, was I ſo civil to invite him to mine?

Bal. If this be your Affliction you may avoid it.

Fran. No, no, I'll try to force Nature a little, and be Civil, or ſo, but as ſoon as the Ceremony's over, I'll ſteal out of Town, whip a way, preſto, i'faith.

Bal. But ſhou'd you do ſo rude a thing to your new Brother, your Wife wou'd think you were jealous of her. No, diſſemble that Fault, I beſeech you, 'twill make you odious to her and all the world, when 'tis needleſs, 'tis natural for women to hate what they fear.

Fran. Say you ſo, then I will hide it as much as I can in words, I can diſſemble too upon occaſion.

Bal. Let her remain a while amongſt us.

Fran. The Devil a bit ſhe ſhall, good Father mine, no, no, I have more years than you, Sir Father, and underſtand what women are, eſpecially when married to ancient men, and have the Converſation of young men———whoſe Eyes like Baſilisks deſtroy Modeſty with looking on 'em; the very thought on't has rais'd a Bump in my forehead already.

Bal. I am sorry you should suspect my Daughter's Vertue.

Fran. May be you are, Sir, ——— but youth you know ——— opportunity ——— occasion ——— or so——— there are Winks, and Nods, and Signes, and Twires——— and ——— well in short I am satisfied, and they that are not may go whistle, and so I'll to my Wife, whom I have left too long alone, evil thoughts will grow upon her———Wife, Love ——— Duckling ——— [*Calls her.*

Enter Julia *and* Jacinta.

Bal. Wou'd I had never married her to this Sott.

Jul. Your pleasure, Sir.

Fran. Only to see thee, Love.

Jul. I have a Sute to you.

Fran. What i'st, my Chicken.

Jul. I wou'd go make a Visit to my Aunt, my Sister *Clara*'s there, and i'll go fetch her home.

Fran. Hum ——— perhaps the Governour's there too?

Jul. What if he be? we ought to make him a visit too who so kindly sent for us to *Cadez*.

Fran. How! Make a Visit to the Governor? What have I to do with the Governor, or what have you to do with the Governor? you are no Souldier, Love! as for a Visit to your Aunt there's some reason in't, but for the Governor, think no more upon him, I say no more.

Jul. Since he's to marry my Sister, why shou'd you refuse him that Civility.

Fran. Your Sister, so much the worse.

Jul. So much the worse?

Fran. I, so much the worse, I tell you, for mark me, you have been Lovers lately; and old stories may arise that are not yet forgotten; and having under the Cloak of a Husband both Sisters at command, one for a Wife, t'other for a Mistress, hoyte toyte, there will be mad work i'faith; What a mixture of Brother by the Fathers side, and Uncle by the Mothers side there will be; Aunt by the Mother's side, and Sister by the Fathers side; a man may find as good kindred amongst a kenel of Beagles.——No, no, no visits to the Governor, I beseech you, fair Madam.

Bal. So, you are at your jealousie again.

Fran. Come, come, I love plain dealing; besides, when she Named the Governour, Flesh and Blood could not contain.

Jul. I ſpoke in reference to his Quality.

Fran. A Pox of your Civility; I tell you, I ſcorn my Wife ſhould be Civil. Why, what a Coyle's here about a Governour? I'll ſtand to't, a Man had better have a Mule to his Wife than a Woman, and 'twere eaſilyer govern'd.

Bal. But, hear reaſon, Son.

Fran. What from a Woman, and a Wife? Lord, Lord, where are your Wits, good Father-i'-law? Why, what a Devil, ſhall I be made ridiculous, a Coxcombe, Cuckold, to ſhow my Wife? No, no, there's no Neceſſity of your Civility, Miſtreſs; Leave that to me who underſtand the due Punctillio's of it.

Bal. Harkey Son, harkey!

Fran. Father mine, every Man to his buſineſs, I ſay, therefore ſay no more of this; For I'll give my Mother's Soul to the Devil, when any Wife of mine ever makes a Viſit to the Governour; and there's an end on't. Was ever ſo horrid a Plot contriv'd againſt her own Lawful Husband? Viſit the Governor, with a Pox.

Bal. 'Tis an honour due to all Men of his Rank.

Fran. I care not for that, my opinion is, my Wife's my ſlave, and let him keep his Rank to himſelf. [Fran. *gets his Wife behind him, and fences her with his Cloke.*

Enter Guzman.

Guz. He's here, and with his Wife; How ſhall I do to deliver my Letter to her? ——Sir, by the order of my Maſter, Don *Carlos*, the Governor, I am commanded to come hither to the end that, going from hence, and returning to my Maſter, I may be able to inform him————

Fran.——That I am in health,——very well, I was afraid he wou'd have been harping upon my Wife in the firſt place—the Devil take her, ſhe looks for't. [*Makes ſigns to have her gone*

Guz. Farther, Sir, he kiſſes your hand, with a more than ordinary friendſhip.

Fran. A Pox of his Compliments,———— [*Aſide.*

Guz. But he charg'd me, Sir, moſt paſſionately to preſent his Service to your Lady.

Fran. Yes, yes; I thought as much.

Guz. ——— In a more particular manner.

Fran. Friend, my Wife, or Lady, has no need of his ſervice in a more particular manner, and ſo you may return it.

Fac. In-

Fat. Indeed, but she has great need of his service in a very particular manner.

Guz. Sir, I ment no hurt, but 'tis always the fashion of your true bred Courtier, to be more Ceremonious in his Civilities to Ladies than Men; ——and he desires to know how she does.

Fran. How strong this *Carlos* smells of the Devil—friend, tell your Master she's very well, but since she was married she has forgot her Gentile Civility and good Manners, and never returns any Complements to Men.

Guz.——How shall I get it to her?—Sir, the Governor hopes he shall have the honour of entertaining you both at his House. He's impatient of your coming, and waits at home on purpose.

Fran. Friend, let your Master know we are here in very good quarters already, and he does us both too much honour; and that if we have notice of the Wedding-day; and I have nothing else to do, we'll certainly wait on him, and the next morning we intend to take our leaves, which I send him word of before hand to prevent surprise.

Guz. But Sir, ——— { *Approaching him he*

Fran. Go, Sir, and deliver your message { *puts his Wife farther*

Guz. But I have order, Sir,—

Fran. There's no such thing in this World.

Guz. I'm resolv'd to Teaze him, if I can do nothing else, in revenge;— But, Sir, he most earnestly desires to entetain your fair Lady in his own house.

Fran. Yes, yes; I know he does; but I'll give him to the Devil first.—— Troth, Sir, this *Cadez* Aire does not agree with my fair Lady, she has ventured out but once, and has got an Ague already.

Guz. Agues. Sir, are kind Diseases, they allow of Truces and Cessations.

Fran. No, no; She has no Cessation friend, her Ague takes her night and day, it shakes her most unmercifully, and it shall shake her till the Wedding-day.

Guz. Were this fellow to be tryed by a Jury of Women, I would not be in his Coat to lye with his Lady.———What shall I do to deliver this Letter,—— Well, Sir, since I see you are so averse to what the Governor desires, I'll return—but, Sir, I must tell you as a friend, a Secret; that to a man of your temper may concern you; —Sir,——he's—— resolv'd when he Comes next to { *Goes to whisper him, and*

Visit his Mistress to make ano- { *gives* Julia *the Letter over*

ther Visit to your Apartment, to { *his Shoulder.*

your Lady too.

Is

Fran. Is he ſo, pray tell him he need not take that pains; there's no occaſion for't; beſides 'twill be but in vain; for the Doctors have preſcribed her ſilence and lonelyneſs,—'tis good againſt the Fit; How this damn'd Fellow of a Rival torments me; Honeſt Friend, adieu.

Guz. Now is this Fellow ſo affraid of being made a Cuckold that he fears his own ſhadow, and dares not go into his Wives Chamber if the Son do but ſhine into the room——

[*Ex.* Guz.

Fran. So, your *Mercury's* gone; Lord, how, ſimply you look now, as if you knew nothing of the matter!

Ful. Matter, what matter, I heard the Civil Meſſage the Governour ſent; and the uncivil anſwer you return'd back.

Fran. Very good; Did that grieve your heart, alas what pitty 'twas I carried you not in my hand, preſented you to him my ſelf, and beg'd him to favour me ſo much to do my office a little for me, or the like; hah,———

Ful. And there's need enough, and the truth were known.

Fac. Well ſaid, Madam,

Fran. Peace thou wicked Limbe of *Satan*———but for you, Gentlewoman, ſince you are ſo tarmagant, that your own Natural Husband cannot pleaſe you: who though I ſay it am as quiet a Bed-fellow, and ſleep as ſweetly, for one of my years, as any in *Spain*——I'll keep you to hard meat i'faith,

Ful. I find no fault with your ſleeping, 'tis the beſt quality you have a-bed.

Fran. Why ſo then, is the Devil in an unmerciful woman? Come, come, 'tis a good Tenant that pays once a quarter.

Fac. of an hour do ye mean, Sir.———

Fran. Peace, I ſay,——thou damnable Tormentor, this is the Doctrine you preach to your Miſtreſs, but you ſhall do't in private, for I am reſolv'd to lock ye both up, and carry the keys in my Pocket.

Ful. Well I'm a wicked Creature to teaze the ſo, Dear; but I'll do what thou wilt; come, come be friends, I Vow, I care not for the Governor, not I, no more than I do for my— own Soul.

Fran. Why ſo, this is ſomething; Come, come your way's in,———who have we here a Man, ad's my life away, away.

Ful. Yes, up to my Chamber, to write an anſwer to this dear Letter. [*Ex.* Julia

[*Enter* Isabella.

Fran. No, 'tis not a man, but my Daughter *Isabella*.

Fac. Now will I stay, and set her on to teaze the Doatard, wou'd I could teaze him to Death, that my Mistress might be rid of him.

Fran. How now, what makes you look so Scurvily to day? Sure the Devil rides once a day through a Woman, that she may be sure to be inspired with some ill qualities ——— what wou'd you have now?

Isa. Something.

Fran. Something; what thing; have I not provided you a Husband whom you are to marry within a day or two.

Isa, There's a Husband indeed, pray keep him to your self, if you please; I'll marry none of him, I'll see him hanged first.

Fran. Hay-day; ——— what is he not young and hansom enough forsooth?

Isa. Young and Hansom; is there no more than that goes to the making up of a Husband? ——— Yes, there's Quality.

Fran. Quality; ——— Why, is he not one of the richest Merchants of his standing in all *Cadiz*.

Isa. Merchant, a prety Character, a Woman of my Beauty, and 5 Thousand Pound, marry a Merchant ——— a little, pety, dirty-heeld Merchant; faugh I'd rather live a Maid all days of my life, or be sent to a Nunnery, and that's Plague enough I'm sure.

Fac. Have a care of a Nunnery, least he take you at your word.

Isa. I would not for the World, no, *Jacinta*, when ever thou seest me in holy orders, the World will be at an end.

Fran. Merchant, why, what Husband do you expect!

Isa. A Cavilier at least, if not a Nobleman.

Fran. A Mobleman, marry come up, your Father, Huswife, meaning my self, was a Leather-seller at first, till, growing rich, I set up for a Merchant, and left that Mechanitk trade; and since turned Gentleman; and heav'n blest my endeavours so as I have an Estate for a *Spanish* Grandee; and, are you so proud forsooth, that a Merchant wont down with you, but you must be gaping after a Cap and Feather, a Silver Sword with a more dreadful Ribon at the hilt? Come, come, I fear me Huswise, you are one that puffs her up with pride thus;—but lay thy hand upon thy Conscience now. ——

[*To* Jacinta.

Fac.

Fac. Who, I Sir; No, no, I am for Marrying her out of hand to any reasonable Husband, except a Merchant; for Maids will long, and that's *Probatum est* against the prevailing distemper of Longing; Hitherto I dare answer for her, but batteries will be made, and I dare not be always responsable for frail Mortality.

Fran. Well, I have provided her one that I like, but if she be so squemish, let her fast, with a Murrain to her.

Isa, Dear Father.

Fran. Dear me no Dears: Wou'd your old Mother were alive, she wou'd have strapt your Justicore, for puleing after Cavaliers and Noblemen, i'faith, that wou'd she; A Citizen's Daughter and would be a *Madona*, in good time.

Isa. Why Father; the Gentry and Nobility now adays frequently marry Citizens Daughters.

Fran. Come, come, Mistress, I got by the City, and I love and honour the City; I confess 'tis the Fashion now adays, if a Citizen get but a little Money, one goes to building houses, and brick Walls; another must buy an Office for his Son, a third hoysts up his Daughters Topsail, and flaunts it away, much above her breeding; and these things make so many break, and cause the decay of Trading, but I am for the honest *Dutch* way of breeding their Children, according to their Fathers Calling.

Isa. That's very hard, because you are a Laborious, Ill-bread Tradesmen, I must be bound to be a mean Citizen's Wife.

Fran. Why, what are you better then I forsooth, that you must be a Lady, and have your Petticoats lac'd four Storyes high; wear your false Towers, and Cool your self with your *Spanish* Fan? Come, come, Baggage, wear me your best Cloaths a Sunday, and brush 'em up a Munday Mornings, and follow your needle all the Week after, that was your good old Mother's way, and your Grand-mothers before her; and as for the Husband, take no care about it, I have designed it, *Antonio*, and *Antonio* you are like to wed, or beat the hoof, Gentle-woman, or turn poor *Clare*, and dye a Begging Nun, and there's an end on't ——— see where he comes ——— I'll leave you to ponder upon the business.

[*Ex.* Francisco.

Enter Antonio. Isabell *weeps.*

Ant. What, in Tears, *Isabella*, what is't can force that tribute from from your Eyes.

Isa. A Trifle, hardly worth the naming, your self ——

Ant. Do I, pray, for what sin of mine must your fair Eyes be punisht?

Isa. For the sin of your odious Addresses to me, I have told you my mind often enough, methinks your Equals should be fitter for you, and sute more with your Plebean Humour.

Anto. My Equals, 'Tis true, you are fair, but if there be any inequality in our births, the advantage is on my side.

Isa. Sawcy Impertinent, you show your City breeding, you understand what's due to Ladys, you understand your Pen and Ink how to count your dirty Money, trudge to and fro chaffering of base commodities, and cuzening those you deal with, till you sweat and stink again like an o're heated Cook, faugh I smell him hither,

Anto. I must confess I am not perfum'd as you are, to stifle stinks you commonly have by Nature, but I have wholsom, clenly Linen on; and for my habit wore I but a Sword, I see no difference between your Don and me, only, perhaps, he knows less how to use it.

Isa. Ah, Name not a Don, the very sound from the Mouth of a little Cit is disagreeable —— Bargain and Sale, Bills, Money, Traffick, Trade, are words become you better.

Jac. Well-said, use him scurvily that Mrs. *Clara* may have him. [*Aside.*

Anto. The best of those you think I should not name, dare hardly tell me this.

Isa. Good Lord, you think your self a very fine Fellow now, and finical your self up to be thought so, but there's as much difference between a Citizen and a true bred Cavalier. ——

Anto. As between you and a true bread Woman of Honour.

Isa. Oh, Sir, you rail, and you may, long enough, before you rail me out of my Opinion, whilst there are Dons with Coaches and fine Lackey's, and I have Youth and Beauty, with a Fortune able to merit one, so farewel Cit. [*Ex.* Isabella.

Anto. Farewel, proud Fool.

Jac. Sir, be this Evening at the Door, Dona *Clara* has something to say to you.

Ant. Bless thee for this Tidings, dear *Jacinta*. [*Ex.* Jacinta,

—— I find let man be brave, or good, or wise,
His Vertue gains no Smiles from Womans Eyes.
'Tis the gay Fool alone that takes the Heart,
Foppery and Finery, still guide the Dart. [*Ex.* Antonio

ACT. II.

SCENE I. *A Chamber.*

Enter Jacinta *with a Light, and* Julia.

Jac. WELL, Madam have you writ to Don *Carlos*?

Jul. No, nor is it poſſible I ſhou'd, this Devil haunts me ſo from room to room, Like my evil *Genius* to prevent that good; oh, for an opportunity of one kind Minute to return Acknowledgments for this kind Letter he has ſent me.

Jac. I'm glad you find me a Sybil; Madam, I ever prophecy'd a happier end of that Amour than your ill Fortune has hitherto promiſed, ——— but what ſaid the Lovely Cavalier?

Jul. All that a man inſpired with Love cou'd ſay, All that was ſoft and charming.

Jac. Nay, I believe his Art.

Jul. Judge then what my Heart feels, who like a fire but lightly cover'd o're with the cold Aſhes of Deſpair, with the leaſt blaſt, breaks out into a Flame; I burn, I burn, *Jacinta*, and only Charming *Carlos* can alay my Pain ——— but how, Ay there's the queſtion?

Jac. Some way I will contrive to ſpeak with him, for he has loſt his old wont if he trayerſe not the Street where you live, but ſee Dona *Clara*. ——— [*Enter* Clara.

Jul. Hay, my Siſter, whom yet my jealous heart can ſcarce be reconciled to; ſo deeply was my fear of Rivalſhip fixt there, ——— ſo ſad, my Siſter, and ſo near the happy day with *Carlos*? ———

Cla. 'Tis pity ſhe that thinks it ſo, ſhou'd want him; the Bleſſing's thrown away on me, but we are both unhappy to be matcht to thoſe we cannot love; *Carlos*, though young, gay, hanſome, witty, rich; I hate as much as you the old *Franciſco*; for ſince I cannot marry my *Antonio*, both Youth and Beauty are but loſt on me, and Age decripid would be, equal torment.

Jul. Wou'd *Carlos* knew your heart, ſure he'd decline for he has too much Honor, to compel a Maid to yield that loves him not.

Cla. 'Tis true, he is above me every way, and the Honor my Father thinks to do our Family by this Match, makes him resolve upon't; but I have given my Vows to young *Antonio*.

Ful. And young *Antonio* you are like to have, for any thing that *Carlos* cares; for know, to thy eternal joy, my *Clara*, he has but feigned to thee, as much as thy *Antonio* to *Isabella*.

Cla. But are you sure of this?

Ful. Most certain, this Night if you can let *Antonio* see you, h'll tell you all the Cheat, and beg your Pardon.

Cla. Which he will soon obtain, and in return, what Service I can render him, in your behalf he shall not want.

Ful. *Antonio* will engage you they are friends.

Cla. You amaze me.

Fac. I have appointed him this night to wait, and, if possible, I would get him a Minutes time with you.

Cla. Dear *Facinta*, thou art the kindest Maid.——

Fac. Hang't, why should we young Women pine and languish for what our own Natural Invention may procure us; let us three lay our Heads together, and if *Machavil*, with all his Politicks, can out-witt us, 'tis pity but we all lead Apes in Hell, and dyed without the *Jewish* Blessing of Consolation,

Ful. No more, here comes the Dragon.——

Enter Francisco.

Fran. So; together consulting and contriving.——

Fac. What are you jealous of the Petticoat?

Fran. Petticoat, Come, come, Mistress *Pert*, I have known as much danger hid under a Petticoat, as a pair of Breeches. I have heard of two women that married each another—— oh abominable, as if there were so prodigious a scarcity of Christian Mans Flesh.

Fac. No, the Market's well enough stored, thanks be praised, might every Woman be afforded a reasonable Allowance.

Fran. Peace, I say, thou Imp of Lucifer; wou'd thou hadst thy Bellyful, that I might be fairly rid of thee——go get you up to your Chamber, and, d'ye hear, stir not from thence, on pain of our severe displeasure, for I am sent for in all hast, to Signior Don *Sebastians*, 'tis but hard by, I shall soon return;——what are you here——

Enter

Enter Iſabella.

I have a high commendations of your fine Behaviour, Gentlewoman, to *Antonio*; his Father has ſent for me, and I ſhall know all anon, this ſhall but haſten your Wedding, Huſwife, I tell you that, and ſo farewel to you———

[*Ex.* Iſabella *Crying.*

Cla. Say you ſo, then 'tis time for me to look about me.

Ful. But will you go out ſo late love! indeed, ſome hurt will come to thee.

Fran. No, look ye, I go Arm'd { *Shows his Girdle round with Piſtols.*

Go get you to your Chambers. [*He goes out, they go in.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Carlos, Antonio.

Car. I wonder where this Man of mine ſhould be, whom I ſent this Evening with my Letter to *Julia*, { *Enter* Guzman, *runs againſt* Carlos what art thou?

Guz. My Lord, 'tis I, your truſty Trojan, *Guzman*—— what makes you here, Sir, ſo near the Door of your Miſtreſs?

Car. To wait my Doom; what Tidings haſt thou *Guzman*

Guz. Why, Sir, I went as you directed me, to Don *Baltazer's*.

Car. And didſt thou deliver it?

Guz. And the firſt thing I met with was old *Franciſco*.

Car. So.

Guz. To whom I civily adreſt my ſelf— told him, you preſented your Service to him,—ſent to know how his Lady and he did. Which word Lady I no ſooner named, but I thought he would have ſaluted me with a Cudgel, — in fine, obſerving her behind him, whom he ſhelter'd all he could with his Cloke, I taking an occaſion to whiſper him, gave it her over his ſhoulder, whilſt ſhe returned ſome ſmiles and looks of joy,— but for an anſwer, 'twas impoſſible to get the leaſt ſign of one.

Car. No matter, that joy was evident, ſhe wiſht me one, and by the firſt opportunity my diligent waiting will be recompenced; but, where haſt thou been all this while?

Guz. Finding out the Chimney-ſweeper, you ſpoke of Sir, and whom you ordered me to bring this Evening.

Car. And haſt thou found him?

Guz. He's here, at the corner of the Street, I'll call him. [*Ex.* Guz.

Car. I have, *Antonio*, besides your particular Revenge, one of my own to act by this deceit, since all my Industry to see the charming *Julia* has hitherto been vain, I have resolv'd upon a new project, if this False Count pass upon 'em, as I doubt not but he will, and that he gets admittance into the House, I'll pass for one of his Domestiques.

Enter Guzman *and* Guilion. { *Page holding his Lanthorn to his face.*

Guz. Here's the fellow, Sir.

Anto. Fellow, he may be the Devil's fellow by his countenance.

Car. Come nearer Friend; dost think thou canst manage a Plot well?

Guil. As any Man in *Cadiz*, Sir, with good instructions.

Car. That thou shalt have, thou art apprehensive.

Guil. So, so, I have a pretty memory for mischief.

Anto. Hast thou Assurance and Courage?

Guil. To kill the honestest Man in *Spain*, if I be well paid.

Car. That thou shalt be.

Guil. I'll doe't, say no more, I'll doe't.

Car. But canst thou swear stoutly, and lye handsomly?

Guil. Prettily, by Nature, Sir, but with good instructions I shall improve; I thank Heaven I have Dossety, or so,

Car. Thou want'st not confidence.

Guil. No, nor impudence neither; how should a man live in this wicked world without that Talent?

Anto. Then know our Design is only Comical, though if you manage not matters well, it may prove Tragicel to you; infine, dost think thou canst personate a Lord?

Guil. A Lord, marry that's a hard question, but what sort of a Lord?

Car. Why, any Lord.

Guil. That I cannot do, but I can do some sort of a Lord, as some Lords are wiser than other-some; there is your witty Lord, ———him I defie; your wise Lord, that is to say, your knavish Lord, him I renounce; then there's your Politique Lord, him I wou'd have hang'd; ——— then there's your foolish Lord, let him follow the Polititian; then there's your Brisk, Pert, Noysey Lord, and such a small insignificant Fiend I care not if I am possest with; I shall deal well enough with a Devil of his capacity.

Car. Very

Car. Very well, then there needs no more but that you go along with my man to my houſe, my Authority ſhall ſecure you from all the injuries that ſhall accrue from a diſcovery, but I hope none will happen: Equipage, Clothes and Money we'll furniſh you with.——go home with him, and dreſs, and practiſe the Don till we come, who will give you ample inſtructions what to do.

Guil. And if I do not fit you with a Don better than Don De'll, Phobos, or Don Quixote, let me be hang'd up for the Sign of the Black Boy on my own Poles at a *Spaniſh* Inn door.

Anto. We'll be with you preſently.

Guil. And if you find me not en Cavalier, ſay Cloaths, Garniture, Points, and Feathers have loſt their Power of making one. [*Ex.* Guz. *and Page and* Guil.

Enter, opening the door, Jacinta.

Car. Hah, the Door opens, and ſurely 'tis a Woman that advances, dear *Antonio*, wait a little farther; ——— who's there?

Fac. Hah, if it ſhould be Old *Franciſco* now.

Car. Let it be who it will, I'll tell my name, it cannot injure either; ——— I'm *Carlos*, who are you?

Fac. A thing that looks for him you name——*Facinta*;— are you alone?

Car. Never ſince *Julia* did poſſeſs my heart; what news my deareſt Meſſenger of Love? what may I hope? ———

Enter Julia.

Jul. All that the kindeſt Miſtreſs can beſtow,
If *Carlos* loves, and ſtill will keep his Vows.

Car. *Julia* my Life, my Soul, what happy Stars
Conſpir'd to give me this dear lucky minute?

Jul. Thoſe that conducted old *Franciſco* out,
And will too ſoon return him back again;
I dare not ſtay to hear thy love or chiding,
Both which have power to charm, ſince both proceed
From a kind heart, that's mine.

Car. Oh, take not this dear Body from my Arms,
For if you do, my Soul will follow it.

Jul. What would'ſt thou have me do?

Car. Be wondrous kind, be laviſh of thy Heart,
Be generous in thy love, and give me all,

Jul. Oh Heavens! what mean you? I ſhall dye with fear.

Car. Fear

Car. Fear, let coward Lovers fear, who love by halves,
We that intirely love are bold in passion,
Like Soldiers fir'd with glory dread no danger.
Ful. But should we be unthrifty in our loves,
And for one moments joy give all away,
And be hereafter damn'd to pine at distance?
Car. Mistaken Miser, Love like Money put
Into good hands increases every day,
Still as you trust me, still the Sum amounts,
Put me not off with promise of to morrow,
To morrow will take care for new delights,
Why shou'd that rob us of a present one?
Ful. Ah *Carlos*!
How fondly do I listen to thy words,
And fain would chide, and fain would boast my Vertue,
But mightier Love laughs at those poor delays;
And I should doubtless give you all your *Julia*,
Did not my fear prevent my kinder business;
——And should *Francisco* come and find me absent,
Or take thee with me, we were lost, my *Carlos*.
Car. When then, my *Julia* shall we meet again?
Ful. You *Spaniards* are a jealous Nation,
But in this *English Spaniard* Old *Francisco*,
That mad passions doubled; wholly deprives him of his Sense, and turns his Nature Brute; wou'd he but trust me only with my Woman, I wou'd contrive some way to see my *Carlos*.
Car. 'Tis certain, *Julia*, that thou must be mine.
Ful. Or I must dye, my *Carlos*. [Anto. *listning advances.*
Anto. ——— I'm sure 'tis *Carlos*'s voice, and with a woman;
And though he be my Rival but in Just,
I have a natural curiosity to see who 'tis he entertains.
Ful. Oh Heavens! Sir, here's *Francisco*; step aside
Least mischief shou'd befall you. [*Runs in.*
Car. Now Love and wild desire prompt me to kill this happy Rival, ——— he's old, and can't be long in his Arrears to Nature.——What if I paid the debt? [*Draws half way.*
One single push wou'd do't, and *Julia*'s mine;——but hang't Adultery is a less sin than Murther, and I will wait my Fortune ———
Anto. Where are you, ——— Don *Carlos*?
Car. Who's there, *Antonio*? I took thee for my Rival, and ten to one but I had done thy business.
Anto. I heard ye talking, and believ'd you safe, and came in hopes to get a little time to speak to *Clara* in;——hah!——*Facinta*——

Fac. Who's

Fac. Who's there, *Antonia*? [*Peeping out of the door.*

Anto. The ſame; may I not ſpeak with *Clara*?

Fac. Come in, ſhe's here.——

Car. And prethee, dear *Facinta*, let me have one word with *Julia* more, ſhe need not fear ſurpriſe; juſt at the door let me but kiſs her hand. [*Goes in.*

Fac. I'll ſee if I can bring her.——

Enter Franciſco.

Fran. A proud ungracious Flirt,—— a Lord with a Pox, here's a fine buſineſs, i'faith, that ſhe ſhould be her own Carver,——well I'll home, and thunder her together with a vengeance.

Car. Who's here? ſure this is he indeed; I'll ſtep aſide, leaſt my being ſeen give him an occaſion of jealouſie, and make him affront his Wife. [*Goes aſide as* Fran. *was going in.*

Enter Julia.

Fran. Hum, what have we here, a woman?

Jul. Heavens! what, not gone yet, my Dear?

Fran. So, ſo, 'tis my confounded wife, who expecting ſome body wou'd have me gone now.

Jul. Are you not ſatisfied with all I've ſaid,
With all the Vows I've made,
Which here anew, in ſight of Heaven, I breath?

Fran. Yes, yes, you can promiſe fair, but hang him that truſts ye.

Jul. Go, go, and pray be ſatisfied with my eternal love.——

Fran. How fain ſhe'd have me gone now; ah ſubtil Serpent, is not this plain demonſtration,———— I ſhall murther her, I find the Devil great with me. [*aſide ſtill.*

Jul. ———— What is't thou pawſeſt on?

Fran. The wicked Diſſimulation of villainous woman. { *aloud*

Jul. *Franciſco*! { *to her.*

Fran. Oh thou monſter of Ingratitude, have I caught thee? You'd have me gone, wou'd ye? ay, to Heaven, I believe, like a wicked woman as you are, ſo you were rid of me.
———— go,—— and be ſatisfied of my eternal love,———ah, Gipſey,———— no, Gentlewoman, I am a tuff bit, and will hold you tugging till your heart ake.

Jul. Why, was there ſuch hurt in deſiring you to go, that you might make haſte back again,———— Oh my fears!

Fran. That you might receive a lover,——'tis plain——and my indignations high.————

Jul. Hea-

Jul. Heav'n knows I meant ———

Fran. Only to Cuckold me a little,—get you in,—where I will ſwear thee by Bell, Book and Candle,——get you in, I ſay,——go, go,——I'll watch for your lover, and tell him how unkind he was to ſtay ſo long, I will.——

{ *Ex.* Julia, *he ſtands juſt in the dore,* Carlos *advances.*

Car. I hear no noiſe, ſure 'twas he,——and he's gone in—To reap thoſe joys he knows not how to value,
And I muſt languiſh for; I'll ſtay a little —— perhaps *Facinta* may return again, for any thing belonging to my *Julia* is dear, even to my Soul. [*Goes juſt to the door,* Fran. *bolts out on him.*

Fran. Who's there?——what wou'd you have?——who wou'd you ſpeak to?——who do you come from?——and what's your buſineſs?

Car. Hah, 'tis the Sot himſelf;——my name is *Carlos.*

Fran. Carlos, what father of *Belzibub* ſent him hither?——a plain caſe;——I'll murther her out of hand.

Car. ——And I wou'd ſpeak to any body, Friend, that belongs to the fair *Clara,*——if you are any of this houſe.

Fran. Only the Cuckold of the houſe, that's all;——my name, Sir, is *Franciſco*; but you, perhaps, are better acquainted with my Wife.

Car. Franciſco, let me embrace you, my Noble Brother,
And chide you, that you wou'd not viſit me. [*Going to embrace him, he flies off.*

Fran. And bring my Wife along with me.

Car. Both had been welcome——and all I have, you ſhou'd Command.

Fran. For my Wife's ſake——what if I ſhou'd Piſtol him now;——and I am damnably provok'd to't, had I but Courage to ſhoot off one. [*Aſide.*

Car. Methinks you make not ſo kind returns as my Friendſhip to you, and the Alliance ſhall be between us, deſerves.

Fran. I am ſomething Ill-bred, I confeſs, Sir;——'tis dark, and if I ſhou'd do't no body wou'd know 'twas I. [*Aſide.*

Car. I fear there's ſome miſunderſtanding between us, pray let us go in a while, I'll talk you from your error. [*Offers to go, he gets between him and the door.*

Fran. Between us, Sir, oh Lord, not in the leaſt, Sir, I love and honour you ſo heartily——I'd be content to give you to the Devil; but the noiſe of the Piſtol wou'd diſcover the buſineſs. [*Aſide.*

Car.—Come, let's in, and talk a while.

Fran. I'm

Fran. I'm ſorry I cannot do't, Sir, we are ſomething incommoded being not at our own houſe.

Car. Brother, I am afraid you are a little enclined to be jealous, that will deſtroy all Friendſhip.———

Fran. So, how finely the Devil begins to inſinuate?

Car.—That makes a Hell of the Heav'n of Love, and thoſe very pains you fear, are leſs tormenting than that fear; what ſay you, Brother, is't not ſo with you?

Fran. ——I find you wou'd have me turn a Husband of the Mode, a fine convenient Tool, one of the Modern humour, a Civil perſon, that underſtands Reaſon, or ſo; and I doubt not but you wou'd be as Modiſh a Gallant.

Car. Ha, ha, ha.

Fran. What do you laugh, Sir?

Car. Who can chuſe; to hear your ſuſpicions, your needleſs Fears. Come, come, truſt your Wives Diſcretion, and Modeſty———and I doubt not but you will find your ſelf.———

Fran. ———In the Road to Heaven, whether they ſay all Cuckolds go———I thank you for your advice; I perceive you wou'd willingly help me onwards of my Journey.———

Car. I'm glad I know you, Sir,———farewel to you.——— [*Goes out.*

Fran. No matter for that, ſo you know not my Wife—and ſo farewel to you, Sir, and, the Devil take all Cuckold-makers. [*Ex-*

SCENE *The inſide of the Houſe.*

Enter Clara, Julia, Antonio, Jacinta *running to 'em.*

Jac. He has ſeen Don *Carlos*, and they have been in great diſcourſe together, I cou'd not hear one word, but you'll have it at both ears anon, I'll warrant you.
Ha, he's coming.———.

Enter Franciſco.

Cla. Heavens, he muſt not ſee you here.—— [*To Ant.*

Jac. Here, ſtep in to *Clara*'s Bed-chamber.— [*He goes in.*

Fran. So, the Plot's at laſt diſcover'd,——he was a Cavalier of his Parole.

Jul. Who ſpeak you of?

Fran. Only

Fran. Only the Governour, the fine young Governour, I deliver'd him the message, told him my mind, and the like.

Ful. So kind to visit us, and have you sent him away already?

Fran. Ah, Witch; already,———why, have I any lodging for him?

Ful. But I am glad you brought him not in, I being so unready.

Fran. But you are always ready for him, my dear victorious Man-slayer.

Ful. What means he, sure he has a Gad-bee in his Brain.

Fran. Satan's she Advocate——pace I say; ——so,——you look as innocently now, as a little Devil of two years old, I'll warrant;——come, come,——look me full in the face——thus,——turn your nose just to mine——so——now tell me whose damnable Plot this was, to send your Gallant with his Eloquence, Querks and Conundrums, to tutor me into better manners?

Ful. Send him; I'll answer no such idle questions.——

Fran. He has taken a world of pains about your particular Chapter, and no doubt but he preach'd according to instructions;——what say you for your self, that Judgment may not pass?

Ful. I say you're an old jealous Fool; have I seen Don *Carlos*, or heard from Don *Carlos*, or sent to Don *Carlos*? here's a do indeed.

Fran. What made you at the door against my positive commands,——the very street door,———in the night,———alone,——and undrest,———this is matter of Fact, Gentlewoman; you hastned me away,———a plain case,———and presently after Don *Carlos* comes to the door,——— positive proof,—sees me and falls right down upon my jealousie,—clear conviction,——'twas pity but I had followed his counsel, yes, when the Devil turns student in Divinity;——but no matter, I'll see your back fairly turn'd upon this Town to morrow; I'll marry my Daughter in the morning to *Antonio*, and a fair wind or not, we'll home; the Gally lies ready in the Habour—therefore prepare, pack up your tools, for you are no woman of this world.

Anto. How? marry me to morrow to his daughter;—and carry his Wife from my Friend; this misfortune must be prevented. [*Aside peeping.*

Fran. And so, Mistress, come your ways to your Chamber.

Ful. And study how to prevent this cruel separation.

[*Aside, goes out with him and* Jacinta.

Cla. Ah,

Cla. Ah, *Antonio*, I find by that ſad look of yours, you have ever heard our haſty Doom.

Anto. I have, and am a little ſurpriz'd at the ſuddeneſs of it; and I my ſelf am the unlucky occaſion of it,——— to break it off; I told my father how ſcurvily *Iſabella* treated me,—— he thereupon ſends for Old *Franciſco*, tells him of my complaint, and inſtead of diſingaging my ſelf, I find my ſelf more undone.

Cla. What ſhall we do? I'm ſure thou wilt not marry her, thou canſt not do't and hope to go to Heaven.

Anto. No, I have one prevention left, and if that fail, I'll utterly refuſe to marry her, a thing ſo vainly proud; no Laws of Nature or Religion, ſure, can bind me to ſay yes; and for my Fortune, 'tis my own, no Father can command it.

Cla. I know thou wilt be true, and I'll not doubt it.

Enter Jacinta.

Jac. Ah! Madam, the ſaddeſt news———

Cla. Hah! what?

Jac. Poor Gentleman, I pity you of all things in the world, ——you muſt be forc'd——how can I utter it,——to the moſt lamentable torment that ever lover endur'd——to remain all night in your Miſtreſs's Chamber.

Anto. Alas, how ſhall I indure ſo great an affliction?

Cla. And I.

Jac. Ha, ha, ha, how I am griev'd to think on't; ha, ha, ha, that you ſhou'd both be ſo hardly put to't; ha, ha, ha, for the Old Gentleman has lock'd all the doors, and took the keys to bed to him,——go get you in,———ha, ha, ha,——

Anto. Oh, my dear *Clara*, this is a bleſſing I could not hope.

Cla. *So large a freedom ſhall my Vertue prove,*
I'll truſt my Honour with Antonio's *Love.* [They go in.

[Ex. *Jacinta* laughing.

ACT.

ACT. III.

SCENE I.

Enter Don Carlos *in his Night-gown,* Antonio *and* Guzman *with clothes.*

Car. ALL night with *Clara* say'ſt thou? that was lucky; but was ſhe kind, my friend?

Anto. As I deſir'd, or honour wou'd permit her; Nor wou'd I preſs her farther.

Car. A very moderate Lover.

Anto. For ſome part of my Vertue, Sir, I owe to you, in midſt of all my Love, even in the kindeſt moments of delight, my joys were broken by concern for you.

——*Julia* this day, or very ſuddenly, leaves *Cadez*.

Car. By Heaven, and ſo will *Carlos* then, for I'm ſo reſolutely bent to poſſeſs that dear Creature,
That I will do't with hazard of my Life,
Expence of Fortune, or what's dear to me.

Guz. And how wou'd you reward that Politique head, that ſhou'd contrive the means to bring this handſomly about; not for an hour, or a night, but even as long as you pleaſe, with freedom; without the danger of venturing your honourable neck, in ſhowing feats of activity three ſtories high, with a Dagger in one hand, and a Piſtol in t'other, like a Rope-dancer?

Car. But how? Thou talkeſt of impoſſibilities.

Anto. Doſt think ſhe'll e'er conſent to quit her Husband?

Guz. No, Heaven forbid, I am too good a Chriſtian to part Man and Wife; but being naturally enclined to works of Charity, I will with one project I have in this noddle of mine,—make Old *Franciſco* a Cuckold, accommodate my Lord and *Julia*, ſerve you, Sir,——and give our ſelves a good Scene of mirth.

Car. Thou amazeſt me.

Guz. If I do't not, ſend me to the Galleys, nay, and ſo far cure the jealouſie of the old Fellow, that from a rigid ſuſpicious troubleſome Fool, he ſhall become ſo tame and gentle a Husband,——that he ſhall deſire you to favour him ſo much as to lie with his dear Wife.

Car. By

Car. By what ſtrange Witchcraft ſhall this be brought to paſs?

Guz. E'n honeſt invention, Sir, good Faith, liſten and believe:——When he goes, he certainly goes by Sea, to ſave the charges of Mules.

Anto. Right, I heard him ſay ſo; in the Galley that lies in the Port.

Guz. Good, there is a Galley alſo, in the Harbour, you lately took from the Turks; habits too were taken in enough to furniſh out ſome forty or fifty as convenient *Turks* as a man wou'd wiſh at the Devil.

Car. Ah, Rogue, I begin to apprehend already.

Guz. Our *Turkiſh* Galley thus man'd, I'll put to Sea, and about a League from Land, with a ſham-fight ſet on that of Old *Franciſco*, take it, make 'em all Slaves, clap the Old Fellow under hatches, and then you may deal with the fair ſlave his Wife, as *Adam* did with *Eve*.

Car. I'm raviſh'd with the thought.

Anto. But what will be the event of this?

Car. I will not look ſo far, but ſtop at the dear Joys, and fear no fate beyond 'em.

Guz. Nay, with a little Cudgelling this dull Brain of mine I ſhall advance it farther for the Jeſt ſake;——as I take it, Seignior Don *Antonio*, you have a fine Villa, within a Bow ſhot of this City belonging to your ſelf.

Anto. I have, with pleaſant Gardens, Grotto's, Waterworks.——

Car. A moſt admirable Scene for Love and our deſigns.

Anto. 'Tis yours, Sir.

Guz. Then, Sir, when we have taken this Old Fool, on whom the groſeſt cheat wou'd paſs, much more this, which ſhall carry ſo ſeeming a Truth in't, he being clapt under hatches in the Dark, we'll wind round a League or too at Sea, turn in, and Land at this Garden, Sir, of yours, which we'll pretend to be a *Seraglio* belonging to the *Grand Seignior*; whither, in this hot part o'th' year, he goes to Regale himſelf with his ſhe ſlaves.

Car. But the diſtance of Place and Time allow not ſuch a Falacy.

Guz. Why he never read in's life; knows neither Longitude nor Latitude, and *Conſtantinople* may be in the midſt of *Spain* for any thing he knows; beſides, his fear will give him little leiſure for thinking.

Anto. But how ſhall we do with the Seamen of this other Gally?

Guz. There's not above a Dozen, besides the slaves that are chain'd to the Oar, and those Dozen, a Pistol a piece wou'd not only make 'em assist in the design, but betray it in earnest to the *Grand Seignior*;—for them I'll undertake, the Master of it being *Pier de Sala*, your Fathers Old Servant, Sir. [*To* Carlos.

Anto. But possibly his mind may alter upon the Arrival of this *False Count* of ours?

Car. No matter, make sure of those Seamen however; that they may be ready upon occasion.

Anto. 'Tis high time for me that your Count were arriv'd, for this morning is destin'd the last of my Liberty.

Car. This Morning—Come haste and dress me— [*To* Guz. ——*Guzman*, where's our Count?

Enter Guilion *dress fine, two great Pages and a little one following.*

Guz. Coming to give you the good morrow, Sir;
And shew you how well he looks the Part.

Car. Good day to your Lordship—— [*Bowing.*

Guil. Morrow, morrow, friend.

Anto. My Lord, your most humble Servant.

Guil. Thank you, friend, thank you; Page, Boy——what's a Clock, Sirrah?

Pag. About Eight, my Lord.

Anto. Your Lordship's early up.

Guil. My stomach was up before me, friend; and I'm damnable hungry; 'tis strange how a man's Appetite increases with his Greatness; I'll swinge it away now I'm a Lord,——then I will wench without mercy; I'm resolv'd to spare neither Man, Woman, nor Child; not I; hey, Rogues, Rascals, Boys, my Breakfast, quickly Dogs—let me see what shall I have now that's rare?

Pag. What will your Honour please to have?

Guil. A small rasher of delicate Bacon, Sirrah—of about a Pound, or two, with a small Morsel of Bread———round the Loaf, d'ye hear quickly, slaves.

Anto. That's gross meat, Sir, a pair of Quails—or—

Guil. I thank you for that, i'faith, take your Don again, an you please, I'll not be starv'd for near a Don in Christendom.

Anto. But you must study to refine your manners a little.

Guil. Manners, you shall pardon me for that, as if a Lord had not more privilege to be more sawcy, more rude, impertinent, slovenly and foolish than the rest of his Neighbours, or mankind.

Car. Ay,

Car. Ay, ay, 'tis great.

Guil. Your ſawcy Rudeneſs, in a *Grandee*, is Freedom; your Impertinence, Wit; your Sloven, Careleſs; and your Fool good Natur'd, at leaſt they ſhall paſs ſo in me, I'll warrant ye.

Car. Well, you have your full Inſtructions; your Baggage, Bills and Letters, from *Octavio* the Sivilian Merchant.

Guz. All, all, Sir, are ready, and his Lordſhips breakfaſt waits.

Car. Which ended, we advance,
Juſt when *Aurora* roſe from *Thetis* Bed,
Where he had wantoned a ſhort Summers night,
Harneſt his bright hoov'd Horſes to begin
His Gilded courſe about the Firmament,
Out ſallyed *Don Gulielmo Roderigo de Chimeny Sweperio*, and ſo forth. Gad this adventure of ours will be worthy to be ſung in Heroick Rhime Dogerel; before we have finiſht it; Come—— [*Goes out.*

Guil. Hey Rogues, Raſcals, Boys, follow me juſt behind. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Enter Clara *and* Jacinta.

Jac. Nay I knew he would be civil Madam, or I would have born you Company, but neither my Miſtreſs nor I, cou'd ſleep one wink all Night, for fear of a Diſcovery in the Morning, and, to ſave the poor Gentleman a tumbling Caſt from the Window, my Miſtreſs, juſt at day break, fained her ſelf wondrous ſick,—I was called, deſired to go to Seignior *Spadilio*'s the Apothecary's, at next Door, for a Cordial; and ſo he ſlipt out;—— but the Story of this falſe Count pleaſes me extreamly, and, if it ſhould take, Lord what mirth we ſhould have. Ha, ha, ha, I can't forbear with the thoughts on't.

Clar. And to ſee the Governor his man?

Jac. Ah, what a Jeſt that would be too,—— Ha, ha, ha, but here comes *Iſabella*; lets puff up her Pride with Flatteries on her Beauty——

Enter Iſabella *looking in a Glaſs, and ſeeing her Face.*

Iſa. Ah, Heavens, thoſe Eyes,—— that Look;—— that pretty Leer,——that my Father ſhou'd be ſo Doting as

old Foold to think these Beauties fit for a little Merchandize, a Marchioness wou'd so much better become me. [*Looks again.* ——ah what a Smiles there— and then that scornful look— 'tis great——heavens who's here?—— [*Sees them.*

Cla. Only those Friends that wish you better Fortune than this day promises.

Fac. Look on that Face; Are there not Lines that forttel a world of greatness, and promise much Honour?

Cla. Her Face, her Shape, her Mien, her every part, declares her Lady——or something more.——

Isa. Why so, and yet this little Creature of a Father, ridiculously and unambitious, would spoil this Lady, to make up a simple Citizens Wife—in good time.

Fac. That very look had some presaging Grandure.

Isa. Do you think so, *Facinta*, Hu, ha, ha.——

Fac. That laugh again, oh Heavens, how it Charms?

Cla. And how Graceful 'tis.

Fac. Ah, nothing but a great Gilt Coach will become it.

Cla. —With six *Spanish* Mares.——

Fac. —And embroidered Trapings.

Cla. With four Lackeys.

Fac. —And a Page at the tail on't.

Cla. She's evidently designed for a Person of Quality.

Isa. Besides I have so Natural an Inclination for a Don, that if my Father do force me to marry this small Creature of a Merchant, I shall make an Intreague with some Body of Quality.

Cla. Cou'd you but manage it well and keep it from *Antonio*.

Isa. Keep it from *Antonio*,——is it think you for a little silly Cit. to complaint when a Don does him the Honour to Visit his Lady! Marry that were pretty.

Enter Francisco; *and* Lopez.

Fran. How, a Count, to speak with me; With me, I say,——here at *Cadez*.

Lop. A Count, Sir, and to speak with you.

Fran. Art sure 'tis not the Governour?——I'll go lock up my Wife.

Lop. Covernour, Sir, No, no. 'tis a mear stranger, Sir, a rare Count whom I never saw all days of my life before.

Fran. And, with me, wou'd he speak? I hope he comes not to myWife.

Enter

Enter Julia.

Ful. Oh Husband, the delicateſt fine Perſon of Quality, juſt alighted at the Door Husband.

Fran. What, have you ſeen him then, the Devil's in theſe Women, and there be but a loope hole to peep out off they'll ſpy a man, ——— I'm reſolved to ſee this thing, ———go, retire you women, here's men coming up.

Iſa. And will men eat us?

Fran. No, but they may do worſe, they may look on ye, and Looking breeds Liking; and Liking, Love; and Love, a damn'd thing, call'd Deſire; and deſire begets the Devil and all of Miſchief to young Wenches. ———Get ye gone in, I ſay,——here's a Lord coming—and Lords are plague things to women.

Iſa. How, a Lord! oh, heavens! *Facinta*, my Fan, and ſet my Hair in order, Oh the Gods! I would not but ſee a Lord for all the World! how my heart beats already ——— keep your Diſtance behind; *Facinta*, ———bleſs me how I tremble——a little farther *Facinta*.

Fran. Come, come Huſwife, you ſhall be marryed anon, and then let your Husband have the plague of you—— but for my Gentlewoman,——Oh Lord——they're here.

Enter Guilion, Carlos, *and Pages*, &c.

Guil. How now, Fellow, where's this old Don *Franciſo*?

Fran. I'm the Perſon, Sir.

Iſa. Heavens, what an Air he has?

Guil. Art thou he? Old Lad, how doſt thou do? Hah!

Fran. I don't know.

Guil. Thou knoweſt me not it ſeems old Fellow, hah!

Fran. Know you——no, nor deſire to do,——on what acquaintance prav?

Guil. By Inſtinct, ſuch as you ought to know a Perſon of Quality, and pay your Civilites naturally; in *France*, where I have travel'd, ſo much good manners is uſed, your Citizen puls of his hat, thus——to every Horſe of Quality, and every Coach of Quality; and do you pay my proper Perſon, no more reſpect hah!

Iſa. What a diſhonours this, to me, to have ſo dull a Father, that needs to be inſtructed in his Duty.

Guil. But, Sir, to open the eyes of your underſtanding——here's a Letter to you, from your Correſpondent a Merchant of *Sivil*.

{*Gives him a dirty Letter which he wipes on his Cloak and reads, and begins to pull off his hat, and reading on bows lower and lower till he have finisht it.*

Fran. Cry Mercy, my Lord, and yet I wou'd he were a thousand Leagues off.

Guil. I have Bills of Exchange too, directed to thee, old Fellow, at *Sivil*; but finding thee not there, and I (as most persons of my Quality are) being something idle, and never out of my way, came to this Town, to seek thee, Fellow,—— being recommended as thou seest here, old Vermin —— here —— [*Gives him Bills,*

Isa. Ah what a graceful Mein he has? how fine his conversation? ah the difference between him and a Filthy Citizen.

Jul. ——*Clara* has told me all.— [Jac. *whispering to* Jul.

Car. That's she in the middle; stand looking on her languishingly,—— your head a little a one side, —— so,—— fold your Arms,—— good,—— now and then heave your breast with a sigh,——most excellent.—— [*He groans.*

Fran. Bills for so many thousands.

Jac. He has you in his eye already,——

Isa. Ah, *Jacinta* thou flatterest me.

Jac. Return him some kind looks in pity.

[*She sets her Eyes and bows*, &c.

Car. That others my Mistress,— couldst thou but keep this old Fellow in discourse whilst I give her the sign to retire a little.——

Guil, I'll worrant you I'll banter him till you have Cuckold him, if you manage matters as well as I.

Fran. My Lord, I ask your pardon for my rudeness in not knowing you before, which I ought to have done in good manners I confess;—— who the Devil does he stare at so?—— Wife, I command you to withdraw, upon pain of our high displeasure.—— my Lord, I shall dispatch your affairs,— he minds me not,——Ay,——'tis my Wife, I say, Minion, begon,——your Bills, My Lord, are good, and I accept 'em;——why a Devil he minds me not yet, {Julia *goes to t'other side to* Carlos. ——and though I am not at my proper home,——I am where I can command Money,——hum,—— sure 'tis my Daughter,—— Ay, ay,——'tis so, how if he should be smitten now; the plaguy jade had sure the spirit of Prophesie in her; 'tis so —— 'tis she,—— my Lord.

Gull. Pre-

Guil. Prethee, old Fellow Peace,—— I am in Love.——

Fran. In Love,——what, ſhall I be the Father of a Lord. wou'd it become me, think ye?—— he's mighty full of Cogitabund;—my Lord,——ſure his Soul has left the Tenement of his Body,—— I have his Bills here, and care not if it never return more. [*Looks over the Bills.*

Car. Dear *Julia*, let's retire, our time's but ſhort.

Jul. I dare not with you, the venture wou'd be too bold in a young beginner in the Thefts of Love.

Guil. ——Her Eyes are Suns by *Jove*.

Car. Oh, nothing is ſo ventrous as Love, if it be true.

Guil. ——Or elſe, two Morning Stars,
All other Beauties are but Soot to her.

Jul. But ſhou'd my Husband ——————

Car. He's ſafe for one dear half hour, I'll warrant you, come.

Fran. Um—— my Wife here ſtill,—— muſt I begin to thunder.

Jul. Lord, and you be ſo froward, I'll be gone.——

Car. So, her Husband kind heart leſt ſhe ſhould be cruel, has himſelf given me the dear opportunity.—— [*Aſide.*
—Be ſure you keep the old Fellow in diſcourſe a while.

Guil. Be you as ſure to cuckold him.— [*Ex.* Car. *and* Jul.
—Old-Fellow,—prethee what perſon of Quality is that?

Fran. Perſon of Quality, alas my Lord, 'tis a ſilly Citizens Daughter.

Guil. A Citizens; what clod of Earth cou'd bring forth ſuch a Beauty.

Fran. Alas, my Lord, I am that clod of Earth, and to Earth if you call it ſo, ſhe muſt return again, for ſhe's to be married to a Citizen this Morning.

Guil. Oh! I am doubly wounded, firſt with her harmonious eyes
Who've fir'd my heart to that degree,
No Chimney ever burnt like me.
Fair Lady,—— ſuffer the Broom of my affection to ſweep all other Lovers from your heart.

Iſa. Ah, my Lord, name it not, I'm this day to be married.

Guil. To day;—— name me the Man, Man, did I ſay, the Monſter that dares lay claim to her, I dain to love, ——none anſwer me,—I'll make him ſmoak by *Vulcan*—and all the reſt of the Goddeſſes.

Fran. Bleſs me what a furious thing this Love is?

Guil. By this bright Sword, that is ſo uſed to ſlaugh- [*Draws.*
ter he dies; old Fellow, ſay——the Paltroons name.

Fran. Oh fearful——alas, dread Sir!

Isa. Ah! sheath your Sword, and calm your generous Rage.

Guil. I cannot brook a Rival in my Love, the rustling Pole of my affection is too strong to be resisted.—— *Runs raging up and down the Stage with his Sword in his hand.*

Isa. I cannot think, my Lord, so mean a Beauty, can so suddenly charm a heart so great as yours.

Guil. Oh! you're mistaken, as soon as I cast my eyes upon the full moon of your countenance, I was struck blind and dumb.——

Fran. Ay, and deaf too, I'll be sworn, he cou'd neither hear, see nor understand; this Love's a miraculous thing.

Guil. And that Minute, the most renoun'd Don *Guilelmo Roderigo de Chimeny Sweperio*, became your Gally slave,——I say no more, but that I do love,——and I will Love, and that if you are but half so willing as I, I will dub you, Vicountess *de Chimeny Swiperio.*

Isa. I am in Heaven, ah! I dye, *Facinta.*
How can I credit this, that am so much unworthy?

Guil. I'll do't, say no more, I'll do't.

Fran. Do't, but my Lord, and with what face can I put off Seignior *Antonio*, hum.

Guil. Antonio,——hay, Pages, give order that *Antonio* be instantly run through the Lungs——d'ye hear?

Fran. Oh, hold, hold, my Lord! run through the Lungs.

Page. It shall be done, my Lord, but what *Antonio*?

Guil. Why any *Antonio*; all the *Antonio*'s that you find in *Cadez.*

Fran. Oh, what bloody minded Monsters these Lords are!——But, my Lord, I'll here give you the trouble of killing him, I'll put him off with a handsome Compliment; as thus,——Why, look ye, Friend *Antonio*, the business is this, my Daughter *Isabella* may marry a Lord, and you may go fiddle.——

Guil. Ay, that's civil,——and if he do not desist, I'll unpeople *Spain* but I'll kill him; for, Madam, I'll tell you what happened to me in the Court of *France*——there was a Lady in the Court in love with me,——she took a liking to my Person which,——I think,——you will confess.——

Isa. to be the most accomplisht in the World.

Guil. ——I had some sixscore Rivals, they all took Snuff; that is, were angry,——at which I smiled;—— they were incensed

incenſed, at which I laught, ha, ha, ha,——i'faith; they rag'd, I——when I met 'em,—— Cockt, thus——*en paſſant*——juſtled 'em——thus,—— [*Overthorws* Fran. They turn'd and frown'd,——thus, ——I——drew.——

Fran. What, on all the ſixſcore, my Lord?

Guil. All, all; ſa, ſa, quoth I, ſa ſa ſa, ſa ſa ſa. [*Fences him round the Stage.*

Fran. Hold, hold, my Lord, I am none of the ſixſcore.

Guil. ——And run 'em all through the Body——

Fran. Oh Heavens; and kill'd 'em all.

Guil. Not a Man,——onely run 'em through the body a little, that's all, my two boys were by, my Pages here.

Iſa. Is it the faſhion, Sir, to be attended by Pages ſo big?

Guil. Pages of Honour always;——theſe were ſtinted at nurſe, or they had been good proper fellows.

Fran. I am ſo frighted with this relation, that I muſt up to my Wifes Chamber for a little of that ſtrong Cordial that recovered her this morning.—— [*Going out* Guil. *ſtays him.*

Guil. Why, I'll tell you Sir, what an odd ſort of a Wound I received in a Duel the other day,——nay, Ladies, I'll ſhow it you; in a very odd place ——in my back parts.

{*Goes to untuck his breeches,*
{*the Ladies ſqueak.*

Iſa. Ah.

Pag. Show a Wound behind, Sir, the Ladies will think you are a Coward.

Guil. Peace Child, peace, the Ladies underſtand Dueling as little as my ſelf;——but, ſince you are ſo tender-hearted, Ladies, I'll not ſhow my wound; but faith, it ſpoiled my dancing. (*Page comes in.*

Page, My Lord, now you talk of dancing, here's your baggage brought from a-board the Gally by your Sea-men, who us'd to entertain you with their ruſtick ſports.

Guil. Very well; Sir, with your permiſſion, I am reſolved whether you will or no, to give the Ladies ſome divertiſement,——bid 'em come in; nay Sir, you ſtir not, [*Ex.* Page. 'Tis for your delight, Sir, I do't; for Sir, you muſt underſtand, a man, if he have any thing in him, Sir, of Honour, for the caſe, Sir, lies thus, 'tis not the buſineſs of an Army to droll upon an Enemy,——truth is, every man loves a whole skin;——but 'twas the fault of the beſt Stateſman in Chriſtendom to be looſe in the hilts;——you conceive me.

Fran. Very well, my Lord, I'll ſwear he's a rare ſpoken man;——why, what a Son-in-law ſhall I have? I have a little

little business, my Lord, but I'll wait on you presently.
[*Going out.*

Guil. ——Sir, there is nothing like your true jest, a thing once well done, is twice done, and I am the happiest man in the World in your alliance;——for, Sir, a Nobleman if he have any tollerable parts,——is a thing much above the Vulgar;——oh,——here comes the Dancers.

Enter Dancers.

Come, sit down by me.

Fran. 'Tis my duty to stand, my Lord.

Guil. Nay, you shall sit——

(*They dance with* Don.

Enter Antonio.

Anto. Good day, Sir, I hope you will not chide my tardiness, I have a little overslept my self, and am ashamed to see my lovely Bride, and all this worthy Company attend;——But you fair Creature.—— [*To* Isabella.

Isa. No marrying to day, Sir.

Fran. No, Sir, no marrying to day.——

Anto. How do I dream, or hear this from *Francisco*?

Guil. How now Fellow, what art thou?

Anto. The Husband of that proud disdainful Woman.

Guil. Another word like that— and thou art—

Anto. —— What Sir?

Fran. ——Oh, hold, hold, my Lord! *Antonio*, I must tell you, you're uncivil.

Guil. Dost know, dull Mortal, that I am a Lord, and *Isabella* my adopted Lady.

Anto. I beg your pardon, Sir, if it be so, poor Mortals can but grieve in silence.

Guil. Alas poor Mortal.

Anto. But, for you, *Francisco*.

Fran. Ah, dear *Antonio*, I vow and swear I cannot chuse but weep to loose thee; but my Daughter was born for a Lady and none can help their destiny.

Anto. And is it possible thou canst use me thus? [*To* Isa.

Isa. Take away that little Fellow, in pity of your life, I dain to bid you withdraw and be safe.

Guil. D'ye hear, hah?——this Lady has beg'd your life.

Anto. Beg'd my Life.

Guil. Vile Wretch, darest thou retort?
[*Draws, the Women holds him.*

Fran.

Fran. Oh, hold, hold my noble Son-in-law, he shall do any thing;——dear *Antonia*, consider,——I was never Father to a Lord all days of my Life before:——my Lord, be pacified, my Daughter shall be a Lady.——

Isa. For my sake spare him, and be Friends with him, as far as you may dain to be with a little Citizen.

Guil. Fellow, I forgive thee,——here's my hand to kiss in sign and token I am appeased

[*Gives him his hand to kiss, 'tis all black.*

Anto. A Pox of his honourable hand, 't had like to have spoiled all,——well,—since it must be so I am content.——

Guil. So now peace is concluded on, on all sides, what shall we do to day besides eating and drinking in abundance; for to morrow I shall get my self in order for my marriage.

Clar. What thinks your Honour of taking the Air upon the Sea, in a Gally, a League or two?

Guil. With Fiddles, Drums and Trumpets, West-phalia-hams and Pidgeons and the like: Hey Rogues, Scoundrils, Dogs.

Isa. Ah, how fine is every action of a great Man!

Guil. Command a Gally to attend us presently,

——you shall along, old Boy. [*To Fran.*

Fran. Alas, I must stay at home with my Wife, my Lord.

Guil. A Wife! have I a Mother-in-law too?—she must along with us, and take a frisk,——no denial:

Enter Carlos.

——Oh, are you come? [*Aside.*

Car. Yes and thank thee for the best moment of my life.—hast thou contrived the Voyage then?

Guil. Take no care——come hast on board——our honour will not lose the Fresco of the morning,——Follow me Pages.

Pag. At your heels, my Lord.—— [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter, as aboard the Ship, Guilion, Isabella, Francisco, Julia, Antonio, Clara, Jacinta, Pedro *and his Wife, Pages.*

Guil. LAdies and Gentlemen you are very welcome aboard — Come put off to Sea, Rogues, Scoundrells, Tarpaulins, to your Business, and then, every man his Bottle, ——hey Page, Rogues, where are my men? Come, spread the Table ——— for we are very hungry.

Isa. Heav'ns, what a peculiar Grace there is in every word that comes from the Mouth of a Cavalier-

Guil. By *Mars* the God of Love!

Pag. By *Cupid*, Sir, [*Aside to him.*

Guil. Cupid, Sirrah, I say, I'll have it *Mars*, there's more Thunder in the Sound! I say, by *Mars*, these Gallies are pretty neat convenient Teniments ——but a —— I see ne'r a Chimney in 'em;——Pox on't, what have I to do with a Chimney now?

Isa. He is a delicate, fine person, *Jacinta*, but, methinks, he does not make Love enough to me.

Jac. Oh, Madam, Persons of his Quality never make Love in words, the greatness of their Actions show their Passion.

Jac. Ay, 'tis true all the little Fellows talk of love.

Guil. Come, Ladies, set; Come *Isabella*, you are Melancholy,—*Page*—Fill my Lady a Beer-glass.

Isa. Ah, Heav'ns, a Beer-glass.

Guil. O your Vicountess never drinks under your Beer-glass, your Citizens Wives simper and sip, and will be drunk without doing Credit to the Treater; but in their Closets, they swinge it away, whole Slashes i'faith, and egad, when a woman drinks by her self, Glasses come thick about? your Gentlewoman, or your little Lady, drinks half way, and thinks in point of good manners, she must leave some at the bottom, but your true bred Woman of Honour drinks all, *Supernaculum by Jove.*

Isa. What a misfortune it was, that I should not know this before, but shou'd discover my want of so necessary a piece of Grandure.

Jac. And

Jac. And nothing, but being Fudled, will redeem her Credit.

Guil. Come—fall to, old Boy,—thou art not merry; what have we none that can give us a Song?

Anto. Oh Sir, we have an Artiſt aboard I'll aſſure you; Seignior *Caſhier*, ſhall I beg the favour of you to ſhow your Skill?

Pet. Sir, my Wife and I'm at your ſervice.

Guil. Friend, what Language can you ſing?

Pet. Oh, Sir, your Singers ſpeak all Languages.

Guil. Sayſt thou ſo, prethee then lets have a touch of Heathen *Greek*.

Pet. That you ſhall Sir, Sol la me fa ſol, &c.

Fran. Hum, I think this is indeed Heathen *Greek*. I'm ſure 'tis ſo to me.

Guil. Ay, that may be, but I underſtand every word on't

Fran. Good lack, theſe Lords are very Learned Men.

Pet. Now, Sir, you ſhall hear one of another Languge from my Wife and I. (*Sing a Dialogue in* French.

Enter the Captain.

Capt. Well Gentlemen though the news be ſomething unpleaſant that I bring, yet to noble minds 'tis ſport and paſtime.

Guil. Hah, Fellow! What's that *that's ſport and paſtime to* Noble *minds*.

Fran. Oh Lord, no goodneſs I'll warrant.

Capt. But, Gentlemen, pluck up your Spirits, be bold and reſolute.

Fran. Oh Lord, bold and reſolute, why what's the matter *Captain*?

Capt. You are old, *Seignior*, and we expect no good from you but prayers to Heaven?

Fran. Oh Lord, Prayers to Heaven! Why I hope Captain we have no need to think of Heaven.

Capt. At your own Peril be it then, *Seignior*, for the *Turks* are coming upon us.

Fran. Oh Lord, *Turks*, *Turks*!

Guil. *Turks*, oh is that all? (*Falls to eating.*

Fran. All —— why they'll make Eunuchs of us, my Lord Eunuchs of us poor men, and ly with all our Wives!

Guil. Shaw that's nothing, tis good for the Voice.—— how ſweetly we ſhall ſing, ta, la, ta la la, ta la, &c.

Fran. Ay, 'twill make you ſing another note, I'll warrant you.

Enter

Enter a Seaman.

Sea. For Heavens sake, Sirs, do not stand Idle here; Gentlemen, if you wou'd save your lives, ——draw, and defend 'em. [*Exit.*

Fran. Draw, I never drew any thing in my Life, but my Purse, and that most damnably against my will; oh, what shall I do?

Enter Captain.

Cap. Ah, my Lord, they bear up briskly to us, with a fresh Gale and full Sails.

Fran. Oh, dear Captain, let us tack about and go home again.

Cap. 'Tis impossible to 'scape, we must fight it out.

Fran. Fight it ought, oh I'm not able to indure it,—why, what the Devil made me a ship-board? [*Ex.* Cap.

Guil. Why, where be these *Turks*? Set me to 'em, I'll make 'em smoke, dogs, to dare attack a man of Quality.

Isa. Oh, the Insolence of these *Turks*; do they know who's Aboard? For Heav'ns sake, my Lord, do not expose your Noble Person.

Guil. What, not fight?—Not fight! A Lord, and not fight? Shall I submit to Fetters, and see my Mistress ravish'd by any great *Turk* in Christendom, and not fight?

Isa. I'd rather be ravish'd a thousand times, then you shou'd Venture your Person. [*Seamen shout within.*

Fran. Ay I dare swear.

Enter Seamen.

Sea. Ah, Sirs, what mean you? Come on the Deck for shame.

Anto. My Lord, let us not tamely fall, there's danger near. [*Draws.*

Guil. Ay, ay, there's never smoke, but there's some fire——Come let's away——ta la, tan ta la, la la. &c. [*Draws.*

[*Exit singing, and* Antonio *and* Pet.

Fran. A Pox of all Lords, I say, you must be janting in the Devil's name, and God's dry Ground wou'd not serve your turn. [*Shoot here.*

Oh how they Thunder! What shall I do?—oh for some Anger hole to thrust my head into, for I could never indure the noise of Cannons,——oh 'tis insupportable,——intollerable.——and not to be indur'd. [*Running as mad about the Stage.*

Isa. Dear

Iſa. Dear Father, be not ſo frighted! [*Weeps.*

Fran. Ah, Crocodile, wou'd thou had'ſt wept thy Eyes out long ago, that thou had'ſt never ſeen this Count; then he had never lov'd thee, and then we had never been invited a ſhip-board. [*A noiſe of fighting.*

Enter Guilion, Pet. *and* Antonio, *driven in fighting by* Guzman *and other* Turks.

Anto. Ah, Sir, the *Turks* have boarded us, we're loſt, we're loſt.

Fran. Oh, I am ſlain, I'm ſlain. (*Falls down.*

Guil. Hold,——hold, I ſay, you are now in the preſence of Ladies, and 'tis uncivil to fight before Ladies.

Guz. Yield then, you are our ſlaves.

Guil. Slaves, no Sir, we're ſlaves to none (*Offers to fight.* but the Ladies.——

Iſa. Oh hold, rude man,——d'ye know whom you encounter?

Guz. What's here—one dead— (*Looking on* Franciſco.

Fran. Oh, Lord!

Guz. Or, if he be not, he's old, and paſt ſervice, we'll kill the Chriſtian Dog out of the way.

Fran. Oh, hold, hold, I'm no Chriſtian, Gentlemen; but as errant a Heathen as your ſelves.

Guz. Bind him ſtraight, neck and heels, and clap him under hatches.

Jul. Oh, ſpare him, Sir, look on his Reverend Age.

Guz. For your ſake Lady, much may be done, we've need of handſom women. (*Gives her to ſome* Turks *that are by.*

Fran. Hah,—my Wife! My Wife Raviſh'd—oh I'm dead.

Jul. Fear not, my dear, I'll rather dye than do thee wrong.

Fran. Wou'd ſhe wou'd, quickly,——then there's her honour ſav'd, and her ranſom, which is better.

Guz. Down with the muttering Dog. (*He deſcends.*

——And take the Ladies to ſeveral Cabins.

(*The* Turks *take hold of the Men.*

Iſa. Muſt we be parted then,—ah, cruel Deſtiny! (*Weeps.*

Guil. Alas! this Separation's worſe than death.

Iſa. You poſſibly may ſee ſome *Turkiſh* Ladies, that may inſnare your heart, and make you faithleſs;——but I, ah Heavens! if ever I change my Love, may I become deformed, and loſe all hopes of Title or of Grandure.

Guil. But ſhould the *Grand Seignior* behold thy Beauty, thou wou'dſt deſpiſe thine own dear hony Vicount to be a *Sultana.*

Isa. A *Sultana*, what's that?

Gail. Why, tis a she great *Turk*; a Queen of *Turkey*.

Isa. These dear expressions go to my heart. (*Weeps.*
And yet a *Sultana* is a tempting thing——— (*Aside smiling.*
—And you shall find your *Isabella* true,—though the *Grand Seignior* would lay his Crown at my feet,—wou'd he wou'd try me though,—Heavens! to be Queen of *Turkey*. (*Aside.*

Cla. May I believe thee,——but when thou seest the difference, alas, I am but a Chimney—hum, nothing to a great *Turk*.

Isa. Is he so rare a thing?——Oh that I were a she great *Turk*.

Guz. Come, come, we can't attend your Amorous Parleys. (*Parts 'em.*

Ful. Alas, what shall we poor Women do? (*Ex. men.*

Isa. We must e'en have patience, Madam, and be ravisht.

Cla. Ravisht! Heavens forbid.

Fac. An please the Lord, I'll let my nails grow against that direful day.

Isa. And so will I, for I'm resolv'd none should ravish me but the great *Turk*.

Guz. Come, Ladies, you are Dishes to be serv'd up to the board of the *Grand Seignior*.

Isa. Why, will he eat us all?

Guz. A slice of each, perhaps, as he finds his appetite inclin'd.

Isa. A slice, uncivil Fellow,——as if this Beauty were for a bit and away;—Sir, a word,—if you will do me the favour to recommend me to be first served up to the *Grand Seignior*, I shall remember the Civility when I am great.

Guz. Lady, he is his own Carver, a good word by the bye, or so, will do well, and I am, ——— a Favorite ———

Isa. Are you so, here, take this Jewel,———in earnest of greater Favours—— (*Gives him a Jewel.*

(*Exeunt all.*

SCENE II. *A Garden.*

Enter Don Carlos *and* Lopez.

Car. But, why so near the Land? by Heaven I saw each action of the Fight, from yonder grove of Jessemine,
And doubtless all beheld it from the Town.

Lop. The

Lop. The Captain, Sir, design'd it so, and at the Harbour gave it out those two Galleys were purposely prepared to entertain the Count and the Ladies with the representation of a Sea-fight; lest the noise of the Guns should Alarm the Town, and, taking it for a real fight, shou'd have sent out supplies, and so have ruin'd our designs.

Car. Well, have we all things in readiness?

Lop. All, Sir, all.

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord, a Barge from the Galley is just arriv'd at the Garden-Stairs.

Enter Guzman.

Car. I'll retire then, and fit me for my part of this Farce.

Guz. My Lord, you must retire, they're just bringing the Old Gentleman ashore.

Car. Prithee how does he take his Captivity?

Guz. Take it, Sir, he has cast himself into a Fit, and has lain like one in a Trance this half hour; 'tis impossible for him to speak Sense this fortnight; I'll secure his Reason a play-day for so long at least; your servants, in *Turkish* habits, are now his Guards, who will keep him safe enough from hindering your designs with *Julia*.

Car. Whatever ye do, have a care you do not over fright the Coxcomb, and make a Tragedy of our Comedy.

Guz. I'll warrant you, Sir, mind your Love affairs; ——— he's coming in, ——— retire, Sir. ———

[*Ex.* Car. *and* Page *and* Lop.

Enter some Turks *with the body of* Francisco *in chains, and lay him down on a Bank.*

1 *Tu.* Christian, so ho ho, Slave awake. ———

[*Rubbing and calling him.*

Fran. ——Hah! ——— where am I? ——my Wife, —my Wife ——— where am I?——hah! — what are you?—— Ghosts, ——— Devils, ——— Mutes,——no answer?—— hah, bound in chains,——Slaves, where am I?

1 *Tu.* They understand not your Language, but I, who am a *Renigado Spaniard*, understand you when you speak civily, which I advise you to do.

Fran. Do you know me, Friend?

1 *Tu.* I know you to be a Slave, and the *Great Turks* Slave too.

Fran. The Great *Turk*, ——— the Great Devil, why where am I, Friend?

1 *Tu.* Within the Territories of the *Grand Seignior*, and this a Palace of Pleasure, where he recreates himself with his Mistresses.

Fran. And how far is that from *Cadez*;——but what care I, my Wife, Friend, my own Wife.

1 *Tu.* Your own,——a true Mussulman cou'd have said no more; but take no care for her, she's provided for.

Fran. Is she dead? That wou'd be some comfort.———

1 *Tu.* No, she's alive, and in good hands.

Fran. And in good hands; oh, my head! and, oh my heart! ten thousand tempests burst the belly of this day, wherein Old *Francisco* ventur'd life and limb,———liberty and wife to the mercy of these Heathen *Turks*.

1 *Tu.* Friend, you need not thus complain; ——— a good round ransom redeems ye.

Fran. A round ransom, I'll rot in my chains first, before I'll part with a round ransom.

1 *Tu.* You have a fair Wife, and need not fear good usage, if she knows how to be kind.——You apprehend me.

Fran. Patience, good Lord.

1 *Tu.* Perhaps the *Grand Seignior* may like her, and to be favour'd by him is such a Glory ———

Fran. As the Devil take me if I desire——

1 *Tu.* —And then you may in triumph laugh at all the rest of your Brother Cuckolds.

Fran. Hum,———and has the Devil serv'd me thus,——but no matter, I must be gadding, like an Old Coxcomb, to *Cadez*,—and then, janting to Sea, with a Pox, to take pains to be a Cuckold,———to bring my Wife into a strange Land, amongst Unbelievers, with a vengeance, as if we had not honest Christian Cuckold-makers enough at home; Sot that I was, not to consider how many Merchants have heen undone by trusting their Commodities out at Sea;——why, what a damn'd ransom will the Rogues exact from me, and more for my Wife because she's handsome, and then, 'tis ten to one, I have her turned upon my hands the worse for wearing; oh, damn'd Infidels! ——— no, 'tis resolv'd, I'll live a Slave here, rather than enrich them.

1 *Tu.* Friend, you'll know your Destiny presently;——for 'tis the custom of the *Great Turk* to view the Captives, and consider of their ransoms and liberties, according to his pleasure, ——— see he is coming forth with the *Vizer Bassa*;

Enter

Enter Carlos *and* Guzman *as* Turks *with followers.*

Moſt mighty Emperor, behold your Captive.

Fran. Is this the *Great Turk*?

1 *Tu.* Peace.

Fran. Bleſs me! as we at home deſcribe him, I thought the *Great Turk* had been twice as big, but I ſhall find him Tyrant big enough, I'll warrant him.

Guz. Of what Nation art thou, ſlave, ſpeak to the Emperor he underſtands thee, tho' he deign not to hold diſcourſe to Chriſtian Dogs.

Fran. Oh fearful!——*Spain*, ſo pleaſe you, Sir.

Guz. By *Mahomet*, he'll make a reverend Eunuch.

Fran. An Eunuch,——— oh, Lord!———

1 *Tu.* Ay, Sir, to guard his Miſtreſſes, 'tis an honour.

Fran. Oh! Mercy, ——Sir, that honour you may ſpare, Age has done my buſineſs already.

Guz. Fellow, what art?

Fran. An't pleaſe your worſhip, I cannot tell.

Guz. How, not tell?

Fran. An't pleaſe your Lordſhip my fears have ſo transform'd me, I cannot tell whether I'm any thing or nothing.

Guz. Thy name, dull mortal, know'ſt thou not that?

Fran. An't pleaſe you Grace, now I remember me, methinks I do.

Guz. Dog, how art thou call'd?

Fran. An't like you Excellence, Men call'd me Seignior Don *Franciſco*, but now they will call me Coxcomb.

Guz. Of what Trade?

Fran. An't pleaſe your Highneſs, a Gentleman.

Guz. How much doſt thou get a day by that Trade?——Hah!

Fran. An't like your Majeſty, our Gentlemen never get but twice in all their lives; that is, when Fathers dye, they get good Eſtates; and when they Marry, they get rich Wives; but I know what your Mightineſs wou'd get by going into my Country and asking the Queſtion.

Guz. What, Fool?

Fran. A good Cudgelling, an't pleaſe your Illuſtrious-eſs.

Guz. Slave! To my Face!——Take him away and let him have the Strapado.

Car. Baridama Dermack.

Fran. Heavens, what ſays he?

1 *Tu.* He means to have you caſtriated.

Fran. Castriated! Oh that's some dreadful thing I'll warrant, ——Gracious *Great Turk*, for *Mahomet*'s sake, excuse me; alas, I've lost my wits.

Car. Galero Gardines?

Guz. The *Emperor* asks if thou art Married, Fellow.

Fran. Hah—Married—I was, an't like your Monstrousness, but, I doubt, your People have spoiled my Property.

Guz. His Wife, with other Ladies, in a Pavillion in the Garden, attend your Royal pleasure.

Car. Go, fetch her hither presently. ——— [*Ex.* Guz.

1 *Tu.* This is no common honour, that the Great *Turk* deigns to speak your Language; 'tis a sign you'll rise.

Fran. Yes, by the height of a pair of Horns.

Car. Is she handsom?

Fran. Oh, what an Ague shakes my heart,——handsom, alas, no, dread Sir; what shou'd such a deform'd Poulcat as I do with a handsom Wife?

Car. Is she young?

Fran. Young,—what shou'd such an old doting Coxcomb as I do with a young Wife—— ——— Pox on him for a Heathen Whoremaster.

Car. Old is she then?

Fran. Ay, very Old, an't please your Gloriousness.

Car. Is she not capable of Love?

Fran. Hum,—so so,—like fire conceal'd in a Tinder-box, —I shall run Mad.

Car. Is she witty?

Fran. I'm no competent Judge, an't like your Holiness, —this Catechism was certainly of the Devil's own making. [*Aside.*

Enter Guzman, *bringing in* Julia, Clara, Isabella, Jacinta, Guilion, Antonio, *&c. Women veil'd.*

Car. These, Sir, are all the slaves of Note are taken.

Isa. Dost think, *Jacinta*, he'll chuse me?

Jac. I'll warrant you, Madam, if he looks with my Eyes.

Guz. Stand forth —— [*To the men.*

Guil. Stand forth, Sir, why, so I can, Sir, I dare show my Face, Sir, before any Great *Turk* in Christendom.

Car. What are you, Sir?

Guil. What am I, Sir? Why, I'm a Lord, a Lord.

Fran. What are you mad to own your Quality, he'll ask the Devil an all of a ransom,

Guil. No

Guil. No matter for that, I'll not loſe an Inch of my Quality for a King's ranſom, diſgrace my ſelf before my fair Miſtreſs.

Iſa. That's as the Great *Turk* and I ſhall agree (*Scornfully*

Car. What are you, Sir?

Anto. A Citizen of *Cadez*,

Car. Set 'em by, we'll conſider of their ranſoms —— now unveil the Ladies. [Guzman *unveils* Jacinta.

Fran. Oh, dear Wife, now or never ſhow thy Love, make a Damnable face upon the filthy Raviſher,——glout thy Eyes thus—and thruſt out thy upper lip, thus ——

[Guzman *preſents* Jacinta.

Guil. Oh, dear *Iſabella*, do thee look like a Dog too.

Iſa. No, Sir, I'm reſolv'd I'll not loſe an Inch of my Beauty, to ſave ſo trifling a thing as a Maiden head.

Car. Very agreeable, prity and chearful— [*She is veil'd*
a moſt Divine bud of Beauty——all natures *and ſet by:*
Excellence—drawn to the life in little, *Then* Clara
—what are you, fair one? *is unveil'd.*

Cla. Sir, I'm a Maid.

Fran. So, I hope he will pitch upon her.

Cla. Only, by promiſe, Sir, I've given my ſelf away.

Car. What happy man cou'd claim a Title in thee,
And truſt thee to ſuch danger?

Iſa. Heavens, ſhall I be defeated by this little Creature? What pity 'twas he ſaw me not firſt?

Cla. I dare not name him, Sir, leaſt this ſmall Beauty which you ſay adorns me, ſhou'd gain him your diſpleaſure; he's in your preſence, Sir, and is your ſlave.

Car. Such innocence this plain Confeſſion ſhows, name me the man, and I'll reſign thee back to him.

Fran. A Pox of his Civility.

Anto. This mercy makes me bold to claim my right.

[*Kneels.*

Car. Take her, Young man, and with it both your Ranſoms.

Guil. Hum—hum—very noble i'faith, we'll e'en conſeſs our loves too, *Iſabella.*

Iſa. 'Slife he'll ſpoil all,——hold—pray let your betters be ſerv'd before you.

Guil. How! Is the Honour of my Love deſpiſed?—were not i'th preſence of the Great *Turk*, for whom I have a reverence becauſe he's a man of quality——by *Jove* I'd draw upon you.

Isa. Because you were my Lover once, when I am Queen I'll pardon you; —— [Guzman *unveils her, and leads her to* Carlos, *she making ridiculous actions of civility.*

Car. What Akward ——— Fond ——— Conceited Thing art thou? Veil her, and take the Taudry Creature hence.

Guil. Hum—your Majesty's humble servant— [*Putting off his hat ridiculously.*

Fran. How! refuse my Daughter too; I see the Lot of a Cuckold will fall to my share.

Guz. This is the Wife, Great, Sir, of this old slave. [*Unveils* Julia.

Car. Hah! what do I see, by *Mahomet* she's fair.

Fran. So, so, she's Condemned, oh, damn'd *Mahometan, Mahometan Cannibal*! will nothing but raw flesh serve his turn?

Car. I'll see no more, ——— here I have fix'd my heart.

Fran. Oh, Monster of a Grand *Seignior*!

Guz. Have you a mind to be flead, Sir?

Car. Receive my Handkerchief.—— [*Throws it to her.*

Fran. His Handkerchief, bless me, what does he mean?

Guz. To do her the honour to lie with her to night.———

Fran. Oh, hold, most mighty *Turk*. [*Kneeling.*

Guz. Slave, darest thou interrupt 'em,——die, Dog.

Fran. Hold, hold, I'm silent.

Car. I love you, fair one, and design to make you——

Fran. A most notorious Strumpet, ——— A Pox of his Courtesie.

Car. ———What Eyes you have like Heaven blue and charming, a pretty Mouth, Neck, round and white as polisht Alabaster, and a Complexion, beauteous as an Angel,—a hair fit to make Bonds to insnare the God of Love,——a sprightly Air,——a hand like lillies white, and lips, no Roses opening in a Morning are half so sweet and soft.

Fran. Oh, damn'd circumcised *Turk*.

Car. You shall be called the beautiful *Sultana*, And rule in my *Seraglio* drest with Jewels.

Fran. Sure I shall burst with Vengeance.

Jul. Sir, let your Vertue regulate your passions; For I can ne'r love any but my husband.

Fran. Ah dissembling Witch!

Jul. ——And wou'd not break my marriage Vows to him, for all the honor you can heap upon me.

Fran. Say, and hold; but, *Sultana* and precious Stones, are damnable temptations,—besides, the Rogue's young and handsome, ——— What a scornful look she casts at me; wou'd they were both handsomly at the Devil together.

Guz. Dog,

Guz. Dog,——— Do you mutter?

Fran. Oh! nothing, nothing, but the Palſey ſhook my lips a little.

Guz. Slave, go, and, on your knees, reſign your wife.

Fran. She's of years of diſcretion,—and may diſpoſe of her ſelf; but I can hold no longer,——and is this your *Mahometan* Conſcience, to take other mens Wives, as if there were not ſingle Harlots enough in the world? [*In rage.*

Guz. Peace, thou diminutive Chriſtian.

Fran. I ſay, peace, thou over-grown *Turk.*

Guz. Thou *Spaniſh* Cur.

Fran. Why, you're a *Mahametan* Bitch, and you go to that.

Guz. Death, I'll Diſſect the bald pated Slave.

Fran. I defie thee, thou foul filthy Cabbage head, for I am mad, and will be valiant. [Guz. *throws his Turbant at him.*

Car. What Inſolence is this? —Mutes—ſtrangle him.——

(*They put a Bow-ſtring about his neck.*

Ful. Mercy, dread, Sir, I beg my Husbands life.

Car. No more,——this fair one bids you live,———henceforth, *Franciſco*, I pronounce you a Widower, and ſhall regard you, for the time to come, as the deceaſed Husband of the Great *Sultana*, murmur not upon pain of being made an Eunuch—take him away.———

Ful. Go, and be ſatisfied, I'll die before I'll yield.

Fran. Is this my going to Sea? ——— the Plague of loſing Battels light on thee.

When ill ſucceſs ſhall make thee idle lie,
Mayſt thou in bed be impotent as I.

Car. Command our ſlaves to give us ſome diverſion; Diſmiſs his Chains, and uſe him with reſpect, becauſe he was the Husband of our beloved *Sultana.*

Fran. I ſee your Cuckold might have a life good enough if he cou'd be contented—— (*They pull off his Chains.*

(Carlos *and* Julia *ſit under an Umbrello.*

The SONG.

How ſtrangely does my Paſſion grow,
Divided equally twixt two?
Damon *had ne'er ſubdued my Heart,*
Had not Alexis *took his part:*
Nor, cou'd Alexis *powerful prove,*
Without my Damon's *aid, to gain my Love.*

When my Alexis *present is,*
Then I for Damon *sigh and mourn;*
But when Alexis *I do miss,*
Domon *gains nothing but my scorn:*
And, if it chance they both are by;
For both, alas! I languish, sigh, and die.

Cure then, thou mighty winged God,
This raging Feaver in my Blood.
One golden-pointed Dart take back;
But, which, O Cupid, *wilt thou take?*
If Damon's, *all my hopes are croſt:*
Or, that of my Alexis, *I am loſt.*

Enter Dancers, *which dance an Antique.*

Car. Come, my dear *Julia*, let's retire to ſhades.
(*Aſide to her.*
Where only thou and I can find an enterance;
Theſe dull, theſe neceſſary delays of ours
Have drawn my Love to an impatient heighth,
——attend theſe Captives,—at a reſpectful diſtance.
[*Ex. all but* Iſa. *who ſtays* Guil.

Guil. What wou'd the Great *Sultana*?

Iſa. Ah! do not pierce my heart with this unkindneſs.

Guil. Ha, ha, ha,—Pages,——give order, I have Letters to writ *Sivil*, to my Merchant,—I will be ranſomed inſtantly.

Iſa. Ah, cruel Count!

Guil. Meaning me, Lady! ah, fie! no, I am a Scoundrel; I a Count, no, not I, a Dog, a very Chim—hum,—a ſon of a Whore, I, not worthy your notice.

Iſa. Oh, Heavens! muſt I loſe you then? no, I'll die firſt.

Guil. Die, die, then, for, your betters muſt be ſerved before you.

Iſa. Oh! I ſhall rave; falſe and lovely as you are, did you not ſwear to marry me, and make me a Vicounteſs.

Guil. Ay, that was once when I was a Lover, but, now you are a Queen, ——— You're too high i'th' mouth for me.

Iſa. Ah! name it not; will you be ſtill hard-hearted?

Guil. As a Flint, by *Jove*.

Iſa. Have you forgot your love.

Guil.

Gul. I've a bad memory.

Iſa. And will you let me die?

Guil. I know nothing of the matter.

Iſa. Oh, Heaven's! and ſhall I be no Vicounteſs?

Guil. Not for me, fair Lady, by *Jupiter*, ——— no, no, ——— Queen's much better, ——— Death, affront a man of Honour, a Vicount that wou'd have took you to his Bed, —— after half the Town had blown upon you,— without examining either Portion or Honeſty, and wou'd have took you for better for worſe ——— Death, I'll untile Houſes, and Demolliſh Chimneys, but I'll be revenged.

[*Draws, and is going out.*

Iſa. Ah, hold! your anger's juſt, I muſt confeſs, yet pardon the frailty of my Sexes vanity; behold my tears that ſue for pity to you. (*She weeps, he ſtands looking on her.*

Guil. ——— My rage diſſolves. ———

Iſa. I ask but death, or pity. (*He weeps.*

Guil. —I cannot hold,—but if I ſhou'd forgive, and marry you, you wou'd be gadding after honour ſtill, longing to be a ſhe Great *Turk* again. ———

Iſa. Break not my heart with ſuch ſuſpicions of me.

Guil. And is it pure and tender Love for my Perſon,
And not for my glorious Titles?

Iſa. Name not your Titles, 'tis your ſelf I love,
Your amiable, ſweet and charming ſelf,
And I cou'd almoſt wiſh you were not great,
To let you ſee my love.

Guil. I am confirm'd ——
'Tis no reſpect of Honour makes her weep;
Her Love's the ſame ſhou'd I cry——Chimney Sweep.

ACT.

ACT. V.

SCENE I. *A Garden.*

Enter Franciſco *alone.*

Fran. NOw am I afraid to walk in this Garden, leſt I ſhou'd ſpy my own natural Wife lying with the Great *Turk* in Freſco upon ſome of theſe fine flowry Banks, and learning how to make Cuckolds in *Turkey*.

Enter Guzman *and* Jacinta.

Guz. Nay, dear *Jacinta*, caſt an eye of pity on me. —What, deny the *Vizer Baſſa*.

Jac. When you are honeſt *Guzman* again, I'll tell you a piece of my mind.

Guz. But, opportunity will not be ſo kind to *Guzman*, as to the Grand *Baſſa*; therefore, dear Rogue, let's retire into theſe kind ſhades, or, if fooliſh Vertue be ſo ſqueamiſh, and needleſs Reputation ſo nice, that Mr. *Vicar* muſt ſay *Amen* to the bargain, there is an old lowſie Fryer, belonging to this *Villa*, that will give us a caſt of his office, for I am a little impatient about this buſineſs, Greatneſs, having infus'd a certain itch in my blood, which I felt not whilſt a common Man.

Fran. Um, why, what have we here, pert Mrs. *Jacinta* and the *Baſſa*? I hope the Jade will be Turkeyfied with a vengeance, and have Circumciſion in abundance; and the Devil ſhall ranſom her for old *Franciſco*.

Jac. Hah, the old Gentleman.

Fran. What, the Frolick is to go round, I ſee, you women have a happy time on't.

Guz. Men that have kind Wives may be as happy; you'll have the honour of being made a Cuckold, Heaven be prais'd.

Fran. Ay, Sir, I thank ye,——pray under the Roſe, how does my Wife pleaſe his Grace the Great *Turk*?

Guz. Murmuring again, thou Slave.

Fran. Who, I? O Lord, Sir! no, not I, why what hurt is there in being a Cuckold?

Guz. Hurt,

Guz. Hurt, Sirrah, you ſhall be ſwinged into a belief, that it is an honour for the Great *Turk* to borrow your Wife.

Fran. But for the Lender to pay Uſe-money, is ſomewhat ſevere;—but, ſee he comes,—bleſs me, how grim he looks!

Enter Carlos.

Car. Come hither, ſlave,—why was it that I gave you Life? diſmiſt the fetters from your Aged Limbs?

Fran. For love of my Wife and't pleaſe your Barbarouſneſs.

Car. —Gave you free leave to range the Palace round, excepting my Apartment only?

Fran. Still for my Wives ſake, I ſay, and't like your Hideouſneſs.

Car. And yet this Wife, this moſt ungrateful Wife of yours again wou'd put your Chains on, expoſe your life to dangers and new torments by a too ſtubborn vertue, ſhe does refuſe my Courtſhip, and fooliſh is chaſt.

Fran. Alas! what pity's that?

Car. I offer'd much, lov'd much, but all in vain;
Husband and Honour ſtill was the reply.

Fran. Good lack! that ſhe ſhou'd have no more Grace before her eyes.

Car. But, Slave, behold theſe Mutes; that fatal inſtrument of death behold too, and in 'em read thy doom, if this coy Wife of yours be not made flexible to my addreſſes.

Fran. Oh, Heavens! I make her.

Car. No more, thy Fate is fix'd—and, here attend, till he himſelf deliver his willing Wife into my arms: *Baſſa*, attend ſee it, ſee it be perform'd— (*To his* Mutes, *then to* Guz.

(*Ex.* Car.

Guz. Go, one of you, and fetch the fair ſlave hither.

(*Ex.* Turk.

Fran. I Pimp for my own Wife, I hold the door to my own Fleſh and Blood, *O monſtrum horrendum*!

Guz. Nay, do't, and do't handſomly too, not with a ſnivelling countenance, as if you were compell'd to't;— but, with the face of authority, and the awful command of a Husband—or—thou dyeſt ——

Enter Turk *and* Julia.

Fran. My dear *Julia*, you are a Fool, my Love.

Jul. For what, dear Husband?

Fran. I

Fran. I say, a silly Fool, to refuse the love of so great a *Turk*; why, what a Pox makes you so coy? [*Angrily.*

Ful. How! this from you, *Francisco.*

Fran. ——Now does my heart begin to fail me;—— and yet, I shall ne'er indure strangling neither;—why, am not I your Lord and Master hah?

Ful. Heavens! Husband, what wou'd you have me do?

Fran. Have you doe;——why, I wou'd have ye—d'ye see,——'twill not out;——why I wou'd have ye—lie with the Sultan, huswife; I wonder how, the Devil, you have the face to refuse him, so handsom—so young a Lover; come, come, let me hear no more of your coyness, Mistress, for if I do—I shall be hang'd;—— (*Aside.*

The *Great Turk*'s a most worthy Gentleman, and therefore I advise you to do as he advises you; and the Devil take ye both.—— (*Aside.*

Ful. This from my Husband, old *Francisco*! he advise me to part with my dear Honour.

Fran. Rather than part with his dear Life, I thank ye.—— (*Aside.*

Ful. Have you considered the Vertue of a Wife?

Fran. No, but I have considered the neck of a Husband. (*Aside.*

Ful. ——Which Vertue, before I'll lose, I'll die a thousand Deaths.

Fran. So will not I, one; a Pox of her Vertue,—these women are always vertuous in the wrong place. (*Aside.*

——I say, you shall be kind to the sweet *Sultan.*

Ful. And rob my Husband of his right!

Fran. Shaw, exchange is no robbery.

Ful. And forsake my Vertue, and make none Dear a Cuckold.

Fran. Shaw, most of the Heroes of the World were so;—go prethee Hony go——do me the favour to Cuckold me a little, if not for Love, for Charity.——

Ful. Are you in earnest?——

Fran. I am.——

Ful. And, wou'd it not displease you?

Fran. I say, no; had it been *Aquinius* his Case, to have sav'd the pinching of his Gullet he wou'd have been a Cuckold.—— (*Aside.*

Ful. Fear has made you mad, or you're bewitcht; and I'll leave you to recover your Wits again. (*Going out.*

Fran. Oh, Gracious Wife, leave me not in despair; I'm not mad, no, nor no more bewitcht than I have been these forty years; 'tis you're bewitcht to refuse (*Kneels to her and holds her*

ſuſe ſo handſom——ſo young, and ſo——a Pox on him, he'll ne'er reliſh me again, after him. (*Aſide.*

Ful. Since you've loſt your Honour with your wits, I'll try what mine will do.

Enter Carlos. Turks.

Fran. Oh, I am loſt, ——I'm loſt——dear Wife,——moſt mighty Sir, I've brought her finely to't——do not make me loſe my credit with his *Mahometan* Grace,——my wife has a monſtrous affection for your Honour, but ſhe's ſomething baſhful; but, when alone your Magnanimouſneſs will find her a ſwinger.

Car. ——Fair Creature——

Ful. Do you believe my Husband, Sir, he's mad.

Car. Dog.—— (*Offers to kill him.*

Fran. Hold mighty Emperor; as I hope to be ſaved 'tis but a copy of her countenance——inhumane Wife——lead her to your apartment, Sir! barbarous honeſt Woman,——to your Chamber, Sir,——wou'd I had married thee an Erraud Strumpet; nay, to your Royal Bed, I'll warrant you ſhe gives you taunt for taunt: try her, Sir, try her. (*Puts 'em out.*

Fac. Hark you, Sir, are you poſſeſt, or, is it real reformation in you? what mov'd this kind fit?

Fran. E'n Love to ſweet Life; and, I ſhall think my ſelf ever obliged, to my dear Wife, for this kind Reprive;——had ſhe been cruel—I had been ſtrangled or hung in the Air like our Prophets Tomb.

Enter firſt Turk.

1 *Tu.* Sir, boaſt the honour of the News I bring you.

Fran. Oh, my head! how my brows twinge.

1 *Tu.* The mighty *Sultan*, to do you honour has ſet your Daughter and her Lover free, ranſomleſs;——and, this day, gives 'em liberty to ſolemnize the Nuptials in the Court;——but, Chriſtian Ceremonies muſt be private; but you're to be admitted, and, I'll conduct you to 'em.

Fran. Some comfort, I ſhall be Father to a Vicount, and for the reſt——Patience——

All Nations Cuckolds breed, but I deny
They had ſuch need of Cuckolding as I.

(Goes out with the *Turk.*

Enter

Enter Antonio, *and* Clara *to* Jacinta.

Jac, Madam, the rareſt ſport——Ha ha ha.

Anto. You need not tell us, we have been witneſs to all,
But to our own affairs, my deereſt *Clara*,
Let us not loſe this bleſſed opportunity,
Which Art nor Induſtry can give again if this be idly loſt.

Cla. Nay hang me if it be *Antonio*, Charge it to the number of your own ſins; it ſhall not lye at my door.

Anto. 'Tis generouſly ſaid, and take notice, my little dear *Virago*, *Guzman* has a Prieſt ready to tye you to your word.

Cla. As faſt as you pleaſe; hang her that fears the Conjuring knot for me: But what will our Fathers ſay,——mine who expects me to be the Governours Lady; and yours, who deſigns *Iſabella* for a Daughter-in-law?

Anto. Mine will be glad of the Change, and, for yours, if he be not pleaſed, let him keep his Portion to himſelf—mine, the greateſt miſchief he can do us: and for my friend, the Governour he's above their Anger.

Cla. Why do we loſe precious time; I long to be at,——I *Clara*, take thee *Antonio*,——the very ceremony will be tedious, ſo much I wiſh thee mine; and each delay gives me a fear ſomthing will ſnatch me from thee.

Anto. No power of man can do't thou art ſo guarded; but now the Prieſt is employed in Clapping up the honourable marriage between the *Falſe Count* and *Iſabella*.

Jac. Lord, what a jeſt 'twill be to ſee 'em Coupled, ha, ha.

Cla. Unmerciful *Antonio*, to drive the jeſt ſo far; 'tis too unconſcionable!

Anto. By Heaven, I'm ſo proud I cannot think my Revenge ſufficient for affronts, nor does her Birth, her Breeding and her Vanity——deſerve a better Fortune; beſides,——he has enough to ſet up for a Modern Spark—the Fool has juſt wit and good manners to paſs for a Fop of Faſhion; and, where he is not known, will gain the Reputation of a fine accompliſht Gentleman,——yet I'm reſolved ſhe ſhall ſee him in his geers in his original Filthineſs, that my Revenge may be home upon the fooliſh Gilt.

Cla. Cruel *Antonio*,——come lets go give 'em joy.

Ant. And finiſh our Affair with Mr. *Vicar*.

Enter

Enter Iſabella, *her Train born by the great* Page, Guilliom, *with the other great* Page, *and* Franciſco, *bare.*

—Joy to my noble Lord, and you, fair *Iſabella*!

Iſa. Thank thee, Fellow,—but, ſurely, I deſerved my Titles from thee.

Cla. Your Honour I hope will pardon him.

Iſa. How now *Clara*——— [*Nodding to her.*

Fac. I give your Honour joy.

Iſa. Thank thee, poor Creature.———

Fran. My Lord,——this Honour you have done my Daughter is ſo ſignal, that whereas, I deſigned her but five thouſand pound, I will this happy day———ſettle on her ten.———

Guil. Damn dirty traſh your Beauty is ſufficient—hum——Seignior Don *Antonio*, get the Writings ready, [*Aſide.*
—Money—hang money.

Fran. How generous theſe Lords are; nay, my Lord, you muſt not refuſe a Fathers love——if I may preſume to call you ſon——I ſhall find enough beſides for my Ranſom, if the Tyrant be ſo unmerciful to ask more than my Wife pays him.

Guil. Nay, if you——will force it upon me.

Iſa. Ay, take it, the trifling ſum will ſerve to buy our Honour Pins.

Anto. Well, Sir, ſince you will force it on him, my *Caſhier* ſhall draw the writings.

Guil. And have 'em ſigned by a publick Notary,— [*Aſide.*

Fran. With all my Soul, Sir, I'll go give him order, and ſubſcribe. [*Ex.* Franciſco.

Guil. Let him make 'em ſtrong and ſure——— you ſhall go halves.

Anto. No, you will deſerve it deerly, who have the plague of ſuch a Wife with it;——— but harkye *Count*——— theſe goods of Fortune are not to be afforded you, without conditions.

Guil. Shaw, conditions, any conditions, Noble *Antonio*.

Anto. You muſt diſrobe anon, and do'n your Native habiliaments——— and in the Equipage gave that fair Viconteſs to underſtand the true quality of her Husband.

Guil. Hum——I'm afraid, 'tis a harder task to leap from a Lord to a Rogue, then 'tis from a Rogue to a Lord.

Anto. Not at all, we have examples of both daily.

Guil. Well, Sir, I'll ſhow you my agility——but, Sir,——I deſire——I may Conſummate, d'ye ſee,——Conſummate—a little like Lord, to make the marriage ſure.

Anto. You

Anto. You have the Freedom to do so——the Writings I'll provide.——

Guil. I'll about it then, the Priest waits within for you, and *Guzman* for you *Jacinta*,——haste, for he is to arrive anon Ambassador from *Cadez*.

Jac. I know not, this noise of Weddings has set me agog, and I'll e'en in, and try what 'tis.

[*Ex.* Antonio, Clara, *and* Jacinta.

Guil. Come Madam, your Honour and I have something else to do —— —— before I have fully dub'd you a Vicountess.

Isa. Ah Heav'ns what's that?

Guil. Why a certain Ceremony, which must be performed between a pair of Sheets,——but we'll let it alone till Night.

Isa. Till Night, no; what'er it be, I wou'd not be without an Inch of that Ceremony, that may compleat my Honour for the World; no for Heavens sake let's retire, and Dub me presently.

Guil. Time enough, time enough.

Isa. You love me not; that can deny me this.

Guil. Love——no——we are married now, and people of our Quality never love after Marriage 'tis not great.——

Isa. Nay, lets retire, and compleat my Quality, and you will find me a Wife of the Mode I'll warrant you.

Guil. For once you have prevail'd.

Enter Francisco.

Fran. Whither away. ——

Isa. Onely to consummate a little, pray keep your distance.

[*She pulls off his hat.*

Fran. Consummate. ——

Isa. Ay, Sir, that is to make me an absolute Vicountess—we cannot stay——farewel— [Guilion, *Leads her out.*

Fran. Hum——this *Turkey* Air has a notable faculty, where the Women are all plaguy kind.——

Enter Carlos, *and* Julia.

Car. By Heav'n each Moment makes me more your slave—

Fran. The Business is done.

Jul. My Husband. (*Aside.*

Car. ——And all this constant love to old *Francisco*, has but engaged me more,

Fran. Ha

Fran. Ha, Love to me? (*Aside.*

Ful. Sir, if this vertue, be but reall in you, how happy I shou'd be; but you'll relaps again and Tempt my vertue——— which if you doe———

Fran. I'll warrant she wou'd kill her self. (*Aside.*

Ful. ——I should be sure to yield———

(*In a soft tone to him.*

Car. No, thou hast made an absolute Conquest o'er me—and if that Beauty tempt me every hour, I shall still be the same I was the last.

Fran. Pray Heaven he be *John.*

Enter 1 Turk.

1 *Tu.* Most Mighty Emperor; a Messenger from *Cadez*, has Letters for your Highness.

Car. Conduct him in; in this retreat of ours we use no State.

Enter Guzman, *as himself, gives* Carlos *Letters.*

Guz. Don *Carlos*, Governour of *Cadez*, greets your Highness

Car. reads) *High and Mighty,*——

For seven Christian *Slaves, taken lately by a Galley of yours, we offer you twice the number of* Mahometans *taken from you by us, —if this suffice not,—propose your Ransoms, and they shall be paid by*

Don Carlos *Governour of* Cadez.

—Know you this *Carlos* offers so fair for you?

Fran. Most Potent Lord, I do, and wonder at the Compliment,———and yet I am not jealous———I have so over acted the Complesant Husband, that I shall never fall into the other Extream again.

Car. Go, let the Christian Governour understand his Request is granted.

Guz. The slaves are ready, Sir, and a Galley to carry off the Christians.

Ful. How shall we make this Governour amends?

Fran. I do even weep for joy; alas, I must leave it to thee Love;

Ful. To me, Sir, do you mock me?

Fran. Mock thee, no; I know thy vertue, and will no more be jealous, believe me, Chicken, I was an old Fool.

Car. Your Wife is Chaste———she overcame my unruly passion with her prayers and Tears.———

Enter Isabella *at one door*; Clara, Antonio, Jacinta, *at another*; Isabella's *Train carried up.*

Fran. Rare News,—we are all free and ransom'd! All's well, and the Man has his Mare again.

Isa. You still forgot your duty and your distance.

Fran. A Pox of your troublesome Honour; a man can't be overjoy'd in quiet for't.

Enter Baltazer *and* Sebestian.

Seb. Sure I am not mistaken, this is the house of my Son *Antonio.*

Bal Let it be whose house 'twill; I think the Devil's broke loose in't.

Seb. —Or the *Turks*; for I have yet met with ne'er a Christian thing in't.

Fran. Hah,—Do I dream, or is that my Father-in-law, and Seignior *Sebastian?*

Anto. My Father here?———

Car. Baltazer!———(*Aside.*

Bal. Son *Francisco*, why do you gaze on me so?

Fran. Bless me, Sir, are you taken by the Great *Turk* too?

Bal. Taken,—Great *Turk*, —what do you mean?

Fran. Mean, Sir, why how the Devil came you into *Turkey?*

Bal. Sure jealousie has crack'd his Brains.

Fran. Crack me no Cracks, good Father mine; — am not I a slave in *Turkey?* and is not this the Grand *Seigniors* Palace?

Car. So,—all will come out, there's no prevention. (*Aside.*

Seb. Some that are wiser answer us: You, Son,———are you infected too?—was not yesterday to abeen your Wedding day?

Anto. To day has done as well, Sir, I have only chang'd *Isabella* for *Clara.*

Seb. How, *Francisco*, have you jugled with me?

Fran, My Daughter's a Lady, Sir.

Bal. And you, Mistress, you have married *Antonio*, and left the Governour.

Cla. I thought him the fitter Match, Sir, and hope your Pardon.

Jul. We cannot scape.

Fran. But

Fran. But how came you hither, Gentlemen, how durst you venture?

Seb. Whither, Sir, to my own Son's house; is there such danger in coming a mile or two out of *Cadez*?

Fran. Is the Devil in you, or me, or both? Am not I in the Possession of *Turks and Infidels*?

Bal. No, Sir; safe in *Antonio Villa*; within a League of *Cadez*.

Fran. Why, what a Pox, is not this the Great *Turk* himself?

Bal. This Sir,—cry mercy, my Lord—'tis Don *Carlos*, Sir, the Governor.

Fran. The Governor; the worst Great *Turk* of all; so, I am cozened,—most rarely cheated; why, what a horrid Plot's here carried on, to bring in Heretical Cuckoldom?

Car. Well, Sir, since you have found it out, I'll own my Passion.

Jul. Well, if I have been kind you forced me to't, nay begged on your knees, to give my self away.

Fran. Guilty, guilty! I confess,—but 'twas to the Great *Turk*, Mistress, not Don *Carlos*.

Jul. And was the sin the greater?

Fran. No, but the Honour was less.

Bal. Oh, horrid! What, intreat his Wife to be a Whore?

Car. Sir, your mistaken, she was my Wife in sight of Heaven before; and I but seiz'd my own.

Fran. Oh,—Sir, she's at your Service still.

Car. I thank you, Sir, and take her as my own.

Bal. Hold, my Honour's concerned.

Fran. Not at all, Father mine, she's my Wife, my Lumber now, and, I hope, I may dispose of my Goods and Chattels:——if he takes her we are upon equal terms, for he makes himself my Cuckold, as he has already made me his;—for, if my memory fail me not, we did once upon a time Consummate, as my Daughter has it.

Enter Guilion *in his own dress, crying Chimney-Sweep.*

Guil. Chimney-sweep,——by your leave, Gentlemen.

Ant. Whither away, Sirrah?

Guil. What's that to you, Sir?——

Anto. Not to me, Sirrah;—who would you speak with?

Guil. What's that to you, Sir? why, what a Pox may not a man speak with his own Lady and Wife?

Cla. Heavens! his Wife! to look for his Wife amongst Persons of Quality!

Car. Kick out the Rascal.

Guil. As soon as you please, my Lord, but, let me take my wife along with me. [*Takes* Isa. *by the hand.*

Isa. Faugh! ——what means the Devil?

Guil. Devil; ——'twas not long since you found me a humane creature within there.——

Isa. Villain, Dog; help me to tear his Eyes out.

Guil. What, those eyes, those lovely eyes, that wounded you so deeply?

Fran. What's the meaning of all this? —— why, what am I cozen'd? and is my Daughter cozen'd?

Guil. Cozen'd! why, I'm a man, Sir. ——

Fran. The Devil you are, Sir, how shall I know that?

Guil. Your Daughter does, Sir; and that's all one.

Isa. Oh! I'm undone; am I no Vicountess then?

Guil. Hang Titles; 'twas my self you lov'd, my amiable sweet and charming self: In fine, sweet heart, I am your Husband; no Vicount, but honest *Guilion* the Chimney-sweeper.—I heard your Father design'd to marry you to a Tradesman, and you were for a Don; and to please you both, you see how well I have managed matters.

Fran. I'll not give her a farthing.

Guil. No matter, her love's worth a million; and, that's so great, that I'm sure she'll be content to carry my Soot-basket after me.

Isa. Ah! I die, I die.

Guil. What, and I so kind? } *goes and kisses her,*

Isa. Help! murther, murther! } *and blacks her face.*

Guil. Well, Gentlemen, I am something a better fortune than you believe me, by some thousands.

[*Shows* Car. *his Writings.*

Car. Substantial and good, faith, Sir, I know not where you'll find a better fortune for your Daughter, as cases stand. [*To* Froncisco.

Guil. And, for the Vicount, Sir, gay Cloaths, Money and Confidence will set me up for one, in any ground in Christendom.

Car. Faith, Sir, he's i'th' right; take him home to *Sivil*, your neighbours know him not, and he may pass for what you please to make him; the Fellows honest, witty and handsom.

Fran. ——Well, I have considered the matter;—I was but a Leather-seller my self, and am grown up to a Gentleman; and, who knows but he, being a Chimney-sweeper, may, in time, grow up to a Lord; Faith, I'll trust to Fortune, for once—here—take her, and rid me of one Plague, as you, I thank you, Sir, have done of another——— (*To* Carlos.

Guil. Pri-

Guil. Prithee be pacified, thou ſhalt ſee me within this hour, as pretty a fluttering Spark as any's in Town.——my noble Lord,——I give you thanks and joy; for, you are happy too.

Car. As Love and Beauty can make me.

Fran. And I, as no damn'd Wife, proud Daughter or tormenting Chamber-maid can make me.

Anto. And I, as Heaven and *Clara* can.

——*You baſe born Beauties, whoſe Ill manner'd Pride,*
Th' induſtrious noble Citizens deride,
May you all meet with Iſabella's *doom,*
Guil. —*And, all ſuch Husbands as the Count* Guiliome.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. *Jevon*.

SInce with old Plays you have ſo long been cloyed.
As with a Miſtreſs many years enjoyed:
How briskly dear Variety you purſue;
Nay, though for worſe ye change, ye will have New.
Widdows take heed ſome of you in freſh Youth
Have been the unpitied Martyrs of this Truth.
When for a drunken Sot, that had kind hours,
And taking their own freedoms, left you yours;
'Twas your deliberate choice your days to paſs
With a damn'd, ſober ſelf-admiring Aſs;
Who thinks good uſage for the Sex unfit,
And ſlights ye out of Sparkiſhneſs and Wit.
But you can fit him —— Let a worſe Fool come,
If he neglect, to officiate in his room.
Vain Amorous Coxcombs every where are found,
Fops for all uſe, but the Stage abound.
Tho you ſhou'd change them oftener than your Faſhions,
There ſtill wou'd be enough for your Occaſions:
But ours are not ſo eaſily ſupplied,
All that cou'd e'er quit coſt, we have already tried.
Nay, dear ſometimes have bought the Frippery ſtuff.
This, Widows, you—I mean the old and tough——
Will never think, be they but Fool enough.
Such will with any kind of Puppies play;
But we muſt better know for what we pay:
We muſt not purchaſe ſuch dull Fools as they.
Shou'd we ſhew each her own particular dear,
What they admire at home, they wou'd loath here.
Thus, tho the Mall, the Ring, the Pit is full,
And every Coffee-Houſe ſtill ſwarms with Fool:
Tho ſtill by Fools all other Callings live,
Nay our own women by freſh Cullies thrive,
Tho your Intrigues which no Lampoon can cure,
Promiſe a long Succeſſion to enſure:

And

And all your Matches plenty do presage:
Dire is the Dearth and Famine on the Stage.
Our Store's quite wasted, and our Credit's small,
Not a Fool left to bless our selves withal.
We're fore't at last to rob, (which is great pity,
Though 'tis a never-failing Bank) the City.
We show you one to day intirely new,
And of all Jests, none relish like the true.
Let that the value of our Play inhance,
Then it may prove indeed the Lucky Chance.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

Written by a Perſon of Quality, Spoken by Mr. *Betterton.*

LOng have we turn'd the point of our juſt Rage
On the half Wits, and Criticks of the Age.
Oft has the ſoft, inſipid Sonneteer
In Nice *and* Flutter, *ſeen his Fop-face here.*
Well was the Ignorant Lampooning Pack
Of ſhatterhead Rhimers *whip'd on* Craffey's *back;*
But ſuch a trouble Weed is Poetaſter,
The lower 'tis cut down, it grows the faſter.
Tho Satyr then had ſuch a plenteous crop,
An after Mach of Coxcombs *is come up.*
Who not content falſe Poetry to renew,
By ſottiſh Cenſures wou'd condemn the true.
Let writing like a Gentleman —— *fine appear,*
But muſt you needs judge too en Cavalier?
Theſe whiffling Criticks, 'tis our Auth'reſs fears;
And humbly begs a Tryal by her Peers:
Or let a Pole of Fools her fate pronounce,
There's no great harm in a good quiet Dunce.
But ſhield her, Heaven! from the left handed blow
Of Airy Blockheads who pretend to know.
On downright Dulneſs let her rather ſplit,
Than be Fop-mangled under colour of Wit.
Hear me, ye Scribling Beaus, ——
Why will you in ſhier Rhime, without one ſtroke
Of Poetry, Ladies jeſt diſdain provoke,
And addreſs Songs, to whom you never ſpoke.
In doleful Hymns for dying Fellons fit,
Why do you tax their Eyes, and blame their Wit?
Unjuſtly of the Innocent you complain,
'Tis Bulkers give, and Tubs muſt cure your pain.
Why in Lampoomps will you your ſelves revile?
'Tis true, none elſe will think it worth their while;

But thus you're bid! oh, 'tis a Politick Fetch:
So some have hang'd themselves to ease Jack Ketch.
Justly your Friends and Mistresses you blame,
For being so they well deserve the shame,
'Tis the worst scandal to have born that name.
At Poetry of late, and such whose Skill
Exceeds your own, you dare a feeble Quill; } See the late Satyr on Poetry.
Well may you rail at what you Ape so ill.
With vertuous Women, and all Men of Worth,
You're in a state of Mortal War by Birth.
Nature in all her Atome fights ne'er knew
Two things so opposite as Them and You.
On such your Muse her utmost fury spends,
They've slander'd worse than any but your Friends.
More years may teach you better, the mean while,
If you can't mend your Morals, mend your Stile.

Actors

Actors Names.

Mr. *Leigh.*	Sir *Feeble Fainwou'd*	An old Alderman to be married to *Leticia.*
Mr, *Nokes,*	Sir *Cautious Fulbank*	An old Banker married to *Julia.*
Mr. *Betterton.*	Mr. *Gayman*	A Spark of the Town, Lover of *Julia.*
Mr. *Keneſtone.*	Mr. *Belmour*	Contracted to *Leticia* diſguis'd, and paſſes for Sir *Feeble's* Nephew.
Mr. *Jevon.*	Mr. *Bearjeſt*	Nephew to Sir *Cautious,* a Fop.
Mr. *Harris*	Capt. *Noyſey.*	His Companion.
Mr. *Bowman.*	Mr. *Bredwel*	Prentice to Sir *Cautious,* and Brother to *Leticia,* in love with *Diana.*
	Rag	Footman to *Gayman.*
	Ralph	Footman to Sir *Feeble.*
	Dick	Footman to Sir *Cautious.*

W O M E N.

Mrs. *Barry.*	Lady *Fulbank*	In love with *Gayman,* honeſt and generous.
Mrs. *Cook.*	*Leticia.*	Contracted to *Belmour,* married to Sir *Feeble,* young and vertuous.
Mrs. *Montford.*	*Diana*	Daughter to Sir *Feeble,* in love with *Bredwel*— vertuous.
	Pert	Lady *Fulbank's* Woman.
Mrs. *Lowel.*	Gammer *Grim:.*	Landlady to *Gayman,* a Smith's Wife in *Aſſa-via.*

A Parſon, Fidlers, Dancers and Singers.
The Scene *L O N D O N.*

THE

THE LUCKY CHANCE; OR, AN Aldermans Bargain. A COMEDY.

ACT. I.

SCENE I. *The Street at break of day.*

Enter Belmour *disguis'd in a Travelling Habit.*

Bel. SURE 'tis the day that gleams in yonder East.
The day that all but Lovers blest by Shade,
Pay chearful Homage to:
Lovers! and those pursu'd like guilty me
By rigid Laws, which put no difference
'Twixt fairly killing in my own Defence,
And Murders bred by drunken Arguments,
Whores, or the mean Revenges of a Coward.

—This

—This is *Leticia*'s Father's House— [*looking about.*
And that the dear Balcony
That has so oft been conscious of our Loves;
From whence she has sent me down a thousand Sighs,
A thousand looks of Love, a thousand Vows!
O thou dear witness of those Charming Hours,
How do I bless thee, how am I pleas'd to view thee
After a tedious Age of six Months Banishment.

Enter several with Musick.

Fid. But hark ye, Mr. *Gingle*, is it proper to play before the Wedding?

Gin. Ever while you live, for many a time in playing after the first night, the Bride's sleepy, the Bridegroom tir'd, and both so out of humour, that perhaps they hate any thing that puts 'em in mind they are married.

[*They play and sing.*

[*Enter* Phillis *in the Balcony, throws 'em Money.*

RISE Cloris, *charming Maid arise!*
And baffle breaking Day,
Shew the adorning World thy Eyes
Are more surprizing Gay;
The Gods of Love are smiling round,
And lead the Bridegroom on,
And Hymen *has the Altar crown'd.*
While all thy sighing Lovers are undone.

To see thee pass they throng the Plain;
The Groves with Flowers are strown,
And every young and envying Swain
Wishes the hour his own.
Rise then, and let the God of Day,
When thou dost to the Lover yield,
Behold more Treasure given away
Then he in his vast Circle e'er beheld.

Bel. Hah, *Phillis Leticia*'s Woman!

Ging. Fie, Mrs. *Phillis*, do you take us for Fidlers that play for Hire? I came to compliment Mrs. *Leticia* on her Wedding-Morning because she is my Scholar.

Phil. She sends it only to drink her Health.

Ging. Come, Lads, let's to the Tavern then— [*Exit Musick.*

Bel. Hah!

Bel. Hah! ſaid he *Leticia*?
——Sure I ſhall turn to Marble at this News
I harden—and cold Damps paſs through my ſenſleeſs Pores——
——Hah——who's here——

Enter Gayman *wrapt in his Cloak.*

Gay. 'Tis yet too early, but my Soul's impatient
And I muſt ſee *Leticia*—— [*goes to the door.*

Bel. Death and the Devil—the Bridegroom—
Stay, Sir, by Heaven you { *goes to the door as he is knocking,*
paſs not this way—— { *puſhes him away, and draws.*

Gay. Hah! what art thou that durſt forbid me Entrance?
—Stand off. [*They fight a little, and cloſing view each other.*

Bel. Gayman!

Gay. My deareſt *Belmour.*

Bel. Oh thou falſe Friend, thou treacherous baſe Deceiver!

Gay. Hah, this to me, dear *Harry*?

Bel. Whether is Honour, Truth and Friendſhip fled?

Gay. Why there ne'er was ſuch a Vertue.
'Tis all a Poets Dream.

Bel. I thank you, Sir.

Gay. I am ſorry for't, or that ever I did any thing that could deſerve it: put up your Sword—an honeſt man wou'd ſay how he's offended, before he raſhly draws.

Bel. Are not you going to be married, Sir?

Gay. No, Sir, as long as any Man in *London* is ſo, that has but a handſom Wife, Sir?

Bel. Are not you in Love, Sir?

Gay. Moſt dammably,——and wou'd fain lie with the dear ſilting Gypſie.

Bel. Hah——who would you lie with, Sir?

Gay. You Catechiſe me roundly——'tis not fair to name, but I am no ſtarter, *Harry*; juſt as you left me, you find me, I am for the faithleſs *Julia* ſtill, the Old Alderman's Wife.—'Twas high time the City ſhould loſe their Charter, when their Wives turn honeſt: But pray Sir anſwer me a Queſtion or two?

Bel. Anſwer me firſt——what make you here this Morning?

Gay. Faith to do you ſervice. Your damn'd little Jade of a Miſtreſs has learned of her Neighbours the Art of Swearing and Lying in abundance, and is——

Bel. To be married! [*Sighing.*

Gay. Even

Gay. Even ſo, God ſave the Mark; and ſhe'll be a fair one for many an Arrow beſides her Husbands, tho' he an old *Finsbury* Hero this threeſcore Years.

Bel. Who mean you?

Gay. Why thy Cuckold that ſhall be, if thou be'ſt wiſe.

Bel. Away——
Who is this Man?——thou dalli'ſt with me.

Gay. Why an old Knight, and Alderman, here o'th City, Sir *Feeble Fainwou'd*, a jolly old Fellow, whoſe Activity is all got into his Tongue, a very excellent Teazer; but neither Youth nor Beauty can grind his Dugion to an Edge.

Bel. Fie what Stuff's here.

Gay. Very excellent Stuff, if you have but the Grace to improve it.

Bel. You banter me—but in plain Engliſh tell me
What made you here thus early,
Entring yon Houſe with ſuch Authority?

Gay. Why your Miſtreſs *Leticia*—your contracted Wife, is this Morning to be married to old Sir *Feeble Fainwou'd*, induced to't I ſuppoſe by the great Jointure he makes her, and the Improbability of your ever gaining your Pardon for your high Duel——Do I ſpeak *Engliſh* now, Sir?

Bel. Too well, would I had never heard thee.

Gay. Now I being the Confident in your Amours, the Jack-go-between——the civil Pimp, or ſo——you left her in charge with me at your Departure——

Bel. I did ſo.

Gay. I ſaw her every day——and every day ſhe paid the Tribute of a ſhower of tears, to the dear Lord of all her Vows, young *Belmour*;
Till faith at laſt, for Reaſons manifold,
I ſlackt my daily Viſits.

Bel. And left her to Temptation——was that well done?

Gay. Now muſt I afflict you and my ſelf with a long tale of Cauſes why;
Or be charg'd with want of Friendſhip.

Bel. You will do well to clear that Point to me.

Gay. I ſee you're peeviſh, and you ſhall be humour'd.
——You know my *Julia*——
Play'd me e'en ſuch another Prank as your falſe one is going to play you, and marri'd old Sir *Cautious Fulbank* here i'th' City; at which you know I ſtorm'd, and rav'd, and ſwore, as thou do'ſt now, and to as little purpoſe. There was but one way left, and that was Cuckolding him.

Bel. Well that Deſign I left thee hot upon,

Gay. And

Gay. And hotly have purſu'd it. Swore—VVept—Vow'd——VVrote, upbraided, prayed and railed; then treated laviſhly——and preſented high——till, between you and I, *Harry*, I have preſented the beſt part of Eight hundred a year into her husbands hands, in Mortgage.

Bel. This is the Courſe you'd have me ſteer, I thank you.

Gay. No, no, Pox on't, all VVomen are not Jilts. Some are honeſt, and will give as well as take; or elſe there would not be ſo many broke i'th' City.——In fine, Sir, I have been in Tribulation, that is to ſay, Money-leſs, for ſix tedious VVeeks, without either Cloaths—or Equipage to appear withal; and ſo not only my own Love affair lay neglected—but thine too—and I am forced to pretend to my Lady, that I am i'th' Country with a Dying Uncle——from whom if he were indeed dead, I expect two thouſand a Year.

Bel. But what's all this to being here this Morning?

Gay. Thus have I lain conceal'd like a winter Fly, hoping for ſome bleſt Sun-ſhine to warm me into life again, and make me hover my flagging Wings; till the News of this Marriage (which fills the Town) made me crawl out this ſilent Hour—to upbraid the fickle Maid.

Bel. Didſt thou?——purſue thy kind Deſign. Get me to ſee her, and ſure no Women even poſſeſt with a new Paſſion,
Grown confident even to Proſtitution;
But when ſhe ſees the Man to whom ſhe's ſworn ſo very—very much, will find Remorſe and Shame.

Gay. For your ſake though the Day be broke upon us,
And I'm undone, if ſeen—I'll venture in——

[*Throws his Cloak over.*

Enter Sir Feeble Fainwou'd—*Sir* Cautious Fulbank—Bearjeſt *and* Noyſey. [*paſs over the Stage and go in.*

——Hah——ſee——the Bridegroom!
And with him my deſtin'd Cuckold, old Sir *Cautious Fulbank.*
——Hah——what ail'ſt thou Man?

Bel. The Bridegroom!
Like *Gorgon*'s head he'as turn'd me into Stone——

Gay. Gorgon's head——a Cuckolds head——'twas made to graft upon——

Bel. By Heaven I'll ſeize her even at the Altar!
And bear thence in Triumph.

Gay. Ay, and be born to *Newgate* in Triumph, and be hang'd in Triumph—'twill be cold comfort celebrating your Nuptials in the Preſs-Yard, and be wak'd next Morning like Mr. *Barnardine* in the Play—Will you pleaſe to Riſe and be hang'd a little, Sir?

Bel. What wouldſt thou have me do?

Gay. As many an honeſt Man has done before thee—— Cuckold him——Cuckold him.

Bel. What——and let him marry her! She that's mine by Sacred Vows already? By heaven it would be flat Adultery in her!

Gay. —She'll learn the trick, and practiſe it the better with thee.

Bel. Oh Heavens! *Leticia* marry him! and lie with him! —
—Here will I ſtand and ſee this ſhameful Woman,
See if ſhe dares paſs by me to this Wickedneſs.

Gay. Hark ye, *Harry*—in earneſt have a care of betraying your ſelf——and do not venture ſweet Life for a fickle Woman, who perhaps hates you.

Bel. You counſel well——but yet to ſee her married!——
How every thought of that ſhocks all my reſolution——
But hang it, I'll be reſolute and ſawcy,
Deſpiſe a Woman who can uſe me ill,
And think my ſelf above her.

Gay. Why now thou art thy ſelf —a Man again,
But ſee they're coming forth, now ſtand your ground.

Enter Sir Feeble, *Sir* Cautious, Bearjeſt, Noyſey, Leticia *ſad*, Diana, Phillis. [*Paſs over the Stage.*

Bel. 'Tis ſhe, ſupport me, *Charles*, or I ſhall ſink to Earth,
—Methought in paſſing by ſhe caſt a ſcornful glance at me;
Such charming Pride, I've ſeen upon her Eyes,
When our Love Quarrels arm'd 'em with diſdain——
—I'll after 'em, if I live ſhe ſhall not ſcape me. [*Offers to go*
Gay. *holds him.*

Gay. Hold, remember you're proſcribed,
And die if you are taken——

Bel. I've done, and I will live, but he ſhall ne'er enjoy her.
——Who's yonder, *Ralph*, my truſty Confident?

Enter Ralph.

Now though I periſh I muſt ſpeak to him.
——Friend, what VVeding's this?

Ral. One that was never made in heaven, Sir;
Tis Alderman *Fainwou'd*, and Mrs. *Leticia Bredwell*.

Bel. Bredwell——I've heard of her,—she was Miſtreſs——

Ral. To fine Mr. *Belmour*, Sir,—ay there was a Gentleman—But reſt his Soul——he's hang'd, Sir. [*Weeps.*

Bel. How! hang'd?

Ral. Hang'd, Sir, hang'd——at the *Hague* in *Holland*.

Gay. I heard ſome ſuch News, but did not credit it.

Bel. For what ſaid they was he hang'd?

Ral. Why e'en for High Treaſon, Sir, he killed one of their Kings.

Gay. Holland's a Common-wealth, and is not rul'd by King's.

Ral. Not by one, Sir, but by a great many; this was a Cheeſmonger—they fell out over a Bottle of Brandy, went to *Snicker Snee*,——Mr. *Belmour* cut his Throat, and was hang'd for't, that's all, Sir.——

Bel. And did the young Lady believe this?

Ral. Yes,——and took on moſt heavily,——the Doctors gave her over——and there was the Devil to do to get her to conſent to this Marriage——but her Fortune was ſmall, and the hope of a Ladyſhip, and a Gold Chain at the Spittle Sermon did the Buſineſs,—and ſo your Servant, Sir.—[*Ex.* Ralph.

Bel. So——here's a hopeful Account of my ſweet ſelf now.

Enter Poſt-man with Letters.

Poſt. Pray, Sir, which is Sir *Feeble Fainwoud*'s?

Bel. What wou'd you with him, Friend?

Poſt. I have a Letter here from the *Hague* for him.

Bel. From the *Hague*! Now have I a curioſity to ſee it——I am his Servant—give it me—— [*Gives it him, and Exit.*

—Perhaps here may be the ſecond part of my Tragedy,
I'm full of Miſchief, *Charles*—and have a mind to ſee this Fellows Secrets. For from this hour I'll be his evil Genius, haunt him at Bed and Board, he ſhall not ſleep nor eat——diſturb him at his Prayers, in his Embraces; and teaz him into Madneſs.
Help me Invention, Malice, Love, and VVit. [*Opening the Letter.*
Ye Gods, and little Fiends inſtruct my Miſchief. [*Reads.*

Dear Brother, according to your deſire I have ſent for my Son from St. Omer's, *whom I have ſent to wait on you in* England, *he is a very good Accountant, and fit for Buſineſs, and much pleas'd he ſhall ſee that Uncle to whom he's ſo obliged, and which is ſo gratefully acknowledged by— Dear Brother, your affectionate Brother.*

Francis Fainwou'd

—Hum—

——Hum——hark ye, *Charles*, do you know who I am now?

Gay. VVhy, I hope a very honeſt Friend of mine, *Harry Belmour*.

Bel. No, Sir, you are miſtaken in your Man.

Gay. It may be ſo.

Bel. I am d'ye ſee *Charles*, this very individual, numerical young Mr.——*what ye call um Fainwou'd*, juſt come from Saint *Omers* into *England*—to my Uncle the Alderman.
I am, *Charles*, this very Man.

Gay. I know you are, and will ſwear't upon occaſion.

Bel. This lucky Thought has almoſt calm'd my mind.
And if I don't fit you my dear Uncle——
May I never lie with my Aunt.

Gay. Ah Rogue——but prethee what care have you taken about your Pardon? 'twere good you ſhould ſecure that.

Bel. There's the Devil, *Charles*,——had I but that—but that ſeldom fails; but yet in vain, I being the firſt Tranſgreſſor ſince the Act againſt Duelling.
But I impatient to ſee this dear delight of my Soul,
And hearing from none of you this ſix weeks, came from *Bruxels* in this diſguiſe——for the *Hague* I have not,
Seen, though hang'd there——but come——lets away
And compleat me a right Saint *Omers* Spark, that I
May preſent my ſelf as ſoon as they come from Church.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Sir* Cautious Fulbank's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Fulbank, Pert *and* Bredwel. Bredwel *gives her a Letter.*

[*Lady* Fulbank *reads.*

Did my Julia *know how I languiſh in this cruel Separation, ſhe would afford me her pity, and write oftner. If only the Expectation of two thouſand a year kept me from you, ah!* Julia *how eaſily would I abandon that Trifle for your more valued ſight, but that I know a Fortune will render me more agreeable to the charming* Julia, *I ſhould quit all my Intereſt here, to throw my ſelf at her Feet, to make her ſenſible how I am intirely her Adorer,*

Charles Gayman.

——Faith *Charles* you lie——you are as welcome to me now,
Now when I doubt thy Fortune is declining,
As if the Univerſs were thine.

Pert. That Madam is a noble Gratitude. For if his Fortune be declining, 'tis sacrificed to his Passion for your Ladiship. ——'Tis all laid out on Love.

L. Ful. I prize my Honour more than Life,
Yet I had rather have given him all he wish'd of me,
Than be guilty of his Undoing.

Pert. And I think the Sin were less

L. Ful. I must confess, such Jewels, Rings and Presents as he made me must needs decay his Fortune.

Bred. Ay, Madam, his very Coach at last was turned into a Jewel for your Ladiship.
Then Madam what Expences his Despair have run him on—
As Drinking and Gaming to divert the Thought of your marrying my old Master.

L. Ful. And put in VVenching too.——

Bred. No assure your self, Madam——

L. Ful. Of that I would be better satisfied——and you too must assist me as e'er you hope I should be kind to you in gaining you *Diana*. [*To* Bredwel.

Bred. Madam, I'll die to serve you.

Pert. Nor will I be behind in my duty.

L. Ful. Oh how fatal are forc'd Marriages!
How many Ruins one such Match pulls on? ———
Had I but kept my Sacred Vows to *Gayman*
How happy had I been ——— how prosperous he!
Whilst now I languish in a loath'd embrace,
Pine out my Life with Age ——— Consumptious, Coughs,
——But dost thou fear that *Gayman* is declining?

Bred. You are my Lady, and the best of Mistresses ———
Therefore I would not greive you, for I know
You love this best ——— but most unhappy Man.

L. Ful. You shall not grieve me——— prithee on———

Bred. My Master sent me yesterday to Mr. *Crap* his Scrivenor, to send to one Mr. *Wastall*, to tell him his first Mortgage was out, which is two hundred pounds a Year——and who has since ingaged five or six hundred more to my Master; but if this first be not redeem'd he'll take the Forfeit on't, as he says a Wise Man ought.

L. Ful. That is to say, a Knave according to his Notion of a Wise Man.

Bred. Mr. *Crap* being busie with a borrowing Lord sent me to Mr. *Wastall*; whose Loding is in a nasty Place called *Alsatia*, at a Black-Smiths.

L. Ful. But

L. Ful. But what's all this to *Gayman* ?

Bred. Madam, this *Waſtall* was Mr. *Gayman.*

L. Ful. *Gayman* ! Saw'ſt thou *Gayman* ?

Bred. Madam, Mr. *Gayman*, yeſterday.

L. Ful. When came he to Town ?

Bred. Madam, he has not been out of it.

L. Ful. Not at his Uncles in *Northamptonſhire* ?

Bred. Your Ladiſhip was wont to credit me.

L. Ful. Forgive me ——you went to a Black-Smiths——

Bred. Yes, Madam ; and at the door encountred the beaſtly thing he calls a Landlady ; who lookt as if ſhe had been of her own Husband's making, compos'd of moulded Smith's Duſt. I askt for Mr. *Waſtall*, and ſhe began to open——and did ſo rail at him, that what with her *Billingſgate*, and her Husband's hammers, I was both Deaf and Dumb—at laſt the hammers ceas'd, and ſhe grew weary, and call'd down Mr. *Waſtall* ; but he not anſwering——I was ſent up a Ladder rather than a pair of Stairs ; at laſt I ſcal'd the top, and enter'd the Inchanted Caſtle ; there did I find him, ſpight of the noiſe below, drowning his Cares in Sleep.

L. Ful. Whom foundſt thou, *Gayman* ——— ?

Bred. He Madam, whom I waked—and ſeeing me. Heavens what Confuſion ſeiz'd him! which nothing but my own Surprize could equal. Aſham'd—he wou'd have turn'd away, But when he ſaw by my dejected Eyes, I knew him, He ſigh't, and bluſht; and heard me tell my buſineſs. Then beg'd I wou'd be ſecret: for he vow'd his whole Repoſe and Life, depended on my ſilence, Nor had I told it now, But that your Ladiſhip may find ſome ſpeedy means to draw him from this deſperate Condition.

L. Ful. Heavens is't poſſible ?

Bred. He's driven to the laſt degree of Poverty ——— Had you but ſeen his Lodgings, Madam !

L. Ful. What where they ?

Bred. 'Tis a pretty convenient Tub, Madam. He may lie along in't, there's juſt room for an old Joyn'd Stool beſides the Bed, which one cannot call a Cabin, about the largeneſs of a Pantry Bin, or a Uſerer's Trunk, there had been Dornex Curtains, to't in the days of *Yore* ; but they were now annihilated, and nothing left to ſave his Eyes from the Light, but my Land-ladies Blew Apron, ty'd by the ſtrings before the Window, in which ſtood a broken ſix-penny Looking-Glaſs, that ſhew'd as many Faces as the Scene in *Henry* the Eighth, which could but juſt ſtand upright, and then the Comb-Caſe fill'd it.

L. Ful. What a lewd Deſcription haſt thou made of his Chamber!

Bred. Then for his Equipage, 'tis baniſht to one ſmall Monſieur, (who ſawcy with his Maſters Poverty) is rather a Companion than a Footman.

L. Ful. But what ſaid he to the Forfeiture of his Land?

Bred. He ſigh'd, and cry'd, why farewel dirty Acres. It ſhall not trouble me, ſince 'twas all but for Love!

L. Ful. How much redeems it?

Bred. Madam, five hundred Pounds.

L. Ful. Enough———you ſhall in ſome diſguiſe convey this Money to him, as from an unknown hand: I wou'd not have him think it comes from me, for all the World;
That Nicety and Vertue I've profeſt, I am reſolv'd to keep.

Pert. If I were your Ladiſhip, I wou'd make uſe of Sir *Cautious* his Caſh: Pay him in his own Coin.

Bred. Your Ladiſhip wou'd make no Scruple of it, if you knew how this poor Gentlemen has been us'd by my unmerciful Maſter.

L. Ful. I have a Key already to his Counting-Houſe; it being loſt, he had another made, and this I found and kept.

Bred. Madam, this is an excellent time for't, my Maſter being gone to give my Siſter *Leticia* at Church.

L. Ful. 'Tis ſo, and I'll go and commit the theft, whilſt you prepare to carry it, and then we'll to dinner with your Siſter the Bride.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Houſe of Sir* Feeble.

Enter Sir Feeble, Leticia, *Sir* Cautious, Bearjeſt, Diana, Noyſey. *Sir* Feeble *ſings and ſalutes 'em.*

Sir *Feeb.* Welcome *Joan Sanderſon*, welcome, welcome.
[*Kiſs the Bride.*
Ods bobs, and ſo thou art Sweet heart. [*So to the reſt.*

Bear. Methinks my Lady Bride is very melancholy.

Sir *Cau.* Ay, ay, Women that are diſcreet, are always thus upon their VVeding-day.

Sir *Feeb.* Always by day-light, Sir *Cautious.*

But when bright Phœbus *does retire*
To Thetis *bed to quench his fire,*

And

And do the thing we need not name,
We Mortals by his influence do the ſame.
Then thou the bluſhing Maid lays by
Her ſimpering, and her Modeſty;
And round the Lover claſps and twines
Like Ivy, or the cirkling Vines.

Sir *Feeb.* Here *Ralph*, the Bottle Rogue, of Sack ye Raſcal, hadſt thou been a Butler worth hanging, thou wou'dſt have met us at the door with it——Ods bobs Sweet heart thy health.

Bear. Away with it, to the Brides Haunce in Helter.

Sir *Feeb.* Got ſo, go to Rogue, go to, that ſhall be, Knave, that ſhall be the Morrow morning; he ——ods bobs, we'll do't Sweet heart; here's to't —— [*Drinks again.*

Let. I die but to imagine it, wou'd I were dead indeed.

Sir *Feeb.* Hah——hum——how's this? Tears upon the VVedding-day? VVhy——why——you Baggage you, ye little Ting, Fools-face——away you Rogue, you'r naughty, you'r naughty, [*Patting and playing, and following her.* Look——look——look now,——buſs it —— buſs it——and Friends, did'ums, did'ums, beat its none ſilly Baby——away you little huſſey, away, and pledge me —— [*She drinks a little.*

Sir *Cau.* A wiſe diſcreet Lady, I'll warrant her, my Lady would prodigally have took it off all——

Sir *Feeb.* Dear's its nown dear Fubs; buſs again, buſs again, away, away——ods bobs, I long for Night——look—look Sir *Cautious*! what an Eye's there.

Sir *Cau.* Ay, ſo there is, Brother, and a modeſt Eye too.

Sir *Feeb.* Adad, I love her more and more, *Ralph*——call old *Suſan* hither——Come Mr. *Bearjeſt*, put the Glaſs about. Ods bobs, when I was a Young Fellow, I would not let the Young VVenches look pale and wan——but would rouſe 'em, and touſe 'em, and blowze 'em, till I put a colour in their Cheeks, like an Apple *John*, affacks——Nay, I can make a ſhift ſtill, and Pupſey ſhall not be Jealous——

Enter Suſan, *Sir* Feeble *whiſpers her, ſhe goes out.*

Let. Indeed not I, Sir. I ſhall be all Obedience.

Sir *Cau.* A moſt Judicious Lady; wou'd my *Julia* had a little of her Modeſty; but my Lady's a VVit.

Enter Susan *with a Box.*

Sir *Feeb.* Look here my little Puskin, here's fine Play-things for its nown little Coxcomb——go——get ye gone——get ye gone, and off with these Saint *Martin's* Triumpery, these Play-house Glass Baubles, this Necklace, and these Pendants and all this false Ware; ods bobs I'll have no Counterfeit Geer about thee, not I. See——these are right as the Blushes on thy Cheeks, and these——as true as my heart, Girl. Go——put e'm on, and be fine——

[*Gives 'em her.*

Let. Believe me, Sir, I shall not merit this kindness.

Sir *Feeb.* Go to——More of your Love, and less of your Ceremony——give the old Fool a hearty buss and pay him that way——he ye little wanton Tit, I'll steal up——and catch ye and love ye——adod I will——get ye gone——get ye gone——

Let. Heavens what a natious thing is an old Man turn'd Lover.

[*Exit* Leticia *and* Diana.

Sir *Cau.* How, steal up, Sir *Feeble*——I hope not so; I hold it most indecent before the lawful hour.

Sir *Feeb.* Lawful hour! why I hope all hours are lawful with a Man's own Wife?

Sir *Cau.* But wise Men have respect to Times and Seasons.

Sir *Feeb.* Wise young Men Sir *Cautious*, but wise old Men must nick their Inclinations, for it is not as 'twas wont to be, for it is not as 'twas wont to be——

[*Singing and Dancing.*

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Sir, here's a young Gentleman without wou'd speak with you.

Sir *Feeb.* Hum——I hope it is not that same *Belmour* come to forbid the Banes——if it be, he comes too late——therefore bring me first my long Sword, and then the Gentleman.

[*Exit* Ralph.

Bea. Pray Sir use mine it is a travell'd Blade I can assure you Sir.

Sir *Feeb.* I thank you, Sir——

Enter

Enter Ralph *and* Belmour *diſguis'd, gives him a Letter, he reads.*

——How ——— my Nephew ———
Francis Fainwou'd. (*Embraces him.*

Bel. I am glad he has told me my Chriſtian name.

Sir *Feeb.* Sir *Cautious* know my Nephew——'tis a young St. *Omers* Scholar——but none of the Witneſſes.

Sir *Cau.* Marry, Sir, and the wiſer he ——— for they got nothing by't.

Bel. Sir I love and honour you becauſe you are a Traveller.

Sir *Feeb.* A very proper young Fellow, and as like old *Frank Fainwood* as the Devil to the Collier; but *Francis* you are come into a very lewd Town, *Francis*, for Whoring and Plotting and Roaring and Drinking, but you muſt go to Church, *Francis*, and avoid ill Company, or you may make damnable Havock in my Caſh, *Francis*, ———what, you can keep Merchants Books?

Bel. That's been my ſtudy, Sir.

Sir *Feeb.* And you will not be proud, but will be commanded by me. *Francis?*

Bel. I deſire not to be favour'd as a Kinſman, Sir, but as your humbleſt Servant.

Sir *Feeb.* Why, thou't an honeſt Fellow, *Francis*,——— and thou'rt heartily welcome ——— and I'll make thee Fortunate! But come, Sir *Cautious*, let you and I take a turn i'th' Garden, and yet a right underſtanding between your Nephew Mr. *Bearjeſt*, and my Daughter *Dye*.

Sir *Cau.* Prudently thought on, Sir, I'll wait on you.———
(*Exit Sir* Feeble, *and Sir* Cautious.

Bea. You are a Traveller, I underſtand ———

Bel. I have ſeen a little part of the World, Sir.

Bea. So have I, Sir, I thank my Stars, and have performed moſt of my Travels on Foot, Sir.

Bel. You did not Travel far then I preſume, Sir?

Bea. No, Sir, it was for my diverſion indeed; but I aſſure you, I travell'd into *Ireland* a-foot, Sir.

Bel. Sure Sir, you go by ſhipping into *Ireland*?

Bea. That's all one, Sir, I was ſtill a-foot——ever walking on the Deck——

Bel. Was that your fartheſt Travels, Sir?

Bea. Fartheſt——why that's the End of the World ——and ſure a Man can go no farther.

Bel. Sure there can be nothing worth a Man's Curioſity?

Bea. No, Sir, I'll aſſure you, there are the Wonders of the World, Sir: I'll hint you this one. There is a Harbour which ſince the Creation was never capable of reiceiving a Lighter, yet by another Miracle the King of *France* was to ride there with a vaſt Fleet of Ships, and to land a hundred thouſand Men.

Bel. This is a ſwinging Wonder——but are there ſtore of Mad men there, Sir——?

Bea. That's another Rarity to ſee a Man run out of his Wits.

Noy. Marry, Sir, the wiſer they I ſay.

Bea. Pray Sir, what ſtore of Miracles have you at St. *Omers*?

Bel. None, Sir, ſince that of the Wonderful *Salamanca* Doctor, who was both here and there at the ſame Inſtant of time.

Bea. How, Sir? why that's impoſſible.

Bel. That was the Wonder, Sir, becauſe 'twas impoſſible.

Noy. But 'twas a greater, Sir, that 'twas believed.

Enter L. Fulb. *and* Pert, *Sir* Cau. *and Sir* Feeb.

Sir *Feeb.* Enough, enough, Sir *Cautious*, we apprehend one another, Mr. *Bearjeſt*, your Uncle here and I have ſtruck the Bargain, the Wench is yours with three thouſand Pound preſent, and ſomething more after Death: Which your Uncle likes well,

Bea. Does he ſo, Sir, I'm beholding to him, then 'tis not a Pin matter whether I like or not, Sir.

Sir *Feeb.* How, Sir, not like my Daughter *Dye*?

Bea. Oh Lord, Sir,——die or live, 'tis all one for that, Sir ——I'll ſtand to the Bargain my Uncle makes.

Pert. Will you ſo, Sir, you'll have very good luck if you do——. [*aſide.*

Bea. Prithee hold thy Peace, my Lady's Woman.

L. Ful. Sir I beg your pardon for not waiting on you to Church——I knew you wou'd be private——

Enter Let. *fine in Jewels.*

Sir *Feeb.* You honour us too highly now, Madam——

[*preſents his Wife, who ſalutes her.*

L. Ful. Give you Joy my dear *Leticia*! I find, Sir, you were reſolved for Youth, Wit and Beauty.

Sir *Feeb.*

Sir *Feeb.* Ay, Ay, Madam, to the Comfort of many a hoping Coxcomb, but *Lette*,——Rogue *Lette*—thou wo't not make me free o'th' City a second time, wo't thou entice the Rogues with the *Twire* and the wanton *Leere*———— the Amerous simper that cries come kiss me——— then the pretty round Lips are pouted out——he Rogue, how I long to be at 'em!——well, she shall never go to Church more———— that she shall not,

L. Ful. How, Sir, not to Church, the chiefest Recreation of a City Lady?

Sir *Feeb.* That's all one, Madam, that tricking and dressing and prinking and patching, is not your Devotion to Heaven, but to the Young Knaves that are lick'd and comb'd—— and are minding you more than the Parson———ods bobs there are more Cuckolds destin'd in the Church, than are made out of it.

Sir *Cau.* Ha, ha, ha, he! tickles ye' e-faith, Ladies.

[*To his Lady.*

Bel. Not one chance look this way——and ye
I can forgive her lovely Eyes————
Because they look not pleas'd with all this Ceremony;
And yet methinks some sympathy in Love
Might this way glance their Beams——I cannot hold——
——Sir, is this fair Lady my Aunt?

Sir *Feeb.* Oh, *Francis*! Come hither, *Francis*. *Lette*, here's a young Rogue has a mind to kiss thee.

[*Puts them together, she starts back.*

——Nay start not, he's my own Flesh and Blood
My Nephew——Baby——look——look how the Young Rogues stare at one another, like will to like, I see that.

Let. There's something in his Face so like my *Belmour* it calls my Blushes up, and leaves my heart defenceless———

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Sir, dinner's on the Table.

Sir *Feeb.* Come, come—let's in then—Gentleman and Ladies————
And share to day my Pleasures and Delight
But———
Adds bobs they must be all mine own at Night.

The End of the first ACT.

ACT

ACT. II.

SCENE I. Gayman's *Lodging.*

Enter Gayman *in a Night-Cap, and an old Campaign Coat tied about him. Very Melancholy.*

Gay. Curse on my Birth! Curse on my faithless fortune!
Curse on my Stars, and curst be all——but Love!
That dear, that charming sin, tho t'have pull'd
Innumerable mischiefs on my head,
I have not, nor I cannot find Repentance for.
No let me die despis'd, upbraided, poor:
Let Fortune, Friends and all abandon me——
But let me hold thee thou soft smiling God
Close to my heart while Life continues there.
Till the last pantings of my Vital Blood
May the last spark of Life and Fire be Love's!

Enter Rag.

——How now, *Rag.* what's a Clock?

Rag. My Belly can inform you better than my Tongue.

Gay. Why you gormandizing Vermine you, what have you done with the Three-pence I gave you a fortnight ago.

Rag. Alas, Sir, that's all gone long since.

Gay. You gutling Rascal you are enough to breed a Famine in a Land. I have known some industrious Footmen, that have not only gotten their own Livings, but a pretty Livelihood for their Masters too.

Rag. Ay, till they came to the Gallows, Sir.

Gay. Very well, Sirrah, they died in an honourable Calling——but hark y' *Rag,*——I have business——very earnest business abroad this Evening, now were you a Rascal of Docity, you wou'd invent a way——to get home my last Suit that was laid in Lavender——with the Appurtenances thereunto belonging, as Perriwig, Cravat——and——so forth——

Rag. Faith Master, I must deal in the black Art then, for no humane means will do't——and now I talk of the black Art, Master, try your Power once more with my Land-lady——

Gay. Oh!

Gay. Oh! Name her not, the thought on't turns my Stomach——a ſight of her is a Vomit, but he's a bold Hero that dares venture on her for a kiſs, and all beyond that ſure is Hell it ſelf——yet there's my laſt, laſt Refuge——and I muſt to this Wedding——I know not what—— but ſomething whiſpers me ——this Night I ſhall be happy——and without *Julia* 'tis impoſſible! ——

Rag. *Julia*, whoſe that, my Lady *Fulbank*, Sir?

Gay. Peace, Sirrah——and call ——a —— no ——Pox on't come back——and yet——yes——call my fulſome Landlady. [*Exit* Rag.

——Sir *Cautious* knows me not by Name or Perſon.
And I will to this Wedding, I'm ſure of ſeeing *Julia* there.
And what may come of that——but here's old Naſty coming.
I ſmell her up——hah, my dear Landlady ——

Enter Rag *and* Landlady.

Quite out of breath ——a Chair there for my Landlady——

Rag. Here's ne'er a one, Sir.

Land. More of your Money and leſs of your Civility, good Mr. *Waſtall.*

Gay. Dear Landlady——

Land. Dear me no Dears, Sir, but let me have my Money—Eight Weeks Rent laſt Friday. Beſides Taverns, Ale-houſes, Chandlers, Landereſſes Scores, and ready Money out of my Purſe; you know it, Sir.

Gay. Ay, but your Husband don't; ſpeak ſoftly.

Land. My Husband, what do you think to fright me with my Husband——I'd have you to know I'm an honeſt Woman and care not this——for my Husband. Is this all the thanks I have for my kindneſs, for patching, borrowing and ſhifting for you; 'twas but laſt Week I pawn'd my beſt Petticoat, as I hope to wear it again it coſt me ſix and twenty ſhillings beſides Making; then this Morning my new *Norwich* Mantue followed, and two poſtle Spoons, I had the whole dozen when you came firſt; but they dropt, and dropt, till I had only *Judas* left for my Husband.

Gay. Hear me, good Landlady——

Land. Then I've paſt my Word at the *George Tavern*, for forty Shillings for you, ten Shillings at my Neighbour *Squabs* for Ale; beſides ſeven Shillings to Mother *Suds* for Waſhing, and do you fob me off with my Husband?——

Gay. Here

Gay. Here, *Rag* ——— run and fetch her a Pint of Sack——— there's no other way of quenching the Fire in her flaber Chops; [*Exit* Rag.

———but my dear Landlady have a little Patience.

Land. Patience? I ſcorn your Words, Sir—is this a place to truſt in, tell me of Patience that us'd to have my money before hand; come, come, pay me quickly——or old *Gregory Grimes* houſe ſhall be too hot to hold you.

Gay. Is't come to this, can I not be heard?

Land. No, Sir, you had good Cloaths when you came firſt, but they dwindled daily, till they dwindled to this old Campaign——with tan'd coloured Lining——once red—but now all Colours of the Rain-bow, a Cloak to ſculk in a Nights, and a pair of piſs-burn'd ſhammy Breeches. Nay your very Badge of Manhood's gone too.

Gay. How, Landlady, nay then i-faith no Wonder if you rail ſo.

Land. Your Silver Sword I mean—tranſmogrified to this two-handed Basket Hilt—this old Sir *Guy* of *Warwick*—which will ſell for nothing but old Iron. In fine, I'll have my Money, Sir, or i-faith *Alſatia* ſhall not ſhelter you.

Enter Rag.

Gay. Well, Landlady——if we muſt part——let's drink at parting, here Landlady, here's to the Fool—that ſhall love you better than I have done. [*Sighing drinks.*

Land. Rot your Wine——d'e think to pacifie me with Wine, Sir. [*She refuſing to drink he holds open her Jaws*; Rag *throws a Glaſs of Wine into her Mouth.*

——What will you force me——no——give me another Glaſs, I ſcorn to be ſo uncivil to be forced, my ſervice to you, Sir—this ſhan't do, Sir— [*She drinks, he embracing her ſings.*

Ah Cloris *'tis in vain You ſcold,*
Whilſt Your Eyes kindle ſuch a Fire.
Your railing cannot make me cold,
So faſt as they a warmth inſpire.

Land. Well, Sir, you have no reaſon to complain of my Eyes nor my Tongue neither, if rightly underſtood. [*weeps.*

Gay. I know you are the beſt of Landladies,
As ſuch I drink your Health ——— [*drinks.*
——But to upbraid a Man in Tribulation——fie——'tis not

not done like a Woman of Honour, a Man that loves you too. [*She drinks.*

Land. I am a little haſty ſometimes, but you know my good Nature.

Gay. I do, and therefore truſt my little wants with you. I ſhall be rich again——and then my deareſt Landlady——

Land. Wou'd this Wine might ne'er go through me, if I wou'd not go, as they ſay, through Fire and Water—by night or by day for you. [*She drinks.*

Gay. And as this is Wine I do believe thee— [*He drinks.*

Land. Well——you have no Money in your Pocket now I'll warrant you——here——here's ten Shillings for you old *Gregory* knows not of. [*Opens a great greaſie Purſe.*

Gay. I cannot in Conſcience take it, good Faith I cannot—beſides, the next Quarrel you'll hit me in the Teeth with it.

Land. Nay pray no more of that, forget it, forget it. I own I was to blame——here——Sir you ſhall take it.

Gay. Ay,——but what ſhou'd I do with Money in——theſe ——dam'd Breeches?——No put it up——I can't appear abroad thus——no I'll ſtay at home, and looſe my buſineſs.

Land. Why, is there no way to redeem one of your Suits?

Gay. None——none——I'll e'en lay me down and die——

Land. Die——marry Heavens forbid——I would not for the World——let me ſee——hum——what does it lie for?

Gay. Alas! dear Landlady a Sum——a Sum.

Land. Well, ſay no more, I'll lay about me——

Gay. By this kiſs but you ſhall not——*Aſſafetida* by this Light.

Land. Shall not? that's a good one i-Faith: ſhall you rule ——or I?

Gay. But ſhou'd your Husband know it?

Land. Husband——marry come up, Husbands know Wives ſecrets? No ſure, the World's not ſo bad yet——where do your things lie? and for what?

Gay. Five Pound Equips me——*Rag* can conduct you—— but I ſay you ſhall not go, ——I've ſworn——

Land. Meddle with your matters——let me ſee, the Caudle Cup that *Molly*s Grandmother left her, will pawn for about that ſum——I'll ſneak it out——well, Sir, you ſhall have your things preſently——trouble not your head, but expect me. [*Exit* Landlady *and* Rag.

Gay. VVas ever man put to ſuch beaſtly ſhifts? 'Sdeath how ſhe ſtunk—my ſenſes are moſt luxurioufly regall'd——there's my

my perpetual Muſick too———

[*Knocking of Hammers on an Anvil.*

The ringing of Bells is an Aſs to't.

Enter Rag.

Rag. Sir there's one in a Coach below wou'd ſpeak to you.

Gay. With me——and in a Coach, who can it be?

Rag. The Devil, I think, for he has a ſtrange Countenance.

Gay. The Devil, ſhew your ſelf a Raſcal of Parts, ſirrah, and wait on him up with Ceremony.

Rag. VVho, the Devil, Sir?

Gay. Ay, the Devil, Sir, if you mean to thrive.

[*Exit.* Rag.

——VVho can this be——but ſee he comes to inform me ——withdraw——

Enter Bredwel *dreſt like a Devil.*

Bred. I come to bring you this——

[*Gives him a Letter, he reads.*

Gayman *reads.* *Receive what Love and Fortune preſent You with, be grateful and be ſilent, or 'twill vaniſh like a dream, and leave You more wretched than it found You.* [Adieu.

—hah—— (*Gives him a bag of Money.*

Bred. Nay view it, Sir, 'tis all ſubſtantial Gold.

Gay. Now dare not I ask one civil queſtion for fear it vaniſh all—— (*aſide.*

But I may ask how 'tis I ought to pay for this great Bounty.

Bred. Sir, all the pay is ſecreſie——

Gay. And is this all that is recuired, Sir?

Bred. No, you're invited to the ſhades below.

Gay. Hum, ſhades below!——I am not prepared for ſuch a Journey, Sir.

Bred. If you have Courage, Youth or Love, you'll follow me,
VVhen Nights black Curtains drawn around the VVorld,
And mortal Eyes are ſafely lockt in ſleep,
(*In feign'd Heroick Tone.*
And no bold ſpy dares view when Gods careſs:
Then I'll conduct thee to the Banks of Bliſs.
——Durſt thou not truſt me?

Gay. Yes ſure on ſuch ſubſtantial ſecuriry. (*hugs the bag.*

Bred. Juſt when the day is vaniſh'd into Night,

And

And only twinkling ſtars inform the VVorld,
Near to the Corner of the ſilent VVall
In Fields of *Lincolns-Inn* thy ſpirit ſhall meet thee.
——Farewel —— [*Goes out.*

Gay. Hum——I am awake ſure, and this is Gold I graſp.
I could not ſee this Devils Cloven Foot,
Nor am I ſuch a Coxcomb to believe,
But he was as ſubſtantial as his Gold.
Spirits, Ghoſts, Hobgoblins, Furies, Fiends and Devils
I've often heard old VVives fright Fools and Children with,
VVhich once arriv'd to common ſenſe they laugh at.
——No, I am for things poſſible and natural,
——Some Female Devil, old and damn'd to Uglineſs,
And paſt all hopes of Courtſhip and Addreſs,
Full of another Devil call'd Deſire,
Has ſeen this Face——this——Shape ——— this Youth
And thinks its worth her hire. It muſt be ſo.
I muſt moil on in the damn'd dirty Road,
And ſure ſuch pay will make the Journey eaſie;
And for the price of the dull drudging Night,
All Day I'll purchaſe new and freſh Delight. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Sir* Feeble's *houſe.*

Enter Leticia *purſu'd by* Phillis.

Phil. VVhy, Madam, do you leave the Garden,
For this retreat to Melancholy?
Let. Becauſe it ſuits my Fortune and my Humour.
And even thy Preſence wou'd afflict me now.
Phil. Madam, I was ſent after you, my Lady *Fulbank* has challeng'd Sir *Feeble* at Bowls, and ſtakes a Ring of fifty Pound againſt his new Chariot.
Let. Tell him I wiſh him Luck in every thing
But in his Love to mē ———
Go tell him I am viewing of the Garden. (*Exit* Phillis.
———Bleſt be this kind retreat, this 'lone Occaſion
That lends a ſhort Ceſſation to my Torments.
And gives me leave to vent my ſighs and tears!

Enter Belmour *at a diſtance behind her.*

Bel. And doubly bleſt be all the Powers of Love, (*weeps.*
That gives me this dear Opportunity.

Let. Where were you all ye pittying Gods of Love?
That once ſeem'd pleas'd at *Belmour*'s flame and mine,
And ſmiling join'd our Hearts, our Sacred Vows
And ſpread your Wings, and held your Torches high.
Bel. Oh ——— (*She ſtarts, pauſes.*
Let. Where were you now? When this unequal Marriage,
Gave me from all my joys, gave me from *Belmour*:
Your Wings were flag'd, your Torches bent to Earth;
And all your little Bonnets veil'd your Eyes.
You ſaw not, or were deaf and pitileſs.
Bel. Oh my *Leticia*!
Let. Hah, 'tis there again; that very Voice was *Belmour*'s:
Where art thou, oh thou lovely charming ſhade?
For ſure thou canſt not take a ſhape to fright me.
——— What art thou ——— ſpeak!
[*Not looking behind her yet for fear.*
Bel. Thy conſtant true Adorer,
Who all this fatal day has haunted thee
To eaſe his tortur'd Soul. [*Approaching nearer.*
Let. My Heart is well acquainted with that Voice,
But oh my Eyes dare not encounter thee.
(*Speaking with ſigns of fear.*
Bel. Is it becauſe thou haſt broken all thy Vows?
——— Take to thee courage, and behold thy ſlaughters.
Let. Yes, tho' the ſight wou'd blaſt me, I wou'd view it.
[*Turns.*
———'tis he ——— 'tis very *Belmour*! or ſo like ———
I cannot doubt but thou deſerv'ſt this welcome.
[*Embraces him.*
Bel. Oh my *Leticia*!
Let. I'm ſure I graſp not Air; thou art no Fantom.
My Arms return not empty to my Boſom,
But meet a ſolid Treaſure.
Bel. A Treaſure thou ſo eaſily threw'ſt away;
A Riddle ſimple Love ne're underſtood.
Let. Alas, I heard my *Belmour* thou wert dead?
Bel. And was it thus you mourn'd my Funeral?
Let. I will not juſtifie my hated crime.
But oh remember I was poor and helpleſs,
And much reduc'd, and much impos'd upon. [*Belmour weeps.*
Bel. And Want compell'd thee to this wretched Marriage
———did it?
Let. 'Tis not a Marriage ſince my *Belmour* lives:
The Conſummation were Adultery.
I was thy Wife before, wo't thou deny me?

Bel. No,

Bel. No, by thoſe Powers that heard our mutual Vows,
Thoſe Vows that tye us faſter than dull Prieſts.
Let. But oh my *Belmour*, thy ſad Circumſtances
Permit thee not to make a publick Claim.
Thou art proſcribed, and dieſt if thou art ſeen.
Bel. Alas!
Let. Yet I wou'd wander with thee o're thee World,
And ſhare thy humbleſt Fortune with thy Love.
Bel. Is't poſſible, *Leticia*, thou wou'dſt fly
To Foreign ſhores with me?
Let. Can *Belmour* doubt the Soul he knows ſo well?
Bel. Perhaps in time the King may find my Innocence, and may extend his Mercy:
Mean time I'll make proviſion for our flight.
Let. But how 'twixt this and that can I defend my ſelf from the loath'd Arms of an impatient Dotard, that I may come a ſpotleſs Maid to thee?
Bel. Thy native Modeſty and my Induſtry
Shall well enough ſecure us.
Feign your nice Virgin-Cautions all the day:
Then truſt at night to my conduct to preſerve thee.
——And wilt thou yet be mine? Oh ſwear a new;
Give me again thy Faith, thy Vows, thy Soul:
For mine's ſo ſick with this days fatal Buſineſs,
It needs a Cordial of that mighty ſtrength;
Swear,————ſwear, ſo as if thou break'ſt ——
Thou mayſt be—any thing—but damn'd *Leticia*.
Let. Thus then, and hear me Heaven! [*Kneels.*
Bel. And thus —— I'll liſten to thee. [*Kneels*

Enter Sir Feeble, L. Fulbank, *Sir* Cautious.

Sir *Feeb. Lette, Lette, Lette*, where are you little Rogue *Lette*.
——Hah—hum—what's here——— [Bel. *ſnatches her to his Boſom, as if ſhe fainted.*
Bel. Oh Heavens, ſhe's gone, ſhe's gone!
Sir *Feeb.* Gone ——whither is ſhe gone?——it ſeems ſhe had the Wit to take good Company with her ———— (*The Women go to her, take her up.*
Bel. She's gone to Heaven, Sir, for ought I know.
Sir Cau. She was reſolv'd to go in a young Fellow's Arms, I ſee.
Sir Feeb. Go to, *Francis*——go to.
L. *Ful.* Stand back, Sir, ſhe recovers.

Bel. Alas, I found her dead upon the Floor,
—Shou'd I have left her ſo——if I had known your mind——

Sir Feeb. Was it ſo——was it ſo——got ſo, by no means, *Francis.*——

Let. Pardon him, Sir, for ſurely I had died,
But for his timely coming.

Sir Feeb. Alas, poor Pupſey——was it ſick——look here—here's a fine thing to make it well again. Come buſs, and it ſhall have it——oh how I long for Night.
Ralph, are the Fidlers ready?

Ral. They are tuning in the Hall, Sir.

Sir *Feeb.* That's well, they know my mind. I hate that ſame twang, twang, twang, ſum, ſum, ſum, tweedle, tweedle, tweedle, then ſcrue go the Pins, till a man's Teeth are on an edge; then ſnap ſays a ſmall Gut, and there we are at a loſs again. I long to be in bed with a——hey trododle, tredodle, tredodle, ——with a hay tredool, tredodle, tredo—— (*Dancing, and playing on his ſtick like a flute.*

Sir Cau. A prudent Man would reſerve himſelf——Goodſacks I danc'd ſo on my Wedding day, that when I came to Bed, to my ſhame be it ſpoken, I fell faſt aſleep, and ſlept till morning.

L. *Ful.* Where was your Wiſdom then, Sir *Cautious*?
But I know what a wiſe Woman ought to have done.

Sir Feeb. Odsbobs that's Wormwood, that's Wormwood—I ſhall have my young Huſſey ſet a gog too; ſhe'll hear there are better things in the World than ſhe has at home, and then odsbobs, and then they'll ha't, adod they will, Sir *Cautious.* Ever while you live, keep a Wife ignorant, unleſs a Man be as brisk as his Neighbours.

Sir Cau. A wiſe Man will keep 'em from bawdy Chriſtnings then, and Goſſipings.

Sir Feeb. Chriſtnings and Goſſipings! why they are the very Schools that debauch our Wives, as Dancing-Schools do our Daughters.

Sir Cau. Ay, when the over-joy'd good Man invites 'em all againſt that time twelve month: Oh he's a dear Man, cries one—I muſt marry, cries another, here's a Man indeed—my Husband—God help him——

Sir Feeb. Then ſhe falls to telling of her grievance till (half maudlin) ſhe weeps again: Juſt my Condition cries a third, ſo the Frolick goes round, and we poor Cuckolds are anatomiz'd, and turn'd the right ſide outwards; adsbobs we are Sir *Cautious.*

Sir Cau.

Sir Cau. Ay, ay, this Grievance ought to be redereſt Sir *Feeble*, the grave and ſober part o'th' Nation are hereby ridicul'd,——

Ay, and Cuckol'd too, for ought I know.

L. *Ful.* VViſe Men knowing this, ſhould not expoſe their infirmities, by marrying us young wenches; who, without inſtruction, find how we are impos'd upon.

Enter Fidles playing, Mr. Bearjeſt *and* Diana *dancing*; Bredwel, Noyſey, *&c.*

L. *Ful.* So, Couſin, I ſee you have found the way to Mrs. *Dy's* heart.

Bea. Who, I, my dear Lady Aunt? I never knew but one way to a Womans heart, and that road I have not yet travelled; for my Uncle, who is a wiſe Man, ſays Matrimony is a ſort of a——kind of a——as it were, d'e ſee, of a Voyage, which every Man of Fortune is bound to make one time or other——and Madam——I am, as it were——a bold Adventurer.

Dy. And are you ſure, Sir, you will venture on me?

Bear. Sure?——I thank you for that——as if I could not believe my Uncle: For in this Caſe a Young Heir has no more to do, but to come and ſee, ſettle, marry, and uſe you ſcurvily.

Dy. How, Sir, ſcurvily?

Bear. Very ſcurvily, that is to ſay, be always faſhionably drunk, deſpiſe the Tyranny of your Bed, and reign abſolutely——keep a Seraglia of Women, and let my Baſtard Iſſue inherit: Be ſeen once a Quarter, or ſo, with you in the Park for Countenance, where we loll two ſeveral ways in the gilt Coach like *Janus*, or a Spread-Eagle.

Dy. And do you expect I ſhou'd be honeſt the while?

Bear. Heaven forbid, not I, I have not met with that wonder in all my Travels.

L. *Ful.* How, Sir, not an honeſt Woman?

Bear. Except my Lady Aunt——Nay, as I am a Gentleman and the firſt of my Family——You ſhall pardon me, here——Cuff me, Cuff me ſoundly. [*Kneels to her.*

Enter Gayman *richly dreſt.*

Gay. This Love's a damn'd bewitching thing——now tho I ſhould loſe my Aſſignation with my Devil, I cannot hold from ſeeing *Julia* to night: hah——there, and with a Fop at her Feet——Oh vanity of Woman! [*Softly pulls her.*

L. *Ful.* Oh Sir, you're welcome from *Northamptonshire.*

Gay. Hum ——— surely she knows the Cheat. (*Aside.*

L. *Ful.* You are so Gay, you save me, Sir, the labour
Of asking if your Uncle be alive.

Gay. Pray heaven she have not found my Circumstances! [*Aside.*
But if she have, Confidence must assist me ———
——— And, Madam, you're too Gay for me to inquire
Whether you are that *Julia* which I left you?

L. *Ful.* Oh, doubtless, Sir ———

Gay. But why the Devil do I ask——Yes, you are still the same; one of those hoiting Ladies, that love nothing like Fool and Fiddle; Crowds of Fops; had rather be publickly, tho' dully flatter'd, than privately ador'd; you love to pass for the Wit of the Company, by talking all and loud.

L. *Ful.* Rail on; till you have made me think my Vertue at so low Ebb, it should submit to you.

Gay. What ——— I'm not discreet enough,
I'll babble all in my next high Debauch,
Boast of your Favours, and describe your Charms
To every wishing Fool?

L. *Ful.* Or make most filthy Verses of me ———
Under the name of *Cloris* ——— you *Philander,*
Who in lewd Rhimes confess the dear Appointment;
What hour, and where, how silent was the night,
How full of Love your Eyes and wishing mine.
Faith no; if you can afford me a Lease of your Love,
Till the old Gentleman my Husband depart this wicked World,
I'm for the Bargain.

Sir Cau. Hum——what's here, a young Spark at my Wife? [*Goes about 'em.*

Gay. Unreasonable *Julia,* is that all,
My Love, my Sufferings, and my Vows must hope?
Set me an Age——— say when you will be kind,
And I will languish out in starving wish,
But thus to gape for Legacies of Love,
Till Youth be past Enjoyment,
The Devil I will assoon——farewel—— (*Offers to go.*

L. *Ful.* Stay, I conjure you stay ———

Gay. And lose my Assignation with my Devil. [*Aside.*

Sir Cau. 'Tis so, ay, ay, tis so—and wise Men will perceive it; 'tis here——here in my forehead, it more than buds; it sprouts, it flourishes.

Sir Feeb.

Sir Feeb. So, that young Gentleman has nettled him, ſtung him to th' quick: I hope he'll chain her up —— the Gad Bee's in his Quonundrum —— in Charity I'll relieve him——come my Lady *Fulbank*, the night grows old upon our hands, to dancing, to jiggetting —— Come, ſhall I lead your Ladiſhip?

L. *Ful.* No, Sir, you ſee I am better provided ——— [*Takes* Gayman's *hand.*

Sir Cau. Ay, no doubt on't, a Pox on him for a young hanſom Dog. [*They dance all.*

Sir Feeb. Very well, very well, now the Poſſet, and then——ods bobs, and then ———

Dy. And then we'll have t'other dance.

Sir Feeb. Away Girls, away, and ſteal the Bride to Bed; they have a deal to do upon their Wedding-nights; and what with the tedious Ceremonies of dreſſing and undreſſing, the ſmutty Lectures of the Women, by way of Inſtruction, and the little Stratagems of the Young Wenches ——— ods bobs, a man's cozen'd of half his night: Come Gentlemen, one Bottle, and then—— we'll toſs the Stocken. (*Exeunt all but* L. Ful. Bred. *who are talking, and* Gayman.

L. *Ful.* But doſt thou think he'll come?

Bred. I do believe ſo, Madam ———

L. *Ful.* Be ſure you contrive ſo, he may not know whether, or to whom he comes.

Bred. I warrant you, Madam, for our Parts.

(*Exit* Bredwel *ſtealing out* Gayman.

L. *Ful.* How now, what departing?

Gay. You are going to the Bride Chamber.

L. *Ful.* No mattar, you ſhall ſtay——

Gay. I hate to have you in a Crowd.

L. *Ful.* Can you deny me——will you not give me one lone hour i'th' Garden?

Gay. Where we ſhall only tantalize each other with dull kiſſing, and part with the ſame Appetite we met——no, Madam. beſides, I have buſineſs ———

L. *Ful.* Some Aſſignation——is it ſo indeed?

Gay. Away, you cannot think me ſuch a Traytor; 'tis moſt important buſineſs.

L. *Ful.* Oh 'tis too late for buſineſs——let to morow ſerve.

Gay. By no means—the Gentleman is to go out of Town.

L. Ful. Riſe the earlier then ———

Gay. —But, Madam, the Gentleman lies dangerouſly—— ſick ——— and ſhould he die ———

L. *Ful.* 'Tis not a dying Uncle, I hope, Sir?

Gay. Hum——

L. *Ful.* The Gentleman a dying, and to go out of Town to Morrow?

Gay. Ay——a——he goes——in a Litter——'tis his Fancy Madam——Change of Air may recover him.

L. *Ful.* So may your change of Miſtreſs do me, Sir——farewel. (*Goes out.*

Gay. Stay *Julia*——Devil be damn'd—for you ſhall tempt no more, I'll love and be undone——but ſhe is gone——
And if I ſtay the moſt that I ſhall gain
Is but a reconciling look, or kiſs.
No my kind Goblin ——

I'll keep my Word with thee, as the leaſt Evil,
A tantalizing Woman's worſe than Devil.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Sir* Feeble's *Houſe.*

The Second Song before the Entry.

A SONG made by Mr. *Cheek.*

NO more Lucinda, *ah! expoſe no more*
To the admiring World thoſe conquering Charms:
In vain all day unhappy men adoore,
What the kind night gives to my longing Arms.
Their vain Attempts can ne'er ſucceſsful prove,
Whilſt I ſo well maintain the Fort of Love.

Yet to the World with ſo bewitching Arts,
Your dazling Beauty you around diſplay,
And triumph in the ſpoils of broken hearts,
That ſink beneath your feet, and crowd your way:
Ah! ſuffer now your Cruelty to ceaſe,
And to a fruitleſs War prefers a Peace.

Enter

Enter Ralph with *light*, Sir Feeble, *and* Belmour *ſad.*

Sir Feeb. SO, ſo, they're gone ——— Come, *Francis*, you ſhall have the Honour of Undreſſing me for the Encounter, but twill be a ſweet one, *Francis*.

Bel. Hell take him, how he teazes me.

[*Undreſſing all the while.*

Sir Feeb. But is the young Rogue laid, *Francis* —— is ſhe ſtoln to Bed? What Tricks the young Baggages have to whet a man's Appetite?

Bel. Ay, Sir ——— Pox on him ——— he will raiſe my Anger up to Madneſs, and I ſhall kill him to prevent his going to Bed to her.

Sir Feeb. A piſe of thoſe Bandſtrings ——— the more haſt the leſs ſpeed.

Bel. Be it ſo in all things, I beſeech thee, *Venus*?

Sir Feeb. Thy aid a little, *Francis*——oh——oh——thou choakſt me, 'sbobs, what doſt mean? ———

[*Pinches him by the Throat.*

Bel. You had ſo hamper'd 'em, Sir——the Devil's very miſchievous in me. (*Aſide.*

Sir Feeb. Come, come, quick, good *Francis*, adod I'm as yare as a Hawk at the young Wanton ——— nimbly, good *Francis*, untruſs, untruſs ———

Bel. Cram ſeize ye ——— what ſhall I do ——— the near Approach diſtracts me!

Sir Feeb. So, ſo, my Breeches, good *Francis*. But well *Francis*, how doſt think I got the young Jade my Wife?

Bel. With five hundred pound a year Joynture, Sir.

Sir Feeb. No that wou'd not do, the Baggage was damnably in Love with a young fellow they call *Belmour*, a handſome young Raſcal he was, they ſay, that's truth on't; and a pretty Eſtate, but happening to kill a Man he was forced to fly.

Bel. That was great pity, Sir.

Sir *Feeb.* Pity, hang him, Rogue, 'sbobs, and all the young Fellows in the Town deſerve it; we can never keep our Wives and Daughters honeſt for rampant young Dogs; and an old Fellow cannot put in amongſt 'em, under being undone, with Preſenting, and the Devil and all. But what doſt think I did, being damnably in Love ——— I feign'd a Letter as from the *Hague*, wherein was a Relation of this ſame *Belmour's* being hang'd.

Bel. Is't poſſible, Sir, cou'd you deviſe ſuch News?

Sir *Feeb.* Poſ-

Sir *Feeb.* Poſſible man? I did it, I did it; ſhe ſwounded at the News, ſhut her ſelf up a whole Month in her Chamber; but I preſented high; ſhe ſight and wept, and ſwore ſhe'd never marry, ſtill I preſented, ſhe hated, loathed, ſpit upon me, ſtill adod I preſented, till I preſented my ſelf effectually in Church to her; for ſhe at laſt wiſely conſidered her Vows were cancell'd ſince *Belmour* was hang'd.

Bel. Faith Sir, this was very cruel to take away his Fame, and then his Miſtreſs.

Sir *Feeb.* Cruel, thou'rt an Aſs, we are but even with the brisk Rogues, for they take away our Fame, Cuckold us, and take away our Wives ——— ſo, ſo, my Cap, *Francis.*

Bel. And do you think this Marriage, lawful, Sir?

Sir *Feeb.* Lawful! it ſhall be when I've had Livery and Seiſin of her Body ——— and that ſhall be preſently, Rogue ——— quick ——— beſides, this *Belmour* dares as well be hang'd as come into *England.*

Bel. If he gets his Pardon, Sir ———

Sir *Feeb.* Pardon, no, no, I have took care for that, for I have, you muſt know, got his Pardon already.

Bel. How, Sir! got his Pardon, that's ſome amends for robbing him of his Wife.

Sir *Feeb.* Hold, honeſt *Francis*: What doſt think 'twas in kindneſs to him? No you Fool, I got his Pardon my ſelf, that no body elſe ſhould have it, ſo that if he gets any body to ſpeak to his Majeſty for it, his Majeſty crys he has granted it; but for want of my appearance, he's defunct, truſt up, hang'd *Francis.*

Bel. This is the moſt excellent Revenge I ever heard of.

Sir *Feeb.* Ay, I learnt it of a great Politician of our Times.

Bel. But have you got his Pardon? ———

Sir *Feeb.* I've don't, I've don't; Pox on him, it coſt me five hundred pounds tho': Here 'tis, my Solicitor brought it me this Evening. [*Gives it him.*

Bel. This was a lucky hit——and if it ſcape me, let me be hang'd by a Trick indeed.

Sir *Feeb.* So, put it into my Cabinet,——ſafe, *Francis*, ſafe.

Bel. Safe, I'll warrant you, Sir.

Sir *Feeb.* My Gown, quick, quick, —— t'other ſleeve man—ſo now my Night-cap; well, I'll in, throw open my Gown to fright away the Women, and jump into her Arms.

(*Exit Sir* Feeble.

Bel. He's gone, quickly oh Love inſpire me!

Enter

Enter a Footman

Foot. Sir, my Maſter, Sir *Cautious Fulbank*, left his Watch on the little Parlor Table to Night, and bid me call for't.

Bel. Hah——the Bridegroom has it, Sir, who is juſt gone to Bed, it ſhall be ſent him in the Morning.

Foot. 'Tis very well, Sir ——— your Servant ———

(*Exit* Footman.

Bel. Let me ſee——here is the Watch, I took it up to keep for him——but his ſending has inſpir'd me with a ſudden Stratagem, that will do better than Force, to ſecure the poor trembling *Leticia* ——— who, I am ſure, is dying with her Fears. [*Exit* Belmour.

SCENE *changes to the bed-chamber*, Leticia *in an Undreſſing, by the Women at the Table.*

Enter to them Sir Feeble Fainwou'd.

Sir Feeb. What's, here? what's here? the prating Women ſtill. Ods bobs, what not in Bed yet? for ſhame of Love, *Leticia.*

Let. For ſhame of Modeſty, Sir; you wou'd not have me go to Bed before all this Company.

Sir Feeb. What the Women; why they muſt ſee you laid, 'tis the faſhion.

Let. What, with a Man? I wou'd not for the VVorld. Oh *Belmour*, where art thou, with all thy promiſed aid?

Dy. Nay, Madam, we ſhou d ſee you laid indeed.

Let. Firſt in my Grave *Diana.*

Sir Feeb. Ods bobs here's a Compact amongſt the VVomen —High Treaſon againſt the Bridegroom ——— therefore Ladies withdraw, or adod I'll lock you all in.

[*Throws open his Gown, they run all away, he locks the Door.*

So, ſo, now we're alone, *Leticia*——off with this fooliſh Modeſty, and Night-Gown, and ſlide into my Arms,

[*She runs from him.*

H'e' my little Puſkin——what fly me my coy *Daphne*,

[*He purſues her.* (*Knocking.*

Hah——who's that knocks——who's there?——

Bel. 'Tis

Bel. 'Tis I, Sir, 'tis I, open the door presently.

Sir Feeb. Why, what's the matter, is the House o-fire?

Bel. Worse, Sir, worse —— (*He opens the door, Belmour enters with the Watch in his hand.*

Let. 'Tis *Belmour*'s Voice!

Bel. Oh, Sir, do you know this VVatch.

Sir Feeb. This VVatch!

Bel. Ay, Sir, this VVatch.

Sir Feeb. This VVatch——why prethee, why dost tell me of a Watch, 'tis Sir *Cautious Fulbank*'s VVatch, what then, what a Pox dost trouble me with VVatches.

(*Offers to put him out, he returns:*

Bel. 'Tis indeed his VVatch, Sir, and by this Token he has sent for you, to come immediately to his House, Sir.

Sir Feeb. VVhat a Devil art Mad, *Francis*, or is his VVorship Mad, or does he think me Mad——go, prethee tell him I'll come to morrow. (*Goes to put him out.*

Bel. To morrow, Sir, why all our Throats may be cut before to him to morrow.

Sir Feeb. What sayst thou, Throats cut?

Bel. Why, the City's up in Arms, Sir, and all the Aldermen are met at *Guild-Hall*; some damnable Plot, Sir.

Sir Feeb. Hah——Plot——the Aldermen met at *Guild-Hall*?——hum——why let 'em meet, I'll not loose this night to save the Nation.

Let. Wou'd you to bed, Sir when the weighty affairs of State require your Presence.

Sir Feeb. —Hum—met at *Guild-Hall*?—my Cloaths, my Gown again, *Francis*, I'll out—out, what upon my Wedding-night? No——I'll in.

(*Putting on his Gown pausing, pulls it off again.*

Let. For shame, Sir, shall the Reverend Council of the City debate without you?

Sir Feeb. Ay, that's true, that's true, come truss again, *Francis*, truss again——yet now I think on't *Francis*, prethee run thee to the Hall, and tell 'em 'tis my Weding-Night, d'ye see, *Francis*; and let some body give my Voice for——

Bel. What, Sir?

Sir Feeb. Adod I cannot tell; up in Arms say you, why, let 'em fight Dog, fight Bear; mun, I'll to Bed——go——

Let. And shall his Majesty's service and safety lie unregarded for a slight woman, Sir?

Sir Feeb. Hum, his Majesty!—come, hast, *Francis*, I'll away, and call *Ralph*, and the Footmen, and bid 'em Arm; each man shoulder his Musket, and advance his Pike——and bring my Art Impliments quick——and let's away: Pupsey——

b'u'y

b'u'y Papſey, I'll bring it a fine thing yet before Morning, it may be—let's away: I ſhall grow fond and forget the buſineſs of the Nation ——— come, follow me, *Francis* ———.

[*Exit Sir* Feeble, Belmour *runs to* Leticia.

Bel. Now my *Leticia*, if thou e'er didſt love!
If ever thou deſign'ſt to make me bleſt ———
Without delay fly this Adulterous Bed!

Sir Feeb. Why, *Francis* ——— where are you Knave?

[*Sir* Feeb. *within.*

Bel. I muſt be gone, leſt he ſuſpect us——I'll looſe him, and return to thee immediately —— get thy ſelf ready ———

Let. I will not fail my Love. (*Exit* Belmour.

—Old man forgive me—thou the Agreſſor art,
Who rudely forc'd the hand without the heart.
She cannot from the Paths of Honour rove,
Whoſe Guide's Religion, and whoſe End is Love.

[Exit.

SCENE *Changes to a Waſh-houſe, or Out-Houſe.*

Enter with a Dark-lanthorn Bredwel *diſguis'd like a Devil, leading* Gayman.

Bred. Stay here till I give notice of your coming.

(*Exit* Bredwel, *leaves his Dark-lanthorn.*

Gay. Kind light, a little of your aid ———now muſt I be peeping tho' my Curioſity ſhould loſe me all——hah—Zouns, what's here—a Hovel or a Hog-ſty? hum, ſee the wickedneſs of Man, that I ſhould find no time to ſwear in, but juſt when I'm in the Devil's Clutches.

Enter Pert, *as an Old Woman with a ſtaff.*

Old W. Good Even to you, fair Sir.

Gay. Ha ———defend me! if this be ſhe, I muſt rival the Devil, that's certain.

Old W. Come young Gentleman, dare not you venture?

Gay. He muſt be as hot as *Veſuvius* that does——I ſhall never earn my Morning's Preſent.

Old W. What, do you fear a longing Woman, Sir?

Gay. The

Gay. The Devil I do——this is a damn'd Preparation to Love.

Old W. Why ſtand you gazing, Sir? A Womans Paſſion is like the Tide, it ſtays for no man when the hour is come——

Gay. I'm ſorry I have took it at its turning. I'm ſure mine's ebbing out as faſt.

Old W. Will you not ſpeak, Sir——will you not on?

Gay. I wou'd fain ask——a civil Queſtion or two firſt.

Old W. You know too much Curioſity loſt Paradice.

Gay. Why there's it now.

Old W. Fortune and Love invite you if you dare follow me.

Gay. This is the firſt thing in Petticoats that ever dar'd me in vain. Were I but ſure ſhe were but Humane now——for ſundry Conſiderations ſhe might down——but I will on——

[*She goes, he follows; both go out.*

SCENE *A Chamber in the Apartment of* L. Fulbank.

Enter Old Women follow'd by Gayman *in the dark.*

[*Soft Muſick plays, ſhe leaves him.*

——Hah, Muſick——and Excellent!

SONG.

OH! Love, that ſtronger art than Wine,
Pleaſing Deluſion, Witchery divine,
Want to be priz'd above all Wealth,
Diſeaſe that has more Joys than Health.
Tho we blaſpheme thee in our pain,
And of thy Tyranny complain,
We all are better'd by thy Reign.

What Reaſon never can beſtow
We to this uſeful Paſſion owe.
Love wakes the dull from ſluggiſh eaſe,
And learns a Clown the Art to pleaſe.
Humbles the Vain, kindles the cold,
Makes Miſers free, and Cowards bold.
'Tis he reforms the Sot from Drink,
And teaches airy Fops to think.

When

When full brute Appetite is fed,
And choak'd the glutton lies, and dead:
Thou new Spirits does diſpenſe,
And fines the groſs delights of Senſe.
Vertues unconquerable Aid,
That againſt Nature can perſwade:
And makes a roving mind retire
Within the Bounds of Juſt Deſire.
Chearer of Age, Youths kind unreſt,
And half the Heaven of the bleſt.

Ah, *Julia*, *Julia*! If this ſoft Preparation
Were but to bring me to thy dear Embraces;
What different Motions wou'd ſurround my Soul,
From what perplex it now.

Enter Nymphs and Shepherds, and dance.

[*Then two dance alone. All go out but* Pert *and a Shepherd.*
—— Theſe be Devils, they are obliging ones.
I did not care if I ventur'd on that laſt Female Fiend.

Man ſings.

Ceaſe your Wonder, ceaſe your Gueſs,
Whence arrives your happineſs.
Ceaſe your Wonder, ceaſe your Pain,
Humane fancy is in vain.
Chorus. *'Tis enough, you once ſhall find,*
Fortune may to Worth be kind; [gives him Gold.
And Love can leave off being blind.

Pert *ſings.*

You, before you enter here——
On this ſacred Ring muſt ſwear. [Puts it on his Finger, holds his Hand.
By the Figure which is round,
Your Paſſion conſtant and profound,
By the Adamantine Stone,
To be fixt to one alone.
By the Luſtre which is true,
Ne'er to break your ſacred Vow.

Laſtly

Laſtly by the Gold that's try'd
For Love all Danger's to abide.

They all dance about him, while thoſe ſame two ſing.

Man. *Once about him let us move,*
To confirm him true to Love. (bis.
Pert. *Twice with myſtick turning feet,*
Make him ſilent and diſcreet. (bis.
Man. *Thrice about him let us tread,*
To keep him ever young in Bed. (bis.

Gives him another part.

Man. *Forget* Aminta's *proud Diſdain.*
Taſte here, and ſigh no more in vain.
The Joy of Love without the Pain.
Pert. *That God repents his former ſlights,*
And Fortune thus your Faith requites.

Both. *Forget* Aminta's *proud diſdain;*
Then taſt, and ſigh no more in vain,
The Joy of Love without the Pain.
The Joy of Love without the Pain.

[*Exeunt* all Dancers. Looks on himſelf and feels about him.

Gay. What the Devil can all this mean? If there be a Woman in the Caſe——Sure I have not liv'd ſo bad a Life, to gain the dull Reputation of ſo modeſt a Coxcomb, but that a Female might down with me, without all this Ceremony. Is it care of her Honour?——that cannot be——this Age afford none ſo nice: Nor Fiend nor Goddeſs can ſhe be, for theſe I ſaw were Mortal! No——tis a VVoman——I am poſitive. Not young nor handſom, for then Vanity had made her Glory to 'ave been ſeen. No——ſince 'tis reſolved a Woman——ſhe muſt be old and ugly, and will not bauk my Fancy with her ſight. But baits me more with this eſſential Beauty.

Well——be ſhe Young or Old, Woman or Devil,
She pays, and I'll indeavour to be Civil.

SCENE

SCENE. *in the ſame Houſe.*

The flat Scene of the Hall. After a knocking, Enter Bredwel *in his masking Habit, with his Vizard in the one Hand and a light in to'ther, in haſte.*

Bred. Hah, knocking ſo late at our Gate— (*Opens the door.*

Enter Sir Feeble *dreſt, and arm'd Cap-a-pee, with a broad waſt Belt ſtuck round with Piſtols, a Helmet, Scarf, Buffcoat and half Pike.*

Sir Feeb. How now, how now, what's the matter here?

Bred. Matter, what is my Lady's innocent Intrigue found out?——Heavens, Sir, what makes you here in this warlike Equipage?

Sir Feeb. What makes you in this ſhowing Equipage, Sir?

Bred. I have been dancing among ſome of my Friends.

Sir Feeb. And I thought to have been fighting with ſome of my Friends. Where's Sir *Cautious*, where's Sir *Cautious*?

Bred. Sir *Cautious*——Sir, in Bed.

Sir Feeb. Call him, call him——quickly good *Edward.*

Bred. Sure my Lady's Frolick is betray'd and he comes to make Miſchief. However, I'll go and ſecure Mr. *Gayman.* (*Exit* Bredwel.

Enter Sir Cautious *and Boy with light.*

Dick. Pray, Sir, go to Bed, here's no Thieves; all's ſtill and well.

Sir Cau. This laſt nights misfortune of mine, *Dick*, has kept me waking, and methought all night I heard a kind of a ſilent noiſe. I am ſtill afraid of Thieves; mercy upon me to looſe five hundred Ginneys at one clap, *Dick.*——Hah——bleſs me! what's yonder? Blow the great Horn, *Dick*——Thieves——Murder, Murder.

Sir Feeb. Why, what a Pox are you mad? 'Tis I, 'tis I man.

Sir Cau. I, who am I? Speak——declare——pronounce.

Sir Feeb. Your Friend, old *Feeble Fainwou'd.*

Sir Cau. How, Sir *Feeble*! At this late hour, and on his Wedding Night——why what's the matter, Sir——is it Peace or War with you?

Sir Feeb. A Miſtake——a Miſtake——proceed to the buſineſs, good Brother, for time is precious.

Sir *Cau.* Some ſtrange Caſtrophe has happened between him and his Wife to Night, that makes him diſturb me thus——
(*Aſide.*

—Come, ſit good Brother, and to the buſineſs as you ſay——
They ſit one at one end of the Table, the other at the other, Dick *ſets down the Light and goes out—both ſit gaping and ſtaring and expecting when either ſhou'd ſpeak.*

Sir *Feeb.* As ſoon as you pleaſe, Sir. Lord how wildly he ſtares! He's much diſturb'd in's mind——well, Sir, let us be brief——

Sir *Cau.* As brief as you pleaſe, Sir,——well, Brother——
(*pawſing ſtill.*

Sir *Feeb.* So, Sir.

Sir *Cau.* How ſtrangely he ſtares and gapes——ſome deep concern.

Sir *Feeb.* Hum——hum——

Sir *Cau.* I liſten to you, advance——

Sir *Feeb.* Sir?

Sir *Cau.* A very diſtracted Countenance——pray Heaven he be not mad, and a young Wife is able to make an old Fellow mad; that's the Truth on't. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Feeb.* Sure 'tis ſomething of his Lady——he's ſo loath to being it out——I am ſorry you are thus diſturb'd, Sir.

Sir *Cau.* No diſturbance to ſerve a Friend——

Sir *Feeb.* I think I am your Friend indeed, Sir *Cautious*, or I wou'd not have been here upon my VVeding Night.

Sir *Cau.* His VVeding Night——there lies his Grief poor Heart! Perhaps ſhe has Cuckolded him already——
(*Aſide.*

——Well, come Brother——many ſuch things are done——

Sir *Feeb.* Done——hun——come, cut with it, Brother——what troubles you to Night.

Sir *Cau.* Troubles me——why, knows he I am rob'd?
(*Aſide.*

Sir *Feeb.* I may perhaps reſtore you to the Reſt you've loſt.

Sir *Cau.* The Reſt why, have I loſt more ſince? VVhy know you then who did it? Oh how I'd be reveng'd upon the Raſcal?

Sir *Feeb.* 'Tis——Jealouſie, the old worm that bites——
(*Aſide.*

VVho is it you ſuſpect?

Sir *Cau.* A-

Sir *Cau.* Alas, I know not whom to ſuſpect, I wou'd I did; but if you cou'd diſcover him——I wou'd ſo ſwinge him.——

Sir *Feeb.* I know him—what do you take me for a Pimp, Sir? I know him——there's your Watch again, Sir, I'm your Friend, but no Pimp, Sir ——— (*Riſes in rage.*

Sir *Cau.* My Watch, I thank you, Sir——but why Pimp, Sir.

Sir *Feeb.* Oh a very thriving Calling, Sir——and I have a young wife to practice with. I know your Rogues?

Sir *Cau.* A young wife——'tis ſo, his Gentlewoman has been at Hot-Cockles without her Husband, and he's horn mad upon't. I ſuſpected her being ſo cloſe in with his Nephew——in a fit with a Pox ——— (*Aſide.*

Come, come, Sir *Feeble*, 'tis many an honeſt man's Fortune.

Sir *Feeb.* I grant it, Sir—but to the buſineſs, Sir, I came for.

Sir *Cau.* With all my Soul ——— [*They ſit gaping, and expecting when either ſhould ſpeak. Enter* Bredwel *and* Gayman *at the door.* Bredwel *ſees them and puts* Gayman *back again.*

Bred. Hah——Sir *Feeble*——and Sir *Cautious* there—what ſhall I do? For this way we muſt paſs, and to carry him back wou'd diſcover my Lady to him, betray all, and ſpoil the Jeſt——retire, Sir, your Life depends upon your being unſeen. [*Go out.*

Sir *Feeb.* Well, Sir,——do you not know that I am married, Sir? And this my Wedding Night?

Sir *Cau.* Very good, Sir.

Sir *Feeb.* And that I long to be in bed?

Sir *Cau.* Very well, Sir ——

Sir *Feeb.* Very good, Sir, and very well, Sir——why then what the Devil do I make here, Sir? (*Riſes in a rage.*

Sir *Cau.* Patience, Brother——and forward——

Sir *Feeb.* Forward——lend me your hand, good Brother—lets feel your Pulſe——how has this Night gone with you?

Sir Cau. Ha, ha, ha—this is the oddeſt Quonundrum—ſure he's mad—and yet now I think on't, I have not ſlept to Night, nor ſhall I ever ſleep again till I have found the Villain that rob'd me. [*weeps.*

Sir Feeb. So—now he weeps——far gone——this laughing and weeping is a very bad ſign! Come let me lead you to your Bed. [*aſide.*

Sir Cau. Mad—ſtark Mad—no—now I'm up 'tis no Matter—pray eaſe your troubled mind——I am your Friend——out with it——what was it acted? Or but deſign'd?

Sir Feeb. How, Sir?

Sir Cau. Be not aſham'd——I'm under the ſame Premunire I doubt, little better than a——but let that paſs——

Sir Feeb. Have you any Proof?

Sir Cau. Proof of what, good Sir?

Sir Feeb. Of what, why that you're a Cuckold——Sir a Cuckold, if you'll ha't.

Sir Cau. Cuckold, Sir——do ye know what ye ſay?

Sir Feeb. VVhat I ſay?

Sir Cau. I, what you ſay, can you make this ought?

Sir Feeb. I make it out——

Sir Cau. Ay, Sir——if you ſay it and cannot make it out—you're a——

Sir Feeb. What am I, Sir? What I am I?

Sir Cau. A Cuckold as well as my ſelf, Sir, and I'll ſue you for *Scandalum Magnatum*, I ſhall recover ſwinging Damages with a City Jury.

Sir Feeb. I know of no ſuch thing, Sir.

Sir Cau. No Sir?

Sir Feeb. No Sir.

Sir Cau. Then what wou'd you be at, Sir?

Sir *Feeb.* I be at, Sir —— what wou'd you be at, Sir?

Sir *Cau.* Ha, ha, ha——why this is the ſtrangeſt thing——to ſee an old Fellow, a Magiſtrate of the City, the firſt Night he's married, forſake his Bride and Bed, and come arm'd Cap-a-pee, like *Gargantua*, to diſturb another old Fellow, and banter him with a Tale of a Tub; and all to be cuckold him here ——in plain *Engliſh* what's your buſineſs?

Sir *Feeb.* Why, what the Devil's your buſineſs, and you go to that?

Sir *Cau.* My buſineſs, with whom?

Sir *Feeb.* With me, Sir, with me, what a Pox do ye think I do here?

Sir *Cau.* 'Tis that I wou'd be glad to know, Sir.

Enter Dick.

Sir *Feeb.* Here, *Dick*, remember I've brought back your Maſter's Watch, next time he ſends for me o'er Night, I'll come to him in the Morning.

Sir *Cau.* Ha, ha, ha——I ſend for you? Go home and ſleep Sir —— ad and ye keep your Wife waking to ſo little purpoſe you'll go near to be haunted with a Viſion of Horn.

Sir *Feeb.* Roguery —— Kavery to keep me from my Wife ——Look ye this was the Meſſage I receiv'd ——

[*Tells him ſeemingly.*

Exeunt

Enter Bredwel *to the door——in a white ſheet like a Ghoſt ſpeaking to* Gayman *who ſtands within.*

Bred. Now, Sir, we are two to two, for this way you muſt paſs or be taken in the Ladies Lodgings———I'll firſt adventure out to make you paſs the ſafer. And that he may not, if poſſible, ſee Sir *Cautious*, whom I ſhall fright into a Trance, I am ſure. (*Aſide.*
And Sir *Feeble*, the Devil's in't if he know him.
Gay. A brave kind Fellow this———

Enter Bredwel *ſtalking on as a Ghoſt by them.*

Sir *Cau.* Oh——undone——undone——help help———I'm dead, I'm dead———
[*Falls down on his face, Sir* Feeble *ſtares—and ſtands ſtill.*
Bred. As I could wiſh——— (*Aſide.* ——*turns.*
———Come on thou ghaſtly thing and follow me———

Enter Gayman *like a Ghoſt, with a Torch*———

Sir *Cau.* Oh Lord, oh Lord!———
Gay. Hah———old Sir *Feeble Fainwood*——why where the Devil am I?———'Tis he——— and be it where it will I'll fright the old Dotard for Cozening my Friend of his Miſtreſs——— (*ſtalks on*——
Sir *Feeb.* Oh guard me——guard me——all ye Pow'rs! (*Trembling.*
Gay. Thou call'ſt in vain, fond Wretch—for I am *Belmour*,

Whom firſt thou robſt of Fame and Life.
And then what dearer was———his Wife——
(*Goes out ſhaking his Torch at him.*

Sir *Cau.* Oh Lord——oh Lord!

Enter Lady Fulbank *in an Undreſs, and* Pert *undreſt.*

L. Ful. Heavens what noiſe is this?——So he's got ſafe out I ſee——hah, what thing art thou—— (*ſees Sir* Feeble *Arm'd.*
Sir *Feeb.* Stay, Madam, ſtay—'tis I, 'tis I, a poor trembling Mortal——
L. Ful. Sir *Feeble Fainwood?*———riſe———are you both mad?——

Sir *Cau.* No, no,——Madam, we have ſeen the Devil.

Sir *Feeb.* Ay, and he was as tall as the Monument.

Sir *Cau.* With Eyes like a Beacon——and a Mouth——Heaven bleſs us like *London* Bridge at a full Tide.

Sir *Feeb.* Ay, and roar'd as loud——

L. Ful. Idle Fancies, what makes you from your Bed? And you, Sir, from your Bride?

Enter Dick *with Sack.*

Sir *Feeb.* Oh! that's the buſineſs of another day, a miſtake only, Madam.

L. Ful. Away, I'm aſham'd to ſee wiſe Men ſo weak, the Fantoms of the Night, or your own ſhadows, the Whimſeys of the Brain for want of Reſt, or perhaps *Bredwel*, your Man——who being wiſer than his Maſter, play'd you this Trick to fright you both to Bed.

Sir *Feeb.* Hum——adod, and that may be, for the young Knave when he let me in to Night, was dreſt up for ſome Waggery——

Sir *Cau.* Ha, ha, ha, 'twas even ſo, ſure enough, Brother—

Sir *Feeb.* Ads bobs but they frighted me at firſt baſely——but I'll home to Pupſey, there may be Roguery, as well as here—Madam, I ask your Pardon, I ſee we're all Miſtaken.

L. Ful. Ay, Sir *Feeble*, go home to your Wife.

[*Exit ſeverally.*

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter Belmour *at the door, knocks, and enter to him from the Houſe* Phillis.

Phil. Oh are you come, Sir, I'll call my Lady down.

Bel. Oh haſte, the Minute fly——leave all behind. And bring *Letitia* only to my Arms. [*A noiſe of People.* —Hah—what noiſe is that? 'Tis coming this way—— I tremble with my fears——hah——Death and the Devil ————'Tis he ————

Enter Sir Feeble *and his Men arm'd, goes to the door, knocks.*

Ay, tis he—— and I'm undone——what ſhall I do to kill him now? beſides the ſin wou'd put me paſt all hopes of pardoning.

Sir Feeb. A

Sir Feeb. A damn'd Rogue to deceive me thus———
Bel. Hah——ſee by heaven *Leticia* ! Oh we are ruin'd !
Sir Feeb. Hum ———— what's here two Women ?——
[*ſtands a little off*

Enter Leticia *and* Phillis *ſoftly undreſt with a Box.*

Let. Where are you my beſt Wiſhes ? Lord of my Vows—and Charmer of my ſoul ? Where are you ?
Bel. Oh, Heavens !—— [*Draws his ſword half way.*
Sir Feeb. Hum, who's here ? My Gentlewoman———ſhe's monſtruous kind of the ſudden. But whom is't meant to ? [*Aſide.*
Let. Give me your hand, my Love, my Life, my all———Alas ! where are you ?
Sir Feeb. Hum——no, no, this is not to me———I am jilted, cozen'd, cuckol'd, and ſo forth———
[*Groping, ſhe takes hold of Sir* Feeb.
Let. Oh, are you here, indeed you frighted me with your ſilence —— here, take theſe Jewels, and let us haſte away.
Sir Feeb. Hum—are you thereabouts, Miſtreſs, was I ſent away with a Sham-Plot for this !—She cannot mean it to me.
Let. Will you not ſpeak ?—will you not anſwer me ?——do you repent already ? —— before Injoyment are you cold and falſe ?
Sir Feeb. Hum—before Injoyment—that muſt be me ? Before Injoyment—Ay, ay, 'tis I—I ſeen little [*merrily.*
Prolonging a VVomans Joy, ſets an Edge upon her Appetite.
Let. VVhat means my dear ? ſhall we not haſte away ?
Sir Feeb. Haſt away ! there 'tis again—no—'tis not me ſhe means, what, at your Tricks and Intrigues already—yes, yes, I am deſtin'd a Cuckold———
Let. Say, am I not your VVife ; can you deny me ?
Sir Feeb. Wife ! adod 'tis I ſhe means—'tis I ſhe means—
[*Merrily.*
Let. Oh, *Belmour*, *Belmour* !
[*Sir* Feeb. *ſtarts back from her hands.*
Sir *Feeb.* Hum——what's that——*Belmour* !
Let. Hah ! Sir *Feeble* !——he would not, Sir, have us'd me thus unkindly.
Sir *Feeb.* Oh——I'm glad 'tis no worſe—*Belmour* quoth a ; I thought the Ghoſt was come again.
Phil. Why did you not ſpeak, Sir, all this while —— my Lady weeps with your unkindneſs.

Sir *Feeb.* I did but hold my peace to hear how prettily she pratled Love: But fags you are nought to think of a young Fellow——ads bobs you are now.

Let. I only said——he wou'd not have been so unkind to me.

Sir *Feeb.* But what makes ye out at this hour, and with these Jewels?

Phil. Alas, Sir, we thought the City was in Arms, and pack't up our things to secure em, if there had been a Necessity for Flight. For had they come to Plundring once, they wou'd have begun with the rich Aldermen's Wives, you know, Sir.

Sir *Feeb.* Ads bobs, and so they would——but there was no Arms——nor Mutiny——where's *Francis*?

Bel. Here, Sir.

Sir *Feeb.* Here, Sir—why, what a story you mad of a Meeting in the Hall, and——Arms and——a——the Devil of any thing was stirring, but a couple of old Fools, that sat gaping and waiting for one another's business——

Bel. Such a Message was brought me, Sir.

Sir *Feeb.* Brought, thou'rt an Ass, *Francis*——but no more—come, come, let's to bed.——

Let. To Bed, Sir! what by Day-light?—for that's hasting on——I wou'd not for the World—the Night wou'd hide my blushes—but the day—wou'd let me see my self in your Embraces.

Sir *Feeb.* Embraces, in a Fidlestick, why are we not married?

Let. 'Tis true, Sir, and Time will make me more familiar with you, but yet my virgin Modesty forbids it. I'll to *Diana*'s Chamber, the Night will come again.

Sir *Feeb.* For once you shall prevail; and this Damn'd Jant has pretty well mortified me:—a Pox of your Mutiny, *Francis*,——Come, I'll conduct thee to *Diana*, and lock thee in, that I may have thee safe Rogue.——

We'll give young Wenches leave to whine and blush,
And fly those Blessings which—ads bobs they wish.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT.

ACT. IV.

SCENE I. *Sir* Feeble's *House.*

Enter Lady Fulbank, Gayman *fine, gently pulling her back by the hand; and* Ralph *meets 'em.*

L. Ful. HOw now, *Ralph* —— Let your Lady know I am come to wait on her. [*Exit* Ralph.

Gay. Oh why this needleſs viſit ——————
Your Husband's ſafe, at leaſt till Evening ſafe.
Why will you not go back?-
And give me one ſoft hour, tho' to torment me.

L. Ful. You are at leiſure now, I thank you, Sir.
Laſt Night when I with all Love's Rhetorick pleaded,
And Heaven knows what laſt night might have produc'd,
You were ingag'd! Falſe Man, I do believe it,
And I am ſatisfied you love me not. [*Walks away in ſcorn.*

Gay. Not love you!
Why do I waſt my Youth in vain purſuit,
Neglecting Intereſt, and deſpiſing Power?
Unheeding and deſpiſing other Beauties.
Why at your feet is all my Fortunes laid,
And why does all my Fate depend on you?

L. Ful. I'll not conſider why you play the Fool,
Preſent me Rings and Bracelets; why purſue me;
Why watch whole Nights before my ſenceleſs Door,
And take ſuch Pains to ſhow your ſelf a Coxcomb—

Gay. Oh! why all this?
By all the Powers above! by this dear hand,
And by this Ring, which on this hand I place,
On which I've ſworn Fidelity to Love;
I never had a Wiſh or ſoft Deſire.
To any other Woman,
Since *Julia* ſway'd the Empire of my Soul!

L. Ful. Hah, my own Ring I gave him laſt night. [*Aſide.*

——Your Jewel, Sir, is rich,
Why do you part with things of ſo much value
So eaſily, and ſo frequently?

Gay. To ſtrengthen the weak Arguments of Love.

L. Ful. And

L. Ful. And leave your ſelf undone?
Gay. Impoſſible, if I am bleſt with *Julia.*
L. Ful. Love's a thin diet, nor will keep out Cold.
You cannot ſatisfie your dunning Taylor,
To cry ——— I am in love!
Tho' poſſible you may your Semſtreſs.
Gay. Does ought about me ſpeak ſuch Poverty?
L. Ful. I am ſorry that it does not, ſince to maintain this Gallantry, 'tis ſaid you uſe baſe means, below a Gentleman.
Gay. Who dares but to imagine it's a Raſcal, a Slave, below a Beating ——— what means my *Julia?*
L. Ful. No more diſſembling, I know your Land is gone—— I know each Circumſtance of all your wants, therefore ——— as e'er you hope that I ſhould love you ever, tell me—where 'twas you got this Jewel, Sir.
Gay. Hah ——— I hope 'tis no ſtol'n Goods; [*Aſide.*
VVhy on the ſudden all this nice Examining?
L. Ful. You trifle with me, and I'll plead no more.
Gay. Stay —— why —— I bought it, Madam ———
L. Ful. Where had you Money, Sir? You ſee I am no Stranger to your Poverty.
Gay. This is ſtrange ——— perhaps it is a ſecret.
L. Ful. So is my love, which ſhall be kept from you.
[*Offers to go.*
Gay. Stay, *Julia*——your will ſhall be obey'd!— [*ſighing*
Though I had rather die than be obedient,
Becauſe I know you'll hate me when 'tis told.
L. Ful. By all my Vows let it be what it will,
It ne'er ſhall alter me from loving you.
Gay. I have——of late ——— been tempted ——
With Preſents, Jewels, and large Sums of Gold.
L. Ful. Tempted! by whom?
Gay. The Devil, for ought I know.
L. Ful. Defend me Heaven! the Devil?
I hope you have not made a Contract with him?
Gay. No, tho in the ſhape of Woman it appear'd.
L. Ful. Where met you with it?
Gay. By Magick Art I was conducted—I know not how,
To an inchanted Palace in the Clouds,
Where I was ſo attended ———
Young Dancing——ſinging Fiends innumerable!
L. Ful. Imagination all.
Gay. But for the Amorous Devil the old *Proſerpine.*

L. Ful. Ay,

L. *Ful.* Ay, she——what said she?——

Gay. Not a word! Heaven be prais'd, she was a silent Devil——but she was laid in a Pavillion, all form'd of gilded Clouds, which hung by Geometry, whither I was conveyed, after much Ceremony, and laid in Bed with her; where much ado, and trembling with my Fears——I forc'd my Arms about her.

L. *Ful.* And sure that undeceiv'd him—— *Aside.*

Gay. But such a Carcass 'twas——deliver me—so rivell'd, lean and rough——a Canvass Bag of wooden Ladles were a better Bed-fellow.

L. *Ful.* Now tho' I know that nothing is more distant than I from such a Monster ——— yet this angers me.
Death cou'd you love me and submit to this?

Gay. 'Twas that first drew me in ———
The tempting Hope of means to conquer you,
Wou'd put me upon any dangerous Enterprize,
Were I the Lord of all the Universe,
I am so lost in Love,
For one dear night to clasp you in my Arms,
I'd lavish all that World ——— then die with Joy.

L. *Ful.* 'S'life after all to seem deform'd, old, ugly——
[*Walking in a fret.*

Gay. I knew you would be angry when you heard it.
[*He pursues her in a submissive posture.*

Enter Sir Cautious, Bearjest, Noysey *and* Bredwel.

Sir Cau. ——— How, what's here——my Lady with the Spark that courted her last Night ——— hum ——— with her again so soon ——— well, this Impudence and Importunity undoes more City Wives than all their unmerciful Finery.

Gay. But, Madam ———

L. *Ful.* Oh here's my Husband——you'd best tell him your Story ——— what makes him here so soon ———
(*Angry.*

Sir Cau. Me his Story——I hope he will not tell me he's a mind to Cuckold me!

Gay. A Devil on him, what shall I say to him?

L. *Ful.* What——so Excellent at Intrigues, and so dull at an Excuse? [*Aside.*

Gay. Yes, Madam, I shall tell him ———

Enter

Enter Belmour.

L. *Ful.* ——— Is my Lady at leiſure for a viſit, Sir.

Bel. Always to receive your Ladiſhip. [*She goes out.*

Sir *Cau.* With me, Sir, wou'd you ſpeak?

Gay. With you, Sir, if your name be *Fulbank?*

Sir *Cau.* Plain *Fulbank*, methinks you might have had a Sir-reverence under your Girdle, Sir, I am honour'd with another Title, Sir ——— [*Goes talking to the reſt.*

Gay. With many, Sir, that very well become you ———

[*Pulls him a little aſide.*

I've ſomething to deliver to your Ear.

Sir *Cau.* So, I'll be hang'd if he do not tell me, I'm a Cuckold now. I ſee it in his Eyes; my Ear, Sir, I'd have you to know I ſcorn any man's ſecrets, Sir ——— for ought I know you may whiſper Treaſon to me, Sir. Pox on him, how handſom he is, I hate the ſight of the young Stallion. [*Aſide.*

Gay. I wou'd not be ſo uncivil, Sir, before all this Company.

Sir *Cau.* Uncivil ——— Ay, ay, 'tis ſo, he cannot be content to Cuckold but he muſt tell me ſo too.

Gay. But ſince you will have it, Sir ——— you are——a Raſcal ——— a moſt notorious Villain, Sir, d'e hear ———

Sir *Cau.* Yes, yes, I do ——hear——and am glad 'tis no worſe. [*Laughing.*

Gay. Griping as Hell ——— and as inſatiable——worſe than a Brokering Jew, not all the Twelve Tribes harbours ſuch a damn'd Extortioner.

Sir Cau. Pray under favour, Sir ——— who are you?

[*Pulling off his Hat.*

Gay. One whom thou haſt undone ———

Sir Cau. Hum ———I'm glad of that however.

[*Aſide ſmiling.*

Gay. Racking me up to a ſtarving Want and Miſery,
Then took advantages to ruin me.

Sir *Cau.* So, and he'd revenge it on my Wife——

[*Aſide ſmiling.*

Gay. Do you not know one *Waſtall*, Sir?

Enter Ralph *with Wine, ſets it on a Table.*

Sir *Cau.* *Waſtall*——ha, ha, ha —— if you are any Friend to that poor Fellow——you may return and tell him, Sir——d'e hear——that the Mortgage of two hundred pound a Year is this day out, and I'll not bate him an hour, Sir—ha, ha, ha——what, do you think to hector civil Magiſtrates?

Gay. Ve-

Gay. Very well, Sir, and is this your Conſcience?

Sir Cau. Conſcience—what do you tell me of Conſcience? Why, what a noiſe's here——as if the undoing a young Heir were ſuch a Wonder; ods ſo I've undone a hundred without half this ado.

Gay. I do believe thee——and am come to tell you——I'll be none of that Number——for this Minute I'll go and redeem it———and free my ſelf from thee Hell of your Indentures.

Sir *Cau.* How, redeem it, ſure the Devil muſt help him then? ——Stay, Sir——ſtay——Lord, Sir, what need you put your ſelf to that trouble, your Land is in ſafe hands, Sir, come, come, ſit down——and let us take a Glaſs of Wine together, Sir———

Bel. Sir, my ſervice to you. [*Drinks to him.*

Gay. Your ſervant, Sir. Wou'd I cou'd come to ſpeak to *Belmour*, which I dare not do in Publick, leaſt I betray him. I long to be reſolv'd where 'twas Sir *Feeble* was laſt night—— if it were he——by which I might find out my inviſible Miſtreſs.

Noy. Noble Mr. *Waſtall*——[*Salutes him, ſo does* Bearjeſt.

Bel. Will you pleaſe to ſit, Sir?

Gay. I have a little buſineſs, Sir——but anon I'll wait on you——your ſervant Gentlemen——I'll to *Crap* the Sriveners. [*Goes out.*

Sir *Cau.* Do you know this *Waſtall*, Sir?—— [*To* Noyſey.

Noy. Know him, Sir, ay, too well——

Bea. The World's well amended with him, Captain, ſince I loſt my Money to him and you at the *George* in *White-Fryars*.

Noy. Ay, poor fellow——he's ſometimes up, and ſometimes down, as the Dice favour him——.

Bea. Faith and that's pity; but how came he ſo fine o'th' ſudden: 'Twas but laſt week he borrowed Eighteen pence of me on his Waſt Belt to pay his dinner in an Ordinary.

Bel. Were you ſo cruel, Sir, to take it;

Noy. We are not all one Man's Children; faith, Sir, we are here to day, and gone to morrow——

Sir Cau. I ſay 'twas done like a wiſe Man, Sir,—— but under favour, Gentlemen, this *Waſtall* is a Raſcal——

Noy. A very Raſcal, Sir, and a moſt dangerous fellow——he Cullies in Your Prentices and Caſhiers to play———which ruins ſo many o'th' Young Fry i'th' City——

Sir Cau. Hum—does he ſo——do hear that *Edward*?

Noy. Then

Noy. Then he keeps a private Preſs, and Prints your *Amſterdam* and *Leyden* Libels.

Sir Cau. Ay, and makes 'em too, I'll warrant him; a dangerous Fellow——

Noy. Sometimes he begs for a lame Soldier with a wooden Leg.

Bea. Sometimes as a blind Man ſells Switches in *New-market* Road.

Noy. At other times he runs the Country like a Gipſie——tells Fortunes and robs Hedges, when he's out of Linen.

Sir Cau. Tells Fortunes too——nay, I thought he dealt with the Devil——well, Gentlemen, you are all wide o' this Matter——for to tell you the Truth——he deals with the Devil, Gentlemen——otherwiſe he could never have redeem'd his Land. (*Aſide.*

Bel. How, Sir, the Devil?

Sir Cau. I ſay the Devil. Heaven bleſs every wiſe Man from the Devil.

Bea. The Devil, ſha! there's no ſuch Animal in Nature. I rather think he pads.

Noy. Oh Sir, he has not Courage for that——but he's an admirable Fellow at your Lock.

Sir Cau. Lock! My ſtudy lock was pickt—I begin to ſuſpect him——

Bea. I ſaw him once open a Lock with the bone of a Breaſt of Mutton, and break an Iron Bar aſunder with the eye of a needle.

Sir Cau. Prodigious——well I ſay the Devil ſtill.

Enter Sir Feeble.

Who's this talks of the Devil——a Pox of the Devil, I ſay, this laſt nights Devil has ſo haunted me——

Sir *Cau.* Why have you ſeen it ſince, Brother?

Sir Feeb. In Imagination, Sir.

Bel. How, Sir, a Devil?

Sir Feeb. Ay, or a Ghoſt.

Bel. Where, good, Sir?

Bea. Ay where? I'd travel a hundred Mile to ſee a Ghoſt—

Bel. Sure Sir, 'twas Fancy?

Sir Feeb. If 'twere a Fancy, 'twas a ſtrong one, and Ghoſts and Fancy are all one if they can deceive. I tell you——if ever I thought in my Life——I thought I ſaw a Ghoſt——Ay and a damnable impudent Ghoſt too; he ſaid he was a——a Fellow here——they call *Belmour*.

Bel. How,

Bel. How, Sir!

Bear. Well, I wou'd give the world to ſee the Devil, provided he were a civil affable Devil, ſuch an one as *Waſtall*'s Acquaintance is——

Sir Cau. He can ſhow him too ſoon, it may be. I'm ſure as civil as he is, he helps him to ſteal my Gold I doubt——and to be ſure——Gentlemen you ſay he's a Gameſter——I deſire when he comes anon, that you wou'd propoſe to ſport a Dye. or ſo——and we'll fall to play for a Teaſter, or the like——and if he ſets any Money——I ſhall go near to know my own Gold, by ſome remarkable Pieces amongſt it; and if he have it, I'll hang him, and then all his ſix hundred a Year will be my own, which I have in Mortgage.

Bea. Let the Captain and I alone to top upon him——mean time Sir I have brought my Muſick——to entertain my Miſtreſs, with a Song.

Sir Feeb. Take your own methods, Sir——they are at leiſure——while we go drink their Healths within. Adod I long for night, we are not half in kelter, this damn'd Ghoſt will not out of my Head yet. (*Exeunt all but* Belmour.

Bel. Hah—a Ghoſt! what can he mean? A Ghoſt, and *Belmour*'s.

—Sure my good Angel, or my Genius,
In pity of my Love, and of *Leticia*——
But ſee *Leticia* comes, but ſtill attended——

Enter Leticia, *Lady* Fulbank, Diana.

——Remember——oh remember to be true!
(*Aſide to her, paſſing by goes out.*

L. Ful. I was ſick to know with what Chriſtian Patience you bore the Martyrdom of this night.

Let. As thoſe condemn'd bear the laſt hour of life.
A ſhort Reprieve I had——and by a kind Miſtake.
Diana only was my Bedfellow—— (*weeps.*

Dia. I wiſh for your Repoſe you ne'er had ſeen my Father. (*weeps.*

Let. And ſo do I, I fear he has undone me——

Dia. And me, in breaking of his word with *Bredwel*——

L. *Ful.* ——So——as *Trincolo* ſays wou'd you were both hang'd for me, for putting me in mind of my Husband. For I have e'en no better luck than either of you——
—Let our two Fates warn your approaching one:
I love Young *Bredwel* and muſt plead for him.

Dia, I

Dia. I know his Vertue juſtifies my Choice.
But Pride and Modeſty forbids I ſhou'd unlov'd purſue him.
Let. Wrong not my Brother ſo who dies for you——
Dia. Cou'd he ſo eaſily ſee me given away
VVithout a ſigh at parting?
For all the day a Calm was in his Eyes,
And unconcern'd he look't and talkt to me.
In dancing never preſt my willing hand,
Nor with a ſcornful Glance reproacht my Falſhood.
Let. Believe me, that diſſembling was his maſter-piece.
Dia. VVhy ſhould he fear, did not my Father promiſe him?
Let. Ay, that was in his wooing time to me.
But now 'tis all forgotten—— (*Muſick at the door.*

After which Enter Bearjeſt *and* Bredwel.

L. Ful. How now, Couſin! Is this high piece of Gallantry from you?
Bea. Ay, Madam, I have not travell'd for nothing——.
L. Ful. I find my Couſin is reſolved to conquer, he aſſails with all his Artillery of Charms; we'll leave him to his ſucceſs, Madam.— (*Exit* Leticia *and Lady* Fulbank.
Bea. Oh Lord, Madam, you oblige——look *Ned* you had a mind to have a full view of my Miſtreſs, Sir, and—here ſhe is (*He ſtands gazing.*
Go—ſalute her——look how he ſtands now, what a ſneaking thing is a Fellow who has never travell'd and ſeen the world! —Madam—this is a very honeſt Friend of mine, for all he looks ſo ſimply.
Dia. Come, he ſpeaks for you, Sir.
Bea. He Madam, tho he be but a Bankers Prentice, Madam, he's as pretty a Fellow of his Inches as any i'th' City—he has made love in Dancing-Schools, and to Ladies of Quality in the middle Gallery, and ſhall joke ye——and repartee with any Fore-man within the VValls—prethee to her——and commend me, I'll give thee a new Point Cravat.
Dia. He looks as if he could not ſpeak to me.
Bea. Not ſpeak to you?——yes, Gad Madam, and do any thing to you too.
Dia. Are you his Advocate, Sir? (*In ſcorn.*
Bea. For want of a better— (*Stands behind him, puſhing him on.*

Bred. An Advocate for love I am,
And bring you ſuch a Meſſage from a heart——
Bea. Meaning mine, dear, Madam.

Bred. That

Bred. That when you hear it, you will pitty it.
Bea. Or the Devil's in her———
Dia. Sir I have many Reasons to believe
It is my Fortune you pursue, not Person?
Bea. There is something in that, I must confess.
[*Behind him.*
But say what you will, *Ned.*———
Bred. May all the Mischiefs of despairing Love
Fall on me if it be.
Bea. That's well enough———
Bred. No were you born an humble Village Maid,
That fed a Flock upon the Neighbouring Plain;
With all that shining Vertue in your Soul,
By Heaven I wou'd adore you——love you—wed you——
Tho' the gay World were lost by such a Nuptial.
[Bea. *looks on him.*
——this——I wou'd do, were I my Friend the Squire.
[*Recollecting.*
Bea. Ay, if you were me———you might do what you pleas'd; but I'm of another Mind.
Dia. Shou'd I consent, my Father is a Man whom Interest sways, not Honour, and whatsoever promise he'as made you, he means to break 'em all, and I am destin'd to another.
Bea. How, another——his Name, his Name, Madam——here's *Ned* and I fear ne're a single Man i'th' Nation. What is he?——what is he?———
Dia. A Fop, a Fool, a beAss——a Blockhead.
Bea. What a damn'd sham[illegible]is, that Women shou'd be sacrificed to Fools, and Fops must run away with Heiresses——whilst we Men of Wit and Parts——dress and dance, and cock and travel for nothing but to be tame Keepers.
Dia. But I, by Heaven, will never be that Victim.
But where my Soul is vow'd, 'tis fix'd for ever.
Bred. Are you resolv'd, are you confirm'd in this?
Oh my *Diana*, speak it o're again. [*Runs to her, and embraces her.*
Bless me, and make me happier than a Monarch.
Bea. Hold, hold, dear *Ned*——that's my part I take it.
Bred. Your Pardon, Sir, I had forgot my self.
———But time is short——what's to be done in this?
Bea. Done, I'll enter the House with Fire and Sword, d'e see, not that I care this——but I'll not be fob'd off——what do they take me for a Fool——an Ass?

Bred. Madam, dare you run the Risk of your Father's displeasure, and run away with the Man you love?

Dia. With all my Soul ———

Bea. That's hearty—and we'll do't—*Ned* and I here—and I love an Amour with an Adventure in't, like *Amadis de Gaul*—harkey, *Ned*——get a Coach and ſix ready to night when 'tis dark at the back Gate ———

Bred. And I'll get a Parſon ready in my Lodging, to which I have a Key through the Garden, by which we may paſs unſeen.

Bea. Good —Mun here's Company ———

Enter Gayman *with his Hat with Money in't*, *Sir* Cautious *in a rage*——*Sir* Feeble, *Lady* Fulbank, Leticia, *Captain* Noyſey, Belmour.

Sir Cau. A hundred Pound loſt already! Oh Coxcomb, old Coxcomb, and a wiſe Coxcomb——to turn Prodigal at my Years, whe' I was bewitcht!

Sir Feeb. Sho, 'twas a Frolick, Sir, I have loſt a hundred pound as well as you. My Lady has loſt, and your Lady has loſt, and the reſt ——— what, old Cows will kick ſometimes, what's a hundred Pound?

Sir Cau. A hundred Pound, why 'tis a ſum, Sir—a ſum—why what the Devil did I do with a Box and Dice? ———

L. Ful. Why, you made a ſhift to looſe, Sir? And where's the harm of that? We have [illegible], and he has won, anon it may be your Fortune.

Sir Cau. Ay, but he could never do it fairly, that's certain. Three hundred Pound! why how came you to win ſo unmercifully, Sir?

Gay. Oh the Devil will not looſe a Gameſter of me——you ſee, Sir,

Sir Cau. The Devil! ——— mark that, Gentleman——

Bea. The Rogue has damn'd luck ſure, he has got a Fly——

Sir Cau. And can you have the Conſcience to carry away all our Money, Sir?

Gay. Moſt aſſuredly, unleſs you have the courage to retrieve it. I'll ſet it at a Throw, or any way, what ſay you, Gentlemen?

Sir Feeb. Ods bobs you young Fellows are too hard for us every way, and I'm engag'd at an old Game with a new Gameſter here—who will require all an old Man's ſtock.

L. Ful. Come, Couſin, will you venture a Guinny—Come, Mr. *Bredwel.* ———

Gay. Well,

Gay. Well, if no Body dare venture on me, I'll ſend away my Caſh—— [*They all go to play at the Table, but Sir* Cau. *Sir* Feeb. *and* Gay.

Sir Cau. Hum——muſt it all go?——a rare ſum, if a Man were but ſure the Devil wou'd but ſtand Neuter now—(*Aſide.* ——Sir, I wiſh I had any thing but ready Money to ſtake—— three hundred Pound ——— a fine ſum!

Gay. You have Moveables, Sir, Goods——Commodities—

Sir Cau. That's all one, Sir; that's Money's worth, Sir; but if I had any thing that were worth nothing———

Gay. You wou'd venture it,——I thank you, Sir,———I wou'd your Lady were worth nothing———

Sir Cau. Why ſo, Sir?

Gay. Then I wou'd ſet all this againſt that Nothing.

Sir Cau. What ſet it againſt my Wife?

Gay. VVife, Sir, ay, your VVife———

Sir Cau. Hum, my VVife againſt three hundred Pounds?—VVhat all my VVife, Sir?

Gay. All your VVife. VVhy, Sir, ſome part of her wou'd ſerve my turn.

Sir Cau. Hum——my VVife——why, if I ſhou'd looſe, he cou'd not have the Impudence to take her.— (*Aſide.*

Gay. VVell, I find you are not for the Bargain, and ſo I put up———

Sir Cau. Hold, Sir——why ſo haſty——my Wife? no——put up your Money, Sir——what looſe my VVife, for three hundred Pounds!———

Gay. Looſe her, Sir —— why, ſhe ſhall be never the worſe for my wearing, Sir —— the old covetous Rogue is conſidering on't I think——what ſay you to a Night? I'll ſet it to a Night —— there's none need know it, Sir.

Sir Cau. Hum——a Night!——three hundred pounds for a Night! why what a laviſh Whore-maſter's this: We take Money to marry our Wives, but very ſeldom part with 'em, and by the Bargain get Money——for a Night ſay you?——gad if I ſhou'd take the Rogue at his word, 'twou'd be pure a Jeſt. (*Aſide.*

Sir Feeb. You are not Mad, Brother.

Sir Cau. No, but I'm wiſe——and that's as good; let me conſider———

Sir Feeb. What, whether you ſhall be a Cuckold, or not?

Sir Cau. Or looſe three hundred pounds——conſider that; a Cuckold—why, 'tis a word—an empty ſound—'tis Breath—'tis Air—'tis nothing—but three hundred Pounds——Lord, what will not three hundred Pounds do? You may chance to be a Cuckold for nothing, Sir ——

Sir Feeb. It may be ſo——but ſhe ſhall do't diſcreetly then.

Sir Cau. Under favour, you're an Aſs, Brother, this is the diſcreeteſt way of doing it, I take it.

Sir Feeb. But wou'd a wiſe man expoſe his VVife?

Sir Cau. VVhy, *Cato* was a wiſer Man than I, and he lent his VVife to a young Fellow they call'd *Hortenſius*, as ſtory ſays, and can a wiſe Man have a better Preſident than *Cato?*

Sir Feeb. I ſay *Cato* was an Aſs, Sir, for obliging any young Rogue of 'em all.

Sir Cau. But I am of *Cato*'s mind; well, a ſingle Night you ſay.

Gay. A ſingle Night——to have——to hold——poſſeſs——and ſo forth, at diſcretion.

Sir Cau. A Night——I ſhall have her ſafe and ſound i'th' Morning.

Sir Feeb. Safe, no doubt on't——but how ſound?——

Gay. And for Non-performance, you ſhall pay me Three hundred pounds, I'll forfeit as much if I tell——

Sir Cau. Tell?——why make your three hundred pounds ſix hundred, and let it be put into the *Gazet*, if you will, man.——but is't a Bargain.

Gay. Done——Sir *Feeble* ſhall be witneſs——and there ſtands my Hat. [*Puts down his Hat of Money, and each of 'em take a Box and Dice, and kneel on the Stage, the reſt come about 'em.*

Sir Cau. ——He that comes firſt to One and thirty wins—— [*They throw and count.*

L. Ful. VVhat are you playing for?

Sir Feeb. Nothing, nothing——but a Trial of skill between an Old man and a Young—and your Ladiſhip is to be Judge.

L. Ful. I ſhall be partial, Sir.

Sir Cau. Six and five's Eleven—— [*Throws—and pulls the Hat towards him.*

Gay. Cater Tray——Pox of the Dice——

Sir Cau. Two fives——one and twenty—— [*ſets up, pulls the Hat nearer.*

Gay. Now, luck——Doubles of ſixes——nineteen.

Sir Cau. Five and four——thirty—— [*Draws the Hat to him.*

Sir Feeb. Now if he wins it, I'll ſwear he has a Fly indeed——'tis impoſſible without Doubles of ſixes——

Gay. Now Fortune ſmile——and for the future frown. [*Throws.*

Sir Cau.—

Sir Cau. ——Hum ——— two ſixes——
[*Riſes and looks dolefully round.*

L. Ful. How now? what's the matter you look ſo like an Aſs, what have you loſt?

Sir Cau. A Bauble——a Bauble——'tis not for what I've loſt——but becauſe I have not won ———

Sir Feeb. You look very ſimply, Sir——what think you of *Cato* now?

Sir Cau. A wiſe Man may have his failings——

L. Ful. What has my Husband loſt?——

Sir Cau. Only a ſmall parcel of Ware that lay dead upon my hands, ſweet heart.

Gay. But I ſhall improve 'em, Madam, I'll warrant you.

L. Ful. Well, ſince 'tis no worſe, bring in your fine dancer, Couſin, you ſay you brought to entertain your Miſtreſs with. (Bearjeſt *goes out.*

Gay. Sir, you'll take care to ſee me paid to Night?

Sir Cau. Well, Sir——but my Lady you muſt know, Sir, has the common frailties of her Sex; and will refuſe what ſhe even longs for, if perſwaded to't by me.

Gay. 'Tis not in my Bargain to ſolicit her, Sir, you are to procure her — or three hundred pounds, Sir; chuſe you whether.

Sir Cau. Procure her? with all my ſoul, Sir; alas, you miſtake my honeſt meaning, I ſcorn to be ſo unjuſt as not to ſee you a-bed together; and then agree as well as you can, I have done my part——in order to this, Sir ——get but your ſelf conveyed in a Cheſt to my houſe, with a direction upon't for me, and for the reſt——

Gay. I underſtand you— } *Enter* Bea. *with Dancers. All*
Sir Feeb. Ralph get ſupper ready } *go out but* Sir Cautious.

Sir *Cau.* Well, I muſt break my Mind, if poſſible, to my Lady—but if ſhe ſhou'd be refractory now——and make me pay Three hundred Pounds — why ſure ſhe won't have ſo little Grace—Three hundred Pounds ſav'd, is three hundred pounds got—by our account——Cou'd All——

Who of this City-Privilege are free,
Hope to be paid for Cuckoldom like me;
Th' unthriving Merchant, whom gray hair adorns,
Before all Ventures wou'd enſure his Horns;
For thus, while he but lets ſpare Rooms to hire,
His Wife's rack'd Credit keep his own entire.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Sir* Cautious *his Houſe.*

Enter Belmour *alone ſad.*

Bel. THe Night is come, Oh my *Leticia*!
The longing Bridegroom haſtens to his Bed;
Whilſt ſhe with all the languiſhment of love,
And ſad deſpair, caſts her fair Eyes on me,
Which ſilently implore, I would deliver her.
But how! ay, there's the Queſtion—hah— (*Pauſing.*
I'll get my ſelf hid in her Bed-Chamber——
And ſomething I will do—may ſerve us yet——
If all my Arts ſhould fail——I'll have recourſe
(*Draws a dagger.*
To this——and bear *Leticia* off by force.
——But ſee ſhe comes——

Enter Lady Fulbank, *Sir* Cautious, *Sir* Feeble, Leticia, Bearjeſt, Noyſey, Gayman. *Exit* Belmour.

Sir Feeb. Lights there, *Ralph*,
And my Lady's Coach there— Bearjeſt *goes to* Gayman.

Bear. Well, Sir, remember you have promiſed to grant me my diabolical Requeſt, in ſhewing me the Devil——

Gay. I will not fail you, Sir.

L. Ful. Madam, your ſervant; I hope you'll ſee no more Ghoſts, Sir *Feeble*.

Sir Feeb. No more of that, I beſeech you, Madam: Prithee Sir *Cautious* take away your Wife——Madam, your ſervant—
(*All go out after the Light.*
—Come, *Lette*, *Lette*; haſten Rogue, haſten to thy Chamber, away, here be the Young Wenches coming——
(*Puts her out, he goes out.*

Enter Diana, *puts on her Hood and Scarf.*

Dia. So——they are gone to Bed; and now for *Bredwel*—the Coach waits, and I'll take this opportunity.

Father

Father farewel—if you diſlike my courſe,
Blame the old rigid Cuſtoms of your Force. [Goes out.

SCENE *A bed-chamber.*

Enter Sir Feeble, Leticia *and* Phillis.

Let. Ah, *Phillis*! I am fainting with my Fears,
Haſt thou no comfort for me? (*He undreſſes to his Gown.*

Sir Feeb. VVhy what art doing there——fidle fadling——adod you Young VVenches are ſo loath to come to——but when your hands in, you have no mercy upon us poor Husbands.

Let. VVhy do you talk ſo, Sir?

Sir Feeb. Was it anger'd at the Fool's Prattle; tum-a me, tum a-me, I'll undreſs it, effags I will——Roguy.

Let. You are ſo wanton, Sir, you make me bluſh ——
I will not go to bed unleſs you'll promiſe me——

Sir Feeb. No bargaining my little Huſſey——what you'll tie my hands behind me, will you? (*She goes to the Table.*

Let. ——What ſhall I do?—aſſiſt me gentle Maid,
Thy Eyes methinks puts on a little hope!

Phil. Take Courage, Madam——you gueſs right—be confident.

Sir Feeb. No whiſpering Gentlewoman—and putting Tricks into her head, that ſhall cheat me of another Night——
Look on that ſilly little round Chity-face——look on thoſe ſmiling roguiſh loving Eyes there——look—look how they laugh, twire, and tempt—he rogue——I'll buſs 'em there, and here, and every where—
[*As ſhe is at the Toilet he looks over her ſhoulder, and ſees her Face in the Glaſs.*
Ods bobs——away, this is fooling and ſpoiling of a Man's ſtomach, with a bit here, and a bit there——to Bed——to Bed——

Let. Go you firſt, Sir, I will but ſtay to ſay my Prayers, which are that heaven wou'd deliver me. (*Aſide.*

Sir Feeb. Say thy Prayers?——what, art thou mad, Prayers upon thy Wedding-night? a ſhort Thank'giving or ſo——but Prayers quoth a—'Sbobs you'll have time enough for that——I doubt——

Let. I am aſham'd to undreſs before you, Sir, go to Bed—

Sir Feeb. What was it asham'd to shew its little white Foots, and its little round Bubbies——well, I'll go, I'll go—— I cannot think on't, no I cannot— [*Going towards the Bed,* Belmour *comes forth from between the Curtains, his Coat off, his shirt bloody, a Dagger in his hand, and his Disguise off.*

Bel. Stand———

Sir Feeb. Ah———

Let. And *Phil.* squeak——Oh heavens———why is it *Belmour*? (*Aside to* Phil.

Bel. Go not to Bed, I guard this sacred Place,
And the Adulterer dies that enters here.

Sir Feeb. Oh———why do I shake——sure I'm a Man? what art thou?

Bel. I am the wrong'd, the lost and murder'd *Belmour.*

Sir Feeb. O Lord! it is the same I saw last night——oh!—hold thy dread Vengeance———pity me, and hear me——oh! a Parson———a Parson——what shall I do——oh! where shall I hide my self.

Bel. I'th' utmost borders of the Earth I'll find thee——
Seas shall not hide thee, nor vast Mountains guard thee.
Even in the depth of hell I'll find thee out,
And lash thy filthy and Adulterous soul———

Sir Feeb. Oh!. I am dead, I'm dead, will no Repentance save me———'twas that young Eye that tempted me to sin; oh;———

Bel. See, fair seducer, what thou'st made me do,
Look on this bleeding Wound, it reach'd my heart,
To pluck my dear tormenting Image thence,
When News arriv'd that thou hadst broke thy Vow.

Sir *Feeb.* Oh Lord! oh!——I'm glad he's dead tho'.

Let. Oh hide that fatal Wound, my tender heart faints with a sight so horrid! (*seems to weep.*

Sir *Feeb.* So, she'll clear her self and leave me in the Devil's Clutches.

Bel. You've both offended heaven, and must repent or die.

Sir *Feeb.* Ah———I do confess I was an old Fool——— bewitcht with Beauty, besotted with Love, and do repent most heartily.

Bel. No, you had rather yet go on in sin:
Thou wou'dst live on, and be a baffled Cuckold.

Sir *Feeb.* Oh, not for the World, Sir: I am convinc'd and mortifi'd.

Bel. Maintain her fine, undo thy Peace to please her, and still be Cuckol'd on——— believe her——trust her, and be Cuckold still.

Sir *Feeb.* I

Sir *Feeb.* I ſee my Folly —— and my Ages Dotage——and find the Devil was in me——yet ſpare my Age——ah! ſpare me to repent.

Bel. If thou repent'ſt, renounce her, fly her ſight;——
Shun her bewitching Charms, as thou wou'dſt hell;
Thoſe dark eternal Manſions of the dead——
VVhither I muſt deſcend.

Sir *Feeb.* Oh——wou'd he were gone!——

Bel. Fly—be gone—depart, vaniſh for ever from her to ſome more ſafe and innocent Apartment.

Sir *Feeb.* Oh that's very hard!——[*He goes back trembling,* Belmour *follows in, with his Dagger up; both go out.*

Let. Bleſt be this kind releaſe, and yet methinks it grieves me to conſider how the poor old Man is frighted.

(Belmour *re-enters, puts on his Coat.*

Bel. —He's gone, and lock'd himſelf into his Chamber—
And now my dear *Leticia* let us flie——
Deſpair till now did my wild heart invade,
But pitying Love has the rough ſtorm allay'd. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Sir* Cautious *his Garden.*

Enter two Porters and Rag *bearing* Gayman in a *Cheſt*; *ſet it down, he comes forth with a dark-lanthorn.*

Gay. Set down the Cheſt behind yon' hedge of Roſes—and then put on thoſe ſhapes I have appointed you——and be ſure you well-favour'dly bang both *Bearjeſt* and *Noyſey*; ſince they have a Mind to ſee the Devil.

Rag. Oh, Sir, leave 'em to us for that, and if we do not play the Devil with 'em, we deſerve they ſhou'd beat us. But Sir, we are in Sir *Cautious*'s Garden, will he not ſue us for a Treſpaſs?

Gay. I'll bear you out; be ready at my Call. (*Exeunt.*
——Let me ſee——I have got no ready ſtuff to banter with—but no matter, any Gibberiſh will ſerve the Fools——'tis now about the hour of ten——but Twelve is my appointed lucky Minute, when all the Bleſſings that my ſoul could wiſh
Shall be reſign'd to me.

Enter Bredwel.

——Hah! who's there, *Bredwel*?

Bred. Oh

Bred. Oh, are you come, Sir——and can you be ſo kind to a poor Youth, to favour his deſigns, and bleſs his days?

Gay. Yes, I am ready here with all my Devils, both to ſecure you your Miſtreſs, and to Cudgel your Captain and Squire, for abuſing me behind my back ſo baſely.

Bred. 'Twas moſt unmanly, Sir, and they deſerve it——I wonder that they come not?

Gay. How durſt you truſt her with him?

Bred. Becauſe 'tis dangerous to ſteal a City-Heireſs, and let the Theft be his——ſo the dear Maid be mine——
Hark——ſure they come——

Enter Bearjeſt, *runs againſt* Bredwel.

——Who's there, Mr. *Bearjeſt*?

Bear. VVhoſe that, *Ned*?——VVell, I have brought my Miſtreſs——haſt thou got a Parſon ready———and a Licenſe?

Bred. Ay, ay——but where's the Lady?

Bea. In the Coach, with the Captain at the Gate. I came before, to ſee if the Coaſt be clear.

Bred. Ay, Sir——but what ſhall we do—here's Mr. *Gayman* come on purpoſe to ſhew you the Devil, as you deſir'd.

Bea. Shoh! a Pox of the Devil, Man——I can't intend to ſpeak with him now.

Gay. How, Sir? Do you think my Devil of ſo little Quality to ſuffer an Affront unrevenged?

Bear. Sir, I cry his Devilſhips Pardon: I did not know his Quality—I proteſt Sir, I love and honour him, but I am now juſt going to be married, Sir, and when that Ceremony's paſt, I'm ready to go to the Devil as ſoon as you pleaſe.

Gay. I have told him your deſire of ſeeing him, and ſhou'd you baffle him?

Bea. Who I, Sir! Pray let his VVorſhip know, I ſhall be proud of the Honour of his Aquaintance; but, Sir, my Miſtreſs and the Parſon waits in *Ned*'s Chamber.

Gay. If all the World wait, Sir, the Prince of Hell will ſtay for no Man.

Bred. Oh, Sir, rather than the Prince of the Infernals ſhall be affronted, I'll conduct the Lady up, and entertain her till you come, Sir.

Bea. Nay, I have a great mind to kiſs his—Paw, Sir, but I cou'd wiſh you'd ſhew him me by day-light, Sir.

Gay. The Prince of darkneſs does abhor the light. But, Sir, I will for once allow your Friend the Captain to keep you Company.

Enter

Enter Noyſey *and* Diana.

Bea. I'm much oblig'd to you, Sir; oh Captain——
[*Talks to him.*

Bred. ——Haſte dear; the Parſon waits,
To finiſh what the Powers deſign'd above.

Dia. Sure nothing is ſo bold as Maids in Love! [*They go out.*

Noy. Pſhoh! he conjure——he can flie as ſoon.

Gay. Gentlemen you muſt be ſure to confine your ſelves to this Circle, and have a care you neither ſwear, nor pray.

Bea. Pray, Sir? I dare ſay neither of us were ever that way gifted.

A horrid noiſe.

Gay. *Ceaſe your horror, ceaſe your haſte,*
And calmly as I ſaw you laſt,
Appear! Appear!
By thy Pearls and Diamend Rocks,
By thy heavy Money Box.
By thy ſhining Petticoat,
That hid thy cloven feet from Note.
By the Veil that hid thy Face.
Which elſe had frighten'd humane Race.
Appear, that I thy Love may ſee, [ſoft Muſick ceaſes.
Appear kind Fiends appear to me!
[A Pox of theſe Raſcals why come they not.

Four enter from the four corners of the ſtage to Muſick that plays, they dance, and in the dance, dance round 'em, and kick, pinch, and beat 'em.

Bear. Oh enough, enough! Good Sir lay 'em and I'll pay the Muſick——

Gay. I wonder at it—theſe Spirit are in their Nature kind, and peaceable——and you have baſely injur'd ſome body——and then they will be ſatisfied——

Bear. Oh good Sir take your *Cerberuſes* off——I do confeſs the Captain here, and I have violated your Fame.

Noy. Abus'd you,—and traduc'd you,——and thus we beg your pardon——

Gay. Abus'd me? 'Tis more than I know, Gentlemen.

Bea. But

Beg. But it ſeems your Friend the Devil does.

Gay. By this time *Bredwel*'s married.

—Great *Pantamogan* hold for I am ſatisfied [*Exit Devils.*

And thus undo my Charm—— [*Takes away the Circle, they run out.*

—ſo—the Fools are gone, and now to *Julia*'s Arms. [*going.*

SCENE *Lady* Fulbank's *Anti-chamber.*

She diſcover'd undreſt at her Glaſs. Sir Cautious *undreſt.*

L. Ful. But why to Night? indeed you're wondrous kind methinks.

Sir Cau. Why, I don't know——a Wedding is a ſort of an Alarm to Love; it calls up every Man's courage.

L. Ful. Ay, but will it come when 'tis call'd?

Sir Cau. I doubt you'll find it to my Grief—— [*Aſide.*

——But I think 'tis all one to thee, thou car'ſt not for my Complement; no, thou'd rather have a young Fellow.

L. Ful. I am not us'd to flatter much; if Forty Years were taken from your Age, 'twou'd render you ſomething more agreeable to my Bed, I muſt confeſs.

Sir Cau. Ay, ay, no doubt on't.

L. Ful. Yet you may take my word without an Oath, were you as old as Time, and I were young and gay as *April* Flowers, which all are fond to gather;

My Beauties all ſhould wither in the ſhade,
E'er I'd be worn in a diſhoneſt Boſom

Sir Cau. Ay, but you're wondrous free methinks—ſometimes, which gives ſhrewd ſuſpicions.

L. Ful. What, becauſe I cannot ſimper——look demure, and juſtifie my Honour when none queſtions it.

——Cry fie, and out upon the naughty Women,
Becauſe they pleaſe themſelves——and ſo wou'd I.

Sir Cau. How, wou'd, what cuckold me?

L. Ful. Yes, if it pleas'd me better than Vertue, Sir.
But I'll not change my Freedom and my Humour,
To purchaſe the dull Fame of being honeſt.

Sir *Cau.* Ay but the World, the World——

L. Ful. I value not the Cenſures of the Crowd.

Sir Cau. But I am old.

L. Ful. That's your fault, not mine.

Sir *Cau.* But being ſo, if I ſhou'd be good-natur'd and give thee leave to love diſcreetly?

L. Ful.

L. Ful. I'd do't without your leave, Sir.

Sir *Cau.* Do't ——— what ——— Cuckold me?

L. Ful. No, love diſcreetly, Sir, love as I ought, love honeſtly.

Sir *Cau.* What, in love with any body, but your own Husband?

L. Ful. Yes.

Sir *Cau.* Yes, quoth a ——is that your loving as you ought?—

L. Ful. We cannot help our Inclinations, Sir,
No more than Time, or Light from coming on ———
But I can keep my Vertue, Sir, intire.

Sir *Cau.* What I'll warrant this is your firſt Love *Gayman*?

L. Ful. I'll not deny that Truth, tho' even to you.

Sir *Cau.* Why, in conſideration of my Age, and your Youth, I'd bear a Conſcience —— provided you do things wiſely.

L. Ful. Do what thing, Sir?

Sir *Cau.* You know what I mean ———

L. Ful. Hah ——— I hope you wou'd not be a Cuckold, Sir?

Sir *Cau.* Why ——— truly in a Civil way ——— or ſo. ——

L. Ful. There is but one way Sir to make me hate you:
And that wou'd be tame ſuffering.

Sir *Cau.* Nay, and ſhe be thereabouts, there's no diſcovering ———

L. *Ful.* But leave this fond diſcourſe ——— and, if you muſt ——— Let us to Bed ———

Sir *Cau.* Ay, ay——I did but try your Vertue, mun——dſt think I was in earneſt?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Cheſt directed to your worſhip.

Sir *Cau.* Hum ——— 'tis *Waſtall* ——— now does my heart fail me ——— a Cheſt ſay you ———to me?——ſo late——I'll warrant it comes from Sir *Nicholas Smuggle*——ſome prohibited Goods that he has ſtoln the Cuſtom of, and cheated his Majeſty——well, he's an honeſt Man, bring it in ——— [*Exit Servant.*

L. *Ful.* What, into my Apartment, Sir, a naſty Cheſt!

Sir *Cau.* By all means——for if the Searchers come——they'll never be ſo uncivil to ranſack thy Lodgings——and we are bound in Chriſtian Charity to do for one another——Some rich Commodities I am ſure——and ſome fine Knick-knack will fall to thy ſhare, I'll warrant thee——Pox on him for a Young Rogue, how punctual he is! [*Aſide.*

[*Enter with the Cheſt.*

—Go,

—Go, my dear, go to Bed—I'll ſend Sir *Nicholas* a Receit for the Cheſt, and be with thee preſently—— [*Exit ſeverally.*

Gayman *peeps out of the Cheſt, and looks round him wondring,*—

Gay. Hah, where am I? By Heaven my laſt nights Viſion——'Tis that inchanted Room and yonder the Alcove! Sure 'twas indeed ſome Witch, who knowing of my infidelity —has by Inchantment brought me hither——'tis ſo——I am betray'd—————— [*Pauſes.*
Hah! or was it *Julia*! That laſt night gave me that lone Opportunity——but hark, I hear ſome coming——
(*Shuts himſelf in.*

Enter Sir Cautious.

Sir *Cau. Lifting up the Cheſt lid.* So, you are come, I ſee—
(*Goes and locks the door.*

Gay. Hah——he here, nay, then I was deceiv'd, and it was *Julia* that laſt night, gave me the dear Aſſignation. (*Aſide.*
(*Sir* Cautious *peeps into the Bed-chamber.*

L. *Ful. Within.* Come, Sir *Cautious*——I ſhall fall aſleep and then you'll waken me——

Sir *Cau.* Ay, my dear, I'm coming——ſhe's in Bed—I'll go put out the Candle, and then——

Gay. Ay, I'll warrant you for my part——————

Sir *Cau.* Ay——but you may over act your part and ſpoil all——but, Sir, I hope you'll uſe a Chriſtian Conſcience in this buſineſs.

Gay. Oh doubt not, Sir, but I ſhall do you Reaſon.

Sir *Cau.* Ay, Sir, but——

Gay. Good Sir, no more Cautions, you unlike a fair Gameſter will rook me out of half my night—I am impatient.——

Sir *Cau.* Good Lord are you ſo haſty; if I pleaſe you ſhan't go at all.

Gay. With all my ſoul, Sir, pay me three hundred pound, Sir—— (*Aſide.*

Sir *Cau.* Lord, Sir, you miſtake my candid meaning ſtill. I am content to be a Cuckold, Sir——but I wou'd have things done decently, d'ye mind me?

Gay. As decently as a Cuckold can be made, Sir.
——But no more diſputes I pray, Sir.

Sir *Cau.* I'm gone——I'm gone——but harky, Sir—you'll riſe before day? (*Going out, returns.*

Gay. Yet again——

Sir *Cau.* I vaniſh, Sir——but harky——you'll not ſpeak a word? But let her think 'tis I?

Gay. Be gone, I ſay, Sir—— (*He runs out.*

I am convinc'd laſt night I was with *Julia.*
Oh Sot——inſenſible and dull——

Enter ſoftly Sir Cautious.

Sir *Cau.* So——the Candle's out——give me your hand. (*Leads him ſoftly in.*

SCENE *changes to a bed-chamber.*

Lady Fulbank *ſuppos'd in Bed. Enter Sir* Cautious *and* Gayman *by dark.*

Sir *Cau.* Where are you, my dear? (*Leads him to the bed.*

L. Ful. Where ſhou'd I be—in Bed, what, are you by dark?

Sir *Cau.* Ay, the Candle went out by chance. (Gayman *ſigns to him to be gone, he makes grimaces as loath to go, and Exit.*

SCENE *draws over and repreſents another Room in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter Parſon, Diana, *and* Pert *dreſt in* Diana's *Cloaths.*

Dia. I'll ſwear Mrs. *Pert* you look very prettily in my Cloaths; and ſince you, Sir, have convinc'd me that this innocent deceit is not unlawful I am glad to be the Inſtrument of advancing Mrs. *Pert* to a Husband, ſhe already has ſo juſt a Claim to.

Par. Since ſhe has ſo firm a Contract, I pronounce it a lawful Marriage——but hark, they are coming ſure——

Dia. Pull your Hoods down——and keep your face from the Light. (Diana *runs out.*

Enter Bearjeſt *and* Noyſey *diſorder'd.*

Bea. Madam, I beg your Pardon——I met with a moſt deviliſh Adventure,——your Pardon too, Mr. Doctor, for making you wait——but the buſineſs is this, Sir—I have a great mind to lie with this Young Gentlewoman to Night, but ſhe ſwears if I do, the Parſon of the Pariſh ſhall know it——

Par. If

Par. If I do, Sir, I shall keep Counsel.

Bea. *And that's civil, Sir——come lead the way,*
With such a Guide, the Devil's in't, if we can go astray.

SCENE *changes to the Anti-chamber.*

Enter Sir Cautious.

Sir *Cau.* Now cannot I sleep! But am as restless as a Merchant in stormy Weather, that has ventur'd all his Wealth in one bottom.—Woman is a Leaky Vessel—if she should like the young rogue now, and they should come to a right understanding——why then am I a——Wital——that's all, and shall be put in Print at *Snow-hill*, with my Effigies o'th' top like the sign of Cuckolds Haven—hum—they're damnable silent ——pray Heaven he has not murdered her, and robed her—hum——hark, what's that? ——a noise——he has broke his Covenant with me, and shall forfeit the Money——how loud they are? Ay, ay, the Plots discovered, what shall I do—Why the Devil is not in her sure to be refractory now, and peevish, if she be, I must pay my Money yet——and that would be a damnd thing——sure they're coming out——I'll retire and harken how 'tis with them. (*Retires.*

Enter Lady Fulbank *undrest*——Gayman *half undrest upon his Knees, following her, holding her Gown.*

L. *Ful.* Oh! You unkind——what have you made me do?
Unhand me, false Deceiver——let me loose——

Sir *Cau.* Made her do?——so, so——'tis done—I'm glad of that—— (*Aside, peeping.*

Gay. Can you be angry *Julia?*
Because I only seiz'd my right of Love.

L. *Ful.* And must my Honour be the price of it?
Could nothing but my fame reward your Passion?
——What make me a base Prostitute, a foul Adultéress,
Oh——be gone, be gone——dear Robber of my Quiet.
(*Weeping.*

Sir *Cau.* Oh fearful!——

Gay. Oh! Calm your Rage and hear me; if you are so,
You are an innocent Adultéress.
It was the feeble Husband you enjoy'd
In cold imagination, and no more,
Shily you turn'd away——faintly resign'd.

Sir *Cau.* Hum

Sir *Cau.* Hum ——— did ſhe ſo ———
Gay. Till exceſs of Love ——— betray'd the Cheat.
Sir *Cau.* Ay, ay, that was my Fear ———
L. Ful. Away ——— be gone ——— I'll never ſee you more —
Gay. You may as well forbid the Sun to ſhine.
Not ſee you more! —— Heavens! I before ador'd you
But now I rave! And with my impatient Love,
A thouſand mad, and wild deſires are burning!
I have diſcover'd now new Worlds of Charms.
And can no longer tamely love and ſuffer.
Sir *Cau.* So — I have brought an old houſe upon my head.
Intail'd Cuckoldom upon my ſelf.
L. Ful. I'll hear no more — Sir *Cautious* —— where's my Husband?
Why have you left my Honour thus unguarded?
Sir *Cau.* Ay, ay, ſhe's well enough pleas'd I fear for all.
Gay. Baſe as he is, 'twas he expos'd this Treaſure.
Like ſilly *Indians* barter'd thee for Trifles.
Sir *Cau.* Oh treacherous Villain! ———
L. Ful. Hah —— my Husband do this?
Gay. He by Love, he was the kind Procurer,
Contriv'd the means, and brought me to thy Bed.
L. Ful. My Husband? My wife Husband!
What fondneſs in my Conduct had he ſeen,
To take ſo ſhameful and ſo baſe Revenge.
Gay. None ——'twas filthy Avarice ſeduc'd him to't.
L. Ful. If he cou'd be ſo barbarous to expoſe me,
Cou'd you who lov'd me ——— be ſo cruel too?
Gay. What——to poſſeſs thee when the Bliſs was offer'd,
Poſſeſs thee too without a Crime to thee.
Charge not my Soul with ſo remiſs a flame,
So dull a ſence of Vertue to refuſe it.
L. Ful. I am convinc'd the fault was all my Husbands——
And here I Vow ——— by all things juſt and ſacred.
To ſeparate for ever from his Bed. [*Kneels.*
Sir *Cau.* Oh I am not able to indure it ———
Hold——oh hold, my dear—— [*He kneels as ſhe riſes.*
L. Ful. Stand off I do abhor thee ———
Sir *Cau.* With all my ſoul—but do not make raſh Vows.
They break my very heart —— regard my Reputation!
L. Ful. Which you have had ſuch care of Sir, already——
Riſe, 'tis in vain you kneel.
Sir *Cau.* No——I'll never riſe again—Alas! Madam I was meerly drawn in, I only thought to ſport a Dye or ſo—I had only an innocent deſign to have diſcover'd whether this Gentleman has ſtoln my Gold—that ſo I might have hang'd him——

Gay. A very innocent design indeed.
Sir Cau. Ay, Sir, that's all as I'm an honest man.——
L. Ful. I've sworn, nor are the Stars more fixt than I.

Enter Servant.

Serv. How!! my Lady and his Worship up?
——— Madam, a Gentleman and a Lady below in a Coach knockt me up, and say they must speak with your Ladiship.
L. Ful. This is strange!——bring 'em up— [*Exit Servant.*
Who can it be at this odd time of neither night nor day?

Enter Leticia——Belmour *and* Phillis.

Let. Madam, your Vertue, Charity and Friendship to me, has made me trespass on you for my Lives security, and beg you will protect me—and my Husband— [*Points at* Belmour.
Sir Cau. So ——— here's another sad Castrophe!
L. Ful. Hah—does *Belmour* live, is't possible?
Believe me, Sir, you ever had my Wishes:
And shall not fail of my protection now.
Bel. I humbly thank your Ladiship.
Gay. I'm glad thou hast her, *Harry*—but doubt thou durst not own her; nay, dar'st not own thy self.
Bel. Yes, Friend, I have my Pardon——
But hark, I think we are pursu'd already——
But now I fear no force. [*A noise of some body coming in.*
L. Ful. However, step into my Bed-chamber.
[*Exeunt* Leticia, Gayman *and* Phillis.

Enter Sir Feeble *in an Antick manner.*

Sir Feeb. Hell shall not hold thee——nor vast Mountains cover thee, but I will find thee out——and lash thy filthy and Adulterous Carcass. [*Coming up in a menacing manner to Sir* Cau.
Sir Cau. How——lash my filthy Carcass?——I defie thee Satan———
Sir Feeb. 'Twas thus he said.
Sir Cau. Let who's will say it, he lies in's Throat.
Sir Feeb. How, the Ghostly——hush——have a care——for 'twas the Ghost of *Belmour*———oh! hide that bleeding Wound, it chills my soul!— [*Runs to the Lady* Fulbank.
L. Ful. What bleeding Wound?—Heavens are you frantick, Sir?

Sir Feeb. No

Sir Feeb. No—but for want of reſt——I ſhall e'er Morning.
[*Weeps.*
—She's gone——ſhe's gone——ſhe's gone—— [*He weeps.*

Sir Cau. Ay, ay, ſhe's gone, ſhe's gone indeed
[*Sir* Cau. *weeps.*

Sir Feeb. ——But let her go——ſo I may never ſee that dreadful Viſion——harky Sir——a word in your Ear——have a care of marrying a young Wife.

Sir Cau. Ay, but I have married one already. [*Weeping.*

Sir Feeb. Haſt thou? Divorce her——flie her, quick——depart——be gone, ſhe'll Cuckold thee——and ſtill ſhe'll Cuckold thee——

Sir Cau. Ay, Brother, but whoſe fault was that?——Why, are not you married?

Sir Feeb. Mum——no words on't, unleſs you'll have the Ghoſt about your Ears; part with your Wife, I ſay, or elſe the Devil will part ye.

L. Ful. Pray go to Bed, Sir?

Sir Feeb. Yes, for I ſhall ſleep now, I ſhall lie alone; [*weeps.* Ah Fool, old dull beſotted Fool——to think ſhe'd love me——'twas by baſe means I gain'd her——cozened an honeſt Gentleman——of Fame and Life——

L. Ful. You did ſo, Sir, but 'tis not paſt Redreſs——you may make that honeſt Gentleman amends.

Sir *Feeb.* Oh wou'd I could, ſo I gave half my Eſtate——

L. Ful. ——That Penitence attones with him and Heaven.—Come forth *Leticia* and your injur'd Ghoſt.

Sir *Feeb.* Hah, Ghoſt—another ſight would make me mad indeed.

Bel. Behold me, Sir, I have no terror now.

Sir *Feeb.* Hah—who's that, *Francis*,—my Nephew *Francis*?

Bel. Belmour——or *Francis*——chuſe you which you like, and I am either.

Sir *Feeb.* Hah, *Belmour*! and no Ghoſt?

Bel. Belmour——and not your Nephew, Sir.

Sir *Feeb.* But art alive? Ods bobs I'm glad on't, ſirrah,——But are you real *Belmour*?

Bel. As ſure as I'm no Ghoſt.

Gay. We all can witneſs for him, Sir.

Sir *Feeb.* Where be the Minſtrels, we'll have a Dance—adod we will——ah——art thou there, thou cozening little Chitsface?——a Vengeance on thee——thou madeſt me an old Doting loving Coxcomb——but I forgive thee——and give thee all thy Jewels, and you your pardon, Sir, ſo you'll give me mine; for I find you young knaves will be too hard for us.

Bel. You are so generous, Sir, that 'tis almost with grief I receive the Blessing of *Leticia*.

Sir *Feeb.* No, no, thou deservest her, she would have made an old fond Blockhead of me —— and one way or other you wou'd have had her——ods bobs you wou'd——

Enter Bearjest, Diana, Pert, Bredwel *and* Noysey.

Bear. Justice Sir, Justice——I have been cheated—abused—Assassinated and Ravisht!

Sir *Cau.* How, my Nephew ravisht!——

Pert. No, Sir, I am his Wife.

Sir *Cau.* Hum —— my Heir marry a Chamber-maid!

Bear. Sir, you must know I stole away Mrs. *Dy*, and brought her to *Ned*'s Chamber here——to marry her.

Sir *Feeb.* My Daughter *Dy* stoln ——

Bear. But I being to go to the Devil a little, Sir; whip—what does he, but marries her himself, Sir; and fob'd me off here with my Ladies cast Petticoat ——

Noy. Sir she's a Gentlewoman, and my sister, Sir.

Pert. Madam, 'twas a Pious Fraud, if it were one, for I was contracted to him before——see here it is—— [*Gives it 'em.*

All. A plain Case, a plain Case.

Sir *Feeb.* Harky, Sir, have you had the Impudence to marry my Daughter, Sir? [*To* Bredwel, *who with* Diana *kneels.*

Bred. Yes, Sir, and humbly ask your Pardon, and your Blessing ——

Sir *Feeb.* You will ha't, whether I will or not——rise——you are still too hard for us, Come Sir forgive your Nephew—

Sir *Cau.* Well, Sir, I will —— but all this while you little think the Tribulation I am in, my Lady has forsworn my Bed.

Sir *Feeb.* Indeed Sir the wiser she.

Sir *Feeb.* For only performing my promise to this Gentleman.

Sir *Feeb.* Ay, you showed her the Difference, Sir, you're a wise man. Come dry your Eyes——and rest your self contented, we are a couple of old Coxcombs: d'e hear, Sir Coxcombs.

Sir *Cau.* I grant it, Sir, and if I die Sir——I bequeath my Lady to you——with my whole Estate——my Nephew has too much already for a Fool. [*To* Gayman.

Gay. I thank you, Sir——do you consent my *Julia*?

L. Ful. No, Sir——you do not like me——a canvas Bag of wooden Ladles were a better Bed-follow.

Gay. Cruel Tormenter! oh I could kill my self with shame and anger!

L. Ful

L. Ful. Come hither, *Bredwel*——witneſs for my honour—that I had no deſign upon his Perſon, but that of trying of his Conſtancy.

Bred. Believe me, Sir, 'tis true—I feigned a danger near—juſt as you got to Bed——and I was the kind Devil, Sir, that brought the Gold to you.

Bear. And you were one of the Devils that beat me, and the Captain here, Sir?

Gay. No truly, Sir, thoſe were ſome I hired—to beat you for abuſing me to day——

Noy. To make you 'mends Sir, I bring you the certain News of the death of Sir *Thomas Gayman* your Uncle, who has left you two thouſand pounds a year——

Gay. I thank you, Sir——I heard the news before.

Sir *Cau.* How's this; Mr. *Gayman*, my Lady's firſt Lover? I find Sir *Feeble* we were a couple of old Fools indeed, to think at our Age to cozen two luſty young Fellows of their Miſtreſſes; 'tis no wonder that both the Men and the Women have been to hard for us, we are not fit Matches for either, that's the truth on't.

That Warrior needs muſt to his Rival yield,
Who comes with blunted Weapons to the field.

PROLOGUE

GAllants, our Poets have of late ſo us'd ye
In Play and Prologue too ſo much abus'd ye,
That ſhould we beg your aids, I juſtly fear,
Y'are ſo Incens'd you'd hardly lend it here.
But when againſt a common Foe we arm,
Each will aſſiſt to guard his own concern.
Women, thoſe charming Victors, in whoſe Eyes
Lie all their Arts, and their Artilleries,
Not being contented with the Wounds they made,
Would by new ſtratagems our Lives invide.
Beauty alone goes now at two cheap rates,
And therefore they like Wiſe and Politick States,
Court a new Power that may the old ſupply,
To keep as well as gain the Victory.
Thay'll joyn the force of Wit to Beauty now,
And ſo maintain the right they have in you;
If the vain Sex this priviledge ſhould boaſt,
Paſt cure of a declining face we're loſt.
You'll never know the bliſs of change, this Art
Retrieves (when Beauty fades) the wandring heart,
And tho' the Airy ſpirits move no more,
Wit ſtill invites as Beauty did before.
To day one of their Party ventures out,
Not with deſign to Conquer, but to Scout,
Diſcourage but this firſt attempt, and then
They'll hardly dare to ſally out again.
The Poeteſs too, they ſay, has ſpies abroad,
Which have diſpos'd themſelves in every road,
I'th' Upper Box, Pit, Galleries, every face
You find diſguis'd in a Black Velvet Caſe.
My life on't is her ſpy on purpoſe ſent,
To hold you in a wanton Compliment;
That ſo you may not cenſure what ſhe's writ,
Which done, they face you down 'twas full of Wit.
Thus, while ſome common prize you hope to win,
You let the Tyrant Victor enter in.
I beg to day You'd lay that humour by,
Till your rencounter at the Nurſery;

Where

Where they like Centinals from duty free,
May meet and wanton with the Enemy.

Enter an Actress.

How hast thou labour'd to subvert in vain,
What one poor smile of ours calls home again?
Can any see that glorious sight and say [Woman pointing
A Woman shall not Victor prove to day; to the Ladies.
Who is't that to their Beauty would submit,
And yet refuse the Fetters of their Wit?
He tells you tales of Stratagems and Spies;
Can they need Art that have such powerful Eyes?
Believe me, Gallants, he's abus'd you all:
There's not a Vizard in our whole Cabal:
Those are but Pickeroons that scour for prey,
and catch up all they meet with in their way;
Who can no Captives take, for all they do
Is Pillage ye, then gladly let you go;
Ours scorns the petty spoils, and do prefer
The Glory, not the Interest of the War:
But yet our Forces shall obliging prove,
Imposing nought but constancy in love;
That's all our Aim, and when we have it too,
We'll Sacrifice it all to pleasure you.

EPILOGUE

By a Woman.

WE charg'd you boldly in our first advance,
And gave the Onset A-la-mode-de-France,
As each had been a Joan *of* Orleance.

Like them our Heat as soon abated too;
Alas, we could not vanquish with a show,
Much more than that goes to the conquering you.

The trial though will recompence the pain,
It having wisely taught us how to reign;
'Tis Beauty only can our Power maintain.

But yet as tributary Kings we own
It is by you that we possess that Throne,
Where had we Victors been, w'ad reign'd alone.

And we have promis'd what we could not do,
A fault, methinks, might be forgiven too,
Since 'tis but we learnt of some of you.

But we are upon equal treatment yet,
For neither Conquer, since we both submit;
You, to our Beauty bow; We to your Wit.

Actors

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Mr. Weſtwood.	*King.*
Mr. Smith.	Philander *his Son betrothed to* Erminia.
Mr. Betterton.	*Alcippus*, Favourite, in love with *Erminia.*
Mr. Norris.	*Orgulious*, late General, Father to *Erminia.*
Mr. Young.	*Alcander*, friend to the Prince, in love with *Aminta.*
Mr. Cademan.	*Piſaro*, friend to the young General *Alcippus.*
Mr. Angel.	*Falatius*, A Fantaſtick Courtier.
	La Eree, his Man.
Mr. Crosby.	*Cleontius*, Servant to the Prince, and Brother *Iſillia.*
Mrs. Jennings.	*Gallatea*, Daughter to the King.
Mrs. Betterton.	*Erminia*, Daughter to *Orgulious*, eſpous'd to the Prince.
Mrs. Wright.	*Aminta*, Siſter to *Piſaro*, in love with *Alcander.*
Mrs. Lee.	*Olinda*, Siſter to *Alcander*, Maid of Honour to the Princeſs.
Mrs. Clough.	*Iſillia*, Siſter to *Cleontius*, Woman to *Erminia.*
	Lyſette, Woman to *Aminta.*
	Pages and Attendants.

Scene *within the Court of* FRANCE.

THE

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE; OR, THE Jealous Bridegroom.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter King, Philander, Orgulious, Alcippus, Alcander, Pisaro, Cleontious, Fallatious; *And Officers.*

Kin. HOW shall I now divide my Gratitude;
Between a Son, and one that has oblig'd me,
Beyond the common duty of a Subject?
Phi. Believe me, Sir, he merits all your Bounty
I only took example by his Actions;
And all the part o'th' Victory which I gain'd,
Was but deriv'd from him.
Kin. Brave youth, whose Infant-years did bring us Conquests.
And as thou grew'st to Man, thou grew'st in Glory,
And hast arriv'd to such a pitch of it;
As all the slothful youth that shall succeed thee,
Shall meet reproaches of thy early Actions;
When Men shall say, thus did the brave *Alcippus*;
And that great Name shall every soul inspire,
With Emulation to arrive at something,
That's worthy of Example.

Alcip. I

Alcip. I must confess I had the honour, Sir,
To lead on twenty thousand fighting Men,
Whom Fortune gave the glory of the day to.
I only bid them fight, and they obey'd me;
But 'twas my Prince that taught them how to do so;
Kin. I do believe *Philander* wants no courage;
But what he did was to preserve his own.
But thine the pure effects of highest valour;
For which, if ought below my Crown can recompence;
Name it, and take it, as the price of it.
Alcip. The duty which we pay your Majesty
ought to be such, as what we pay the Gods;
Which always bears its recompence about it.
Kin. Yet suffer me to make thee some return,
Though not for thee, yet to incourage Vertue.
I know thy Soul is generous enough,
To think a glorious act rewards it self.
But those who understand not so much Vertue,
Will call it my neglect and want of gratitude;
In this thy Modesty will wrong thy King.
Alcippus, by this pause you seem to doubt
My Power or will, in both you are to blame.
Alcip. Your pardon, Sir, I never had a thought
That could be guilty of so great a sin,
That I was capable to do you service,
Was the most grateful Bounty Heaven allow'd me,
And I no juster way could own that blessing,
Than to imploy the guilt for your repose.
Kin. I shall grow angry, and believe your pride
Would put the guilt off on your modesty,
Which would refuse what that believes below it.
Phi. Your Majesty thinks too severely of him;
Permit me, Sir, to recompence his Valour,
I saw the wonders on't, and thence may guess
In some degree, what may be worthy of it.
King. I like it well, and till thou hast perform'd it,
I will divest my self of all my Power,
And give it thee, till thou hast made him great.
Phi. I humbly thank you, Sir —— [*Bows to the King.*
And here I do create him General. *takes the Staff*
You seem to wonder, as if I dispossess't *from* Orgulious
The brave *Orgulious*, but be pleas'd to know. *and gives to*
Such Reverence and Respect I owe that Lord, Alcippus, *who*
As had himself not made it his Petition, *looks amazedly.*
I sooner should have parted with my right,
Than have discharg'd my debt by injuring him.

Kin. Or-

Kin. Orgulious, are you willing to reſign it?
Org. With your permiſſion, Sir, moſt willingly;
His vigorous Youth is fitter for't than Age,
Which now has rendred me uncapable
Of what that can with more ſucceſs perform;
My heart and wiſhes are the ſame they were,
But time has quite depriv'd me of that power
That ſhould aſſiſt a happy Conqueror.
Kin. Yet time has added a little to your years
Since I reſtor'd you to this great Command,
And then you thought it not unfit for you.
Org. Sir, was it fit I ſhould refuſe your Grace?
That was your act of mercy: and I took it
To clear my Innocency, and reform the errors
Which thoſe receiv'd who did believe me guilty,
Or that my Crimes were greater than that mercy;
I took it, Sir, in ſcorn of thoſe that hate me;
And now reſign it to the Man you love.
Kin. We need not this proof to confirm thy Loyalty;
Nor am I yet ſo barren of Rewards,
But I can find a way, without depriving
Thy noble Head of its Victorious Wreaths,
To crown another's Temples.
Org. I humbly beg your Majeſty's conſent to't;
If you believe *Alcippus* worthy of it;
The generous Youth I have bred up to Battles;
Taught him to overcome, and uſe that Conqueſt;
As modeſtly as his ſubmiſſive Captive,
His Melancholy, (but his eaſie Fetters;)
To meet Deaths horrors with undaunted looks.
How to deſpiſe the hardſhips of a Siege;
To ſuffer cold and hunger, want of ſleep;
Nor knew he other reſt than on his Horſe back;
Where he would ſit and take a hearty Nap;
And then too dreamt of fighting:
I could continue on a day in telling
The Wonders of this Warrior.
Kin. I credit all, and do ſubmit to you.
But yet *Alcippus* ſeems diſpleas'd with it.
Alcip. Ah, Sir! too late I find my confidence
Has overcome m' unhappy baſhfulneſs;
I had an humbler ſuit to approach you with;
But this unlook't for Honour,
Has ſo confounded all my leſſer aims;
As were they not being eſſential to my Being,
I durſt not name them after what y' have done.

Kin. It

Kin. It is not well to think my kindneſs limited;
This, from the Prince you hold, the next from me;
Be what it will I here declare it thine.
——Upon my life, deſigns upon a Lady;
I gueſs it from thy bluſhing.
——Name her, and here thy King engages for her.
Phi. O Gods!——What have I done? (*Aſide.*
Alcip. Erminia, Sir.—— (*Bows.*
Phi. I'm ruin'd.—— (*Aſide.*
Kin. Alcippus, with her Father's leave, ſhe's thine.
Org. Sir, 'tis my Aim and Honour.
Phi. Alcippus, is't a time to think of Weddings,
When the diſorder'd Troops require your Preſence?
You muſt to the Camp to morrow.
Alcip. You need not urge that duty to me, Sir.
King. A day or two will finiſh that affair,
And then we'll Conſummate the happy day,
When all the Court ſhall celebrate your Joy. [*They all go out, but* Alcan. Piſa. *and* Fal.
Piſ. Falatio, you are a ſwift Horſeman
I believe you have a Miſtreſs at Court,
You made ſuch haſte this Morning.
Fal. By *Jove*, *Piſaro*, I was enough weary of the *Campaigne*; and till I had loſt ſight of it.
I clapt on all my Spurs ——
But what ails *Alcander*?
Piſ. What, diſpleas'd?
Alcan. It may be ſo, what then?
Piſ. Then thou mayſt be pleas'd again.
Alcan. Why the Devil ſhould I rejoice?
Becauſe I ſee another rais'd above me;
Let him be great, and demn'd with all his greatneſs.
Piſ. Thou mean'ſt *Alcippus*, whom I think merits it.
Alcan. What is't that thou call'ſt merit?
He fought, it's true, ſo did you, and I,
And gain'd as much as he o'th' victory.
But he in the Triumphal Chariot rod,
Whilſt we ador'd him like a Demi God.
He with the Prince an equal welcome found,
Was with like Garlands, tho' leſs merit, crown'd.
Fa. He's in the right for that by *Jove*.
Piſ. Nay now you wrong him.
Alcan. What's he; I ſhould not ſpeak my ſence of him?
Piſ. He is our General.
Alcan. What then?
What is't that he can do, which I'll decline?
Has he more youth, more ſtrength, or arms than I?

Can

Can he preſerve himſelf i'th' heat of the Battle?
Or can he ſingly fight a whole Brigade?
Can he receive a thouſand Wounds and live?
Fal. Can you or he do ſo?
Alcan. I do not ſay I can, but tell me then,
Where be the Vertues of this mighty Man,
That he ſhould brave it over all the reſt?
Piſ. Faith he has many Vertues, and much Courage;
And merits it as well as you or I.
Orgulious was grown old.
Alcan. VVhat then?
Piſ. VVhy then he was unfit for't,
But that he had a Daughter that was young.
Alcan. Yes, he might have lain by like
Ruſty Armour elſe,
Had ſhe not brought him into play again;
The Devil take her for't.
Fal. By *Jove*, he's diſſatisfi'd with every thing.
Alcan. She has undone my Prince,
And he has moſt unluckily diſarm'd himſelf,
And put the Sword into his Rivals hand,
Who will return it to his grateful Boſom.
Piſ. VVhy, you believe *Alcippus* honeſt ——
Alcan. Yes, in your Senſe *Piſaro*,
But do not like the laſt demand he made,
'Twas but an ill return upon his Prince
To beg his Miſtreſs, rather challeng'd her.
Piſ. His ignorance that ſhe was ſo, may excuſe him.
Alcan. The Devil 'twill, doſt think he knew it not?
Piſ. *Orgulious* ſtill deſign'd him for *Erminia*,
And if the Prince be diſoblig'd from this,
He only ought to take it ill from him.
Alcan. Too much *Piſaro* you excuſe his Pride,
But 'tis the Office of a Friend to do ſo.
Piſ. 'Tis true, I am not ignorant of this,
That he deſpiſes other recompence
For all his Services, but fair *Erminia*,
I know 'tis long ſince he reſign'd his Heart,
VVithout ſo much as telling her ſhe conquer'd;
And yet ſhe knew he lov'd; whilſt ſhe, ingrate,
Repay'd his paſſion only with her ſcorn.
Alcan. In loving him ſhe'd more ingrateful prove
To her firſt Vows, to Reaſon and to Love.
Piſ. For that *Alcander* you know more than I.

Fal. VVhy

Fal. VVhy ſure *Aminta* will inſtruct her better,
She's as inconſtant as the Seas and VVinds,
VVhich ne'er are calm but to betray Adventurers.
Alcan. How came you by that knowledge, Sir?
Fal. VVhat a Pox makes him ask me that queſtion now? (*Aſide.*

Piſ. Prithee *Alcander* now we talk of her,
How go the Amours 'twixt you and my wild Siſter?
Can you ſpeak yet, or do you tell your tale
VVith Eyes and ſighs, as you were wont to do?
Acan. Faith much at that old rate, *Piſaro*,
I yet have no incouragement from her
To make my Court in any other language.
Piſ. You'll bring her to't, ſhe muſt be overcome,
And you're the fitteſt for her fickle humour.
Alcan. Pox on't, this change will ſpoil our making love
VVe muſt be ſad and follow the Court Mode;
My life on't you'll ſee deſperate doings here;
The Eagle will not part ſo with his prey;
Erminia was not gain'd ſo eaſily
To be reſign'd ſo tamely: But come my Lord,
This will not ſatisfie our appetites,
Let's in to Dinner, and when warm with VVine,
VVe ſhall be fitter for a new Deſign. [*They go out.*
Fal. Now am I in a very fine condition, Fal. *ſtays.*
A comfortable one as I take it?
I have ventur'd my life to ſome purpoſe now;
VVhat confounded luck was this, that he of all men
Living, ſhould happen to be my Rival.
Well, I'll go viſit *Aminta*, and ſee how
She receives me. ———
Why where a duce haſt thou diſpos'd of
Enter Labre.
Thy ſelf all this day, I will be bound to be
Hang'd if thou haſt not a hankering after
Some young wench; thou could never loiter
Thus elſe; but I'll forgive thee now, and prithee go to
My Lady *Aminta*'s Lodgings: Kiſs her hand
From me: and tell her I am juſt returned from
The *Campaigne*: mark that word, Sirrah.
Labre. I ſhall, Sir, 'tis truth.
Fal. Well, that's all one; but if ſhe ſhould
Demand any thing concerning me; (for
Love's inquiſitive) doſt hear: as to my valour, or ſo,
Thou underſtand'ſt me; tell her

I acted as a man that pretend to the glory of
Serving her.
Lab. I warrant you, Sir, for a ſpeech.
Fal. Nay, thou mayſt ſpeak as well too much
As too little, have a care of that, doſt hear?
And if ſhe ask what wounds I have: doſt mind me,
Tell her I have many, very many.
Lab. But whereabouts, Sir?
Fal. Let me ſee—let me ſee: I know not where
To place them —— I think in my face.
Lab. By no means, Sir, you had much better
Have them in your *Poſteriors*: for then the Ladies
Can never diſprove you: they'll not look there.
Fal. The ſooner, you fool, for the rarity on't.
Lab. Sir, the Novelty is not ſo great, I aſſure you.
Fal. Go to, y'are wicked:
But I will have them in my face.
La. With all my heart, Sir, but how?
Fal. I'll wear a patch or two there, and I'll
Warrant you for pretending as much as any man,
And who, you fool, ſhall know the fallacy?
Lab. That, Sir, will all that know you, both in the
Court and Camp.
Fal. Mark me, *Labre*, once for all, if thou takeſt
Delight continually thus to put me in mind of
My want of Courage, I ſhall undoubtedly
Fall foul on thee, and give the moſt fatal proofs
Of more than thou expecteſt.
La. Nay, Sir, I have done, and do believe 'tis only
I dare ſay you are a man of proweſs.
Fal. Leave thy ſimple fancies, and go about thy buſineſs.
La. I am gone, but hark my Lord,
If I ſhould ſay your face were wounded,
The Ladies would fear you had loſt your Beauty.
Fal. O never trouble your head for that, *Aminta*
Is a Wit, and your Wits care not how ill-favour'd
Their men be, the more ugly the better.
La. An't be ſo, you'll fit them to a hair.
Fal. Thou art a Coxcomb, to think a man of my
Quality needs the advantage of handſomneſs:
Artifice, as inſignificant as Wit or Valour: poor
Nothings, which Men of fortune ought to deſpiſe.
La. Why do you then keep ſuch a ſtir to gain
The reputation of this thing you ſo deſpiſe?

Fal. To

Fa. To pleaſe the peeviſh humour of a Woman,
Who in that point only is a Fool.
La. You had a Miſtreſs once, if you have not
Forgotten her, who would have taken you with
All theſe faults.
Fa. There was ſo: but ſhe was poor, that's the
Devil, I could have lov'd her elſe:
——But go thy ways; what doſt thou muſe on?
La. Faith, Sir, I am only fearful you will never
Paſs with thoſe patches you ſpeak of.
Fa. Thou never to be reclaim'd Aſs; ſhall I never
Bring thee to apprehend as thou ought'ſt; I tell thee,
I will paſs and repaſs, where and how I pleaſe;
Know'ſt thou not the difference yet, between a
Man of Money and Titles, and a man of only Parts,
As they call them; poor Devils, of no Mein nor
Garb: Well, 'tis a fine and frugal thing,
This honour it covers a multitude of faults:
Even ridicule in one of us is A-la-mode. [*Exeunt*
But I detain thee; go haſt to *Aminta*. *ſeverally.*

ACT I. SCENE II.

Enter Gallatea, Aminta *and* Olinda.

Gall. Will *Erminia* come?
Oli. Madam, I thought ſhe'd been already here.
Gall. But prethee how does ſhe ſupport this news?
Oli. Madam, as thoſe unreconciled to Heaven
Would bear the pangs of death.
Am. Time will convince her of that fooliſh error,
Of thinking a brisk young Husband a torment.
Gall. What young Husband? ——————
Am. The General, Madam.
Gall. Why doſt thou think ſhe will conſent to it?
Am. Madam, I cannot tell, the World's inconſtant.
Gall. I *Aminta*, in every thing but love.
And ſure they cannot be in that:
What ſay'ſt thou *Olinda*?
Oli. Madam, my judgment's naught.
Love I have treated as a ſtranger Gueſt,
Received him well, not lodg'd him in my breſt.
I ne're durſt give the unknown Tyrant room,
Leſt he ſhould make his reſting place his home.

Gall. Then thou art happy; but if *Erminia* fail
I shall not live to reproach her.
Am. Nay, Madam, do not think of dying yet:
There is a way, if we could think of it.
Gall. *Aminta*, when wilt thou this humour loose?
Am. Faith never, if I might my humour chuse.
Gall. Methinks thou now should'st blush to bid me live.
Am. Madam, 'tis the best counsel I can give.
Gall. Thy Counsel! Prithee what dost Counsel now?
Am. What I would take my self I counsel you.
Gall. You must my wounds and my misfortunes bear
Before you can become my Counseller.
You cannot gues's the torments I endure:
Not knowing the Disease you'll miss the Cure.
Am. Physicians, Madam, can the Patient heal
Although the Malady they ne're did feel:
But your Disease is Epidemical,
Nor can I that evade that conquers all.
I lov'd, and never did like pleasure know,
Which passion did with time less vigorous grow.
Gall. Why hast thou lost it?
Am. It, and half a score.
Gall. Losing the first, sure thou couldst love no more.
Am. VVith more facility, than when the Dart
Arm'd with resistless fire first seiz'd my heart;
'Twas long then, e're the Boy could entrance get,
And make his little Victory compleat;
But now he'as got the knack on't, 'tis with ease,
He domineers and enters when he please.
Gall. My heart, *Aminta*, is not like to thine.
Am. Faith Madam try you'll find it just like mine.
The first I lov'd was *Phillocles*, and then
Made Protestations never to lover again,
Yet after left him for a faithless crime;
But then I languisht even to death for him;
——But Love who suffer'd me to take no rest,
New fire-balls threw, the old scarce dispossest;
And by the greater flame the lesser light,
Like Candles in the Sun extinguish quite,
And left no power *Alcander* to resist,
Who took, and keeps possession of my breast.
Gall. Art thou a Lover then, and lookest so gay,
But thou hast ne'er a Father to obey. (*sighing.*
Am. Why, if I had I would obey him too.
Gall. And live?
Am. And live.

Gall. 'Tis

Gall. 'Tis more than I can do. [*Enter* Erminia *weeping.*
—Thy Eyes, *Erminia*, do declare thy heart Gall. *meets her,*
Has nothing but deſpairs and death t' impart, *embraces her,*
And I alas, no comfort can apply, *and weeps.*
But I as well as you, can weep and die.

Er. I'll not reproach my fortune, ſince in you
Grief does the nobleſt of your Sex ſubdue;
When your great Soul a ſorrow can admit:
I ought to ſuffer from the ſence of it;
Your cauſe of grief too much like mine appears;
Not to oblige my Eyes to double tears;
And had my heart no ſentiments at home,
My part in yours had doubtleſs fill'd the room.
But mine will no addition more receive,
Fate has beſtow'd the worſt ſhe had to give;
Your mighty Soul can all its rage oppoſe,
Whilſt mine muſt periſh by more feeble blows.

Gall. Indeed, I dare not ſay my cauſe of grief
Does yours exceed, ſince both are paſt relief;
But if our Fates unequal do appear,
Erminia, 'tis my heart that odds muſt bear.

Er. Madam, 'tis juſt I ſhould to you reſign,
But here you challenge what is only mine:
My Fate ſo cruel is, it will not give
Leave to *Philander* (if I die) to live:
Might I but ſuffer all, 'twere ſome content,
But who can live and ſee this languiſhment;
You, Madam, do alone your ſorrows bear,
Which would be leſs, did but *Alcippus* ſhare;
As Lovers we agree, I'll not deny,
But thou art lov'd again, ſo am not I.

Er. Madam, that grief the better is ſuſtain'd,
That's for a loſe that never yet was gain'd;
You only loſe a man that does not know
How great the honour is which you beſtow;
Who dares not hope you love, or if he did,
Your greatneſs would his juſt return forbid;
His humbler thoughts durſt ne'er to you aſpire,
At moſt he would preſume but to admire;
Or if it chanc'd he durſt more daring prove,
You ſtill muſt languiſh and conceal your love.

Gall. This which you argue leſſens not my pain,
My grief's the ſame were I belov'd again.
The King my Father would his promiſe keep,
And thou muſt him enjoy for whom I weep.

Er. Ah would I could that fatal gift deny,
Without him you; and with him, I must die;
My Soul your Royal Brother does adore,
And I, all Passion, but from him, abhor;
But if I must th' unsuit *Alcippus* wed,
I vow he ne're shall come into my Bed.
Gall. That's bravely sworn, and now I love thee more
Than e're I was oblig'd to do before,
—But yet *Erminia*, guard thee from his Eyes;
Where so much Love, and so much Beauty lies;
Those charms may conquer thee, which made me bow,
And make thee love as well as break this Vow.
Er. Madam, it is unkind, though but to fear,
Ought but *Philander* can inhabit here. [*Lays her hand on her heart.*
Gall. Ah that *Alcippus* did not you approve;
We then might hope these mischiefs to remove;
The King my Father might be won by Prayer,
And my too powerful Brothers sad despair,
To break his word, which kept will us undo:
And he will loose his dear *Philander* too,
Who dies and can no remedies receive:
But vows 'tis for you alone he'll live.
Er. Ah Madam, do not tell me how he dies,
I've seen too much already in his Eyes:
They did the sorrows of his Soul betray,
Which need not be confest another way:
'Twas there I found what my misfortune was,
Too sadly written in his lovely face.
But see, my Father comes: Madam, withdraw a while.
And once again I'll try my interest with him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT I. SCENE III.

Enter Orgulious, Erminia *weeping, and* Isillia.

Er. Sir, does your fatal resolution hold?
Org. Away, away, you are a foolish Girl,
And look with too much pride upon your Beauty;
Which like a gawdy flower that springs too soon,
Withers e'er fully blown.
Your very tears already have betray'd
Its weak inconstant nature;
Alcippus, should he look upon thee now,
Would swear thou wert not that fine thing he lov'd.

Er. Wh

Er. Why ſhould that bleſſing turn to my deſpair,
Curſe on his faith that told him I was fair.
Org. 'Tis ſtrange to me you ſhou'd deſpiſe this fortune,
I always thought you well inclined to love him,
I wou'd not elſe have thus diſpos'd of you.
Er. I humbly thank you, Sir, though't be too late,
And wiſh you yet would try to change my Fate;
What to *Alcippus* you did love believe,
Was ſuch a friendſhip as might well deceive;
'Twas what kind Siſters do to Brothers pay;
Alcippus I can love no other way.
——Sir, lay the intereſt of a Father by,
And give me leave this Lover to deny.
Org. Erminia, thou art young and canſt not ſee
The advantage of the fortune offer'd thee;
Er. Alas, Sir, there is ſomething yet behind. [*ſighs.*
Org. What is't *Erminia*, freely ſpeak thy mind.
Er. Ah Sir, I dare not, you inrag'd will grow.
Org. Erminia, you have ſeldom found me ſo;
If no mean paſſion have thy Soul poſſeſt,
Be what it will I can forgive the reſt.
Er. No Sir, it is no crime, or if it be,
Let Prince *Philander* make the Peace for me;
He 'twas that taught the ſin, (if love be ſuch.)
Org. Erminia, peace, he taught you then too much.
Er. Nay Sir, you promis'd me you wou'd not blame
My early love, if 'twere a noble flame.
Org. Then this a more unhappy could not be;
Deſtroy it, or expect to hear of me. [*Offers to go out.*
Er. Alas, I know 'twould anger you, when known.
[*She ſtays him.*
Org. Erminia, you are wondrous daring grown:
Where got you courage to admit his Love,
Before the King or I did it approve?
Er. I borrow'd Courage from my Innocence,
And my own Vertue, Sir, was my defence.
Philander never ſpoke but from a ſoul,
That all diſhoneſt paſſions can controul;
With flames as chaſte as Veſtals that did burn,
From whence I borrow'd mine, to make return.
Org. Your love from Folly, not from Vertue grew;
You never could believe he'd marry you.
Er. Upon my life no other thing he ſpoke,
But thoſe from dictates of his Honour took.

Org. Though by his fondneſs led he were content
To marry thee, the King would ne're conſent.
Ceaſe then this fruitleſs paſſion, and incline
Your will and reaſon to agree with mine,
Alcippus I diſpos'd you to before,
And now I am inclin'd to it much more.
Some days I had deſign'd t've given thee
To have prepar'd for this ſolemnity;
But now my ſecond thoughts believe it fit,
You ſhould this night to my deſires ſubmit.

Er. This night! Ah, Sir, what is't you mean to do?

Org. Preſerve my Credit, and thy Honour too.

Er. By ſuch reſolves you me to ruin bring.

Org. That's better than to diſoblige my King.

Er. But if the King his liking do afford,
Would you not with *Alcippus* break your word?
Or would you not to ſerve your Princes life,
Permit your Daughter to become his VVife?

Org. His Wife, *Erminia*; if I did believe
Thou could'ſt to ſuch a thought a credit give,
I would the intereſt of a Father quit,
And you, *Erminia*, have no need of it:
Without his aid you can a Huſband chuſe.
Gaining the Prince you may a Father loſe.

Er. Ah, Sir, theſe words are Poniards to my heart;
And half my love to duty does convert;
Alas, Sir, I can be content to die,
But cannot ſuffer this ſeverity: [*kneels.*
That care you had dear, Sir, continue ſtill,
I cannot live and diſobey your will. [*riſes.*

Org. This duty has regain'd me, and you'll find
A juſt return; I ſhall be always kind;
—Go—reaſſume your Beauty; dry your Eyes;
Remember 'tis a Father does adviſe. [*goes out.*

Er. Ungrateful duty, whoſe uncivil pride,
By Reaſon is not to be ſatisfy'd;
Who even Love's Almighty Power o'rethrows,
Or doſt on it too rigorous Laws impoſe;
Who bindeſt up our Vertue too too ſtreight,
And on our Honour lays too great a weight.
Coword, whom nothing but thy power makes ſtrong:
Whom Age and Malice bred t'affright the young;
Here thou doſt Tyrannize to that degree,
That nothing but my death will ſet me free.
[*Exit.* Erm.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Philander *and* Alcander.

Phi. Urge it no more, your Reaſons do diſpleaſe me;
I offer'd her a Crown with her *Philander:*
And ſhe was once pleas'd to accept of it.
She lov'd me too, yes, and repaid my flame,
As kindly as I ſacrificed to her:
The firſt ſalute we gave were harmleſs love,
Our Souls then met, and ſo grew up together.
Like ſympathizing Twins.
And muſt ſhe now be raviſh'd from my Arms?
Will you, *Erminia*, ſuffer ſuch a Rape.
What tho' the King have ſaid it ſhall be ſo,
'Tis not his pleaſure can become thy Law,
No, nor it ſhall not.
And though he were my God as well as King,
I would inſtruct thee how to diſobey him;
Thou ſhalt, *Erminia*, bravely ſay, I will not;
He cannot force thee to't againſt thy will:
—Oh Gods, ſhall duty to a King and Father
Make thee commit a Murther on thy ſelf?
Thy ſacred ſelf, and me that do adore thee;
No, my *Erminia*, quit this vain devoir,
And follow Love that may preſerve us all:
—Preſumptuous Villain, bold ingratitude———
Hadſt thou no other way to pay my favours?
By Heaven 'twas bravely bold, was it not *Alcander*?

Alcan. It was ſomewhat ſtrange, Sir;
But yet perhaps he knew not that you lov'd her.

Phi. Not know it; yes, as well as thou and I;
The world was full on't, and could he be ignorant;
Why was her Father call'd from baniſhment,
And plac'd about the King, but for her ſake:
What made him General, but my paſſion for her,
What gave him twenty thouſand Crowns a year,
But that which made me Captive to *Erminia*.
Almighty Love, of which thou ſay'ſt he is ignorant;
How has he order'd his audacious flame,
That I could ne'er perceive it all this while.

Alcan. Then 'twas a flame conceal'd from you alone,
To the whole Court, beſides, 'twas viſible.
He knew you would not ſuffer it to burn out;

And therefore waited till his services
Might give encouragement to's close design;
If that could do't he nobly has endeavour'd it,
But yet I think you need not yield her, Sir.
Phi. Alcippus, I confess, is brave enough,
And by such ways I'll make him quit his claim;
—He shall to morrow to the Camp again,
—And then I'll own my passion to the King;
—He loves me well, and I may hope his pity,
Till then be calm my heart, for if that fail, [Points to his Sword.
This is the argument that will prevail, [Exeunt.

ACT. II.

The REPRESENTATION of the *WEDDING.*

The Curtain must be let down; and soft Musick must play: The Curtain being drawn up, discovers a Scene of a Temple: The King sitting on a Throne, bowing down to joyn the hands of Alcippus *and* Erminia, *who kneel on the steps of the Throne; the Officers of the Court and Clergy standing in order by, with* Orgulius. *This within the Scene.*

Without on the Stage, Philander *with his Sword half drawn, held by* Gallatea, *who looks ever on* Alcippus: Erminia *still fixing her Eyes on* Philander; Pisaro *passionately gazing on* Gallatea: Aminta *on* Fallatio, *and he on her*: Alcander, Isillia, Cleontius, *in other several postures, with the rest, all remaining without motion, whilst the Musick softly plays; this continues a while till the Curtain falls; and then the Musick plays aloud till the Act begins.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Philander *and* Gallatea *inrag'd.*

'Tis done, 'tis done, the fatal knot is ti'd,
Erminia to *Alcippus* is a Bride;
Methinks I see the Motions of her Eyes,
And how her Virgin breasts do fall and rise:

Her

Her baſhful bluſh, her timorous deſire,
Adding new flame to his too vigorous fire;
Whilſt he the charming Beauty muſt embrace,
And ſhall I live to ſuffer this diſgrace?
Shall I ſtand tamely by, and he receive
That Heaven of bliſs, defenceleſs ſhe can give;
No, Siſter, no, renounce that Brothers name,
Suffers his patience to ſurmount his flame;
I'll reach the Victor's heart, and make him ſee,
That Prize he has obtain'd belongs to me.

Gal. Ah, dear *Philander*, do not threaten ſo,
Whilſt him you wound, you kill a Siſter too.

Phi. Though all the Gods were rallied on his ſide,
They ſhould too feeble prove to guard his pride.
Juſtice and Honour on my Sword ſhall ſit,
And my revenge ſhall guide the lucky hit.

Gal. Conſider but the danger and the crime,
And Sir, remember that his life is mine.

Phi. Peace, Siſter, do not urge it as a ſin,
Of which the Gods themſelves have guilty been:
The Gods, my Siſter, do approve revenge
By Thunder, which th' Almighty Ports unhinge,
Such is their Lightning when poor mortals fear,
And Princes are the Gods inhabit here;
Revenge has charms that do as powerful prove
As thoſe of Beauty, and as ſweet as love,
The force of Vengeance will not be withſtood
Till it has bath'd and cool'd it ſelf in Blood.
Erminia, ſweet *Erminia*; thou art loſt,
And he yet live that does the conqueſt boaſt.

Gal. Brother, that Captive you can ne're retrieve
More by the Victor's death, than if he live,
For ſhe in Honour cannot him prefer,
Who ſhall become her Husbands Murtherer;
By ſafer ways you may that bleſſing gain,
When venturing thus through blood, and death prove vain.

Phi. With hopes already that are vain as Air,
You've kept me from Revenge, but not Deſpair.
I had my ſelf acquitted, as became
Erminia's wrong'd Adorer, and my flame,
My Rival I had kill'd, and ſet her free,
Had not my Juſtice been diſarm'd by thee.
—But for thy faithleſs hope, I'd murder'd him,
Even when the holy Prieſt was marrying them,
And offer'd up thee reeking ſacrifice
To th' Gods he kneel'd to, when he took my prize,

By all their Purity I would have don't,
But now I think I merit the affront:
He that his Vengeance Idly does defer,
His Safety more than his Succeſs muſt fear:
I like that Coward did prolong my Fate,
But brave Revenge can never come too late.

Gal. Brother, if you can ſo inhumane prove
To me your Siſter, Reaſon, and to Love:
I'll let you ſee that I have ſentiments too.
Can love and be reveng'd as well as you,
That hour that ſhall a death to him impart,
Shall ſend this Dagger to *Erminia*'s heart. (*ſhews a Dagger.*

Phi. —Ah, Coward, how theſe words have made thee pale,
And fear above thy courage does prevail:
Ye Gods, why did you ſuch a way invent?

Gal. None elſe was left thy madneſs to prevent.

Phi. Ah cruel, Siſter, I am tame become,
And will reverſe my happy Rival's doom:
Yes, he ſhall live to Triumph o're my Tomb:
—But yet what thou haſt ſaid, I needs muſt blame,
For if my reſolutions prove the ſame,
I now ſhould kill the, and my life renew,
But were it brave or juſt to murther you:
At worſt, I ſhould an unkind Siſter kill,
Thou wouldſt the Sacred blood of Friendſhip ſpill.
I kill a man that has undone my Fame,
Raviſh'd my Miſtreſs, and contemn'd my Name
And Siſter, one who does not thee prefer:
But thou no reaſon haſt to injure her.
Such charms of Innocence her Eyes do dreſs,
As would confound the cruel'ſt Murthereſs:
And thou art ſoft, and canſt no horror ſee,
Such Actions, Siſter, you muſt leave to me.

Gal. The higheſt love no reaſon will admit,
And paſſion is above my Friendſhip yet.

Phi. Then ſince I cannot hope to alter thee,
Let me but beg that thou wouldſt ſet me free;
Free this poor ſoul that ſuch a coil does keep;
'Twill neither let me wake in Peace, nor ſleep.
Comfort I find a ſtranger to my heart,
Nor canſt thou ought of that but thus impart;
Thou ſhouldſt with joy a death to him procure,
Who by it leaves *Alcippus* life ſecure.

Gal. Dear Brother, you out-run you patience ſtill,
We'll neither die our ſelves, nor others kill;

Some-

Something I'll do that ſhall thy joys reſtore,
And bring thee back that health thou had'ſt before;
——We're now expected at the banquet where
I'd have thy Eyes more love than Anger wear:
This night be cheerful, and on me depend,
On me, that am thy Siſter, and thy Friend:
A little raiſe *Alcippus* Jealouſie,
And let the reſt be carried on by me;
Nor would it be amiſs ſhould you provide
A Serenade to entertain the Bride:
'Twill give him tears that may perhaps diſprove
The fond opinion of his happy love.
Phi. Though Hope be faithleſs, yet I cannot chuſe,
Coming from thee, but credit the abuſe.
Gal. Philander, do not your Hopes power diſtruſt,
'Tis time enough to die, when that's unjuſt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE II.

Enter Aminta *as paſſing over the Stage, is ſtayed by* Olinda.

Oli. Why ſo haſty, *Aminta*?
Am. The time requires it, *Olinda.*
Oli. But I've an humble ſuit to you.
Am. You ſhall command me any thing.
Oli. Pray Heaven you keep your word.
Am. That ſad tone of thine *Olinda*, has almoſt
Made me repent of my promiſe, but come, what is't?
Oli. My Brother, Madam.
Am. Now fie upon thee, is that all thy buſineſs?
[*Offers to go off.*
Oli. Stay, Madam, he dies for you.
Am. He cannot do't for any Woman living;
But well—it ſeems he ſpeaks of Love to you;
To me he does appear a very Statue.
Oli. He naught but ſighs and calls upon your name,
And vows you are the cruell ſt Maid that breaths.
Am. Thou can'ſt not be in earneſt ſure.
Oli. I'll ſwear I am, and ſo is he.
Am. Nay thou haſt a hard task on't, to make
Vows to all the Women he makes love to;
Indeed I pity thee; ha, ha, ha.
Oli. You ſhould not laugh at thoſe you have undone.

Aminta

Aminta *Sings.*

Hang love, for I will never pine,
For any Man alive;
Nor ſhall this jolly heart of mine
The thoughts of it receive;
I will not purchaſe ſlavery
At ſuch a dangerous rate;
But glory in my liberty,
And laugh at love and fate.

Oli. You'll kill him by this cruelty.
Am. What is't thou call'ſt ſo,
For I have hitherto given no denials.
Nor has he given me cauſe;
I have ſeen him wildly gaze upon me often,
And ſometimes bluſh and ſmile, but ſeldom that;
And now and then found fault with my replies,
And wonder'd where the Devil lay that wit,
Which he believ'd no Judge of it could find.
Oli. Faith, Madam, that's his way of making love.
Am. It will not take with me, I love a man
Can kneel, and ſwear, and cry, and look ſubmiſs,
As if he meant indeed to die my ſlave:
Thy Brother looks—but too much like a Conqueror. [*ſighs.*
Oli. How, *Aminta*, can you ſigh in earneſt?
Am. Yes, *Olinda*, and you ſhall know its meaning,
I love *Alcander*,—and am not aſham'd o'th' ſecret,
But prithee do not tell him what I ſay.
—Oh he's a man made up of thoſe perfections,
Which I have often lik'd in ſeveral men;
And wiſh'd united to compleat ſome one,
Whom I might have the glory to o'recome.
—His Mein and Perſon, but 'bove all his Humour,
That ſurly Pride, tho' even to me addreſt,
Does ſtrangely well become him.
Oli. May I believe this?
Am. Not if you mean to ſpeak on't,
But I ſhall ſoon enough betray my ſelf.

Enter Falatius *with a patch or two on his Face.*

Falatius, welcome from the Wars;
I'm glad to ſee y've ſcap'd the dangers of them.

Fa. Not

Fa. Not ſo well ſcap'd neither, Madam, but I
Have left ſtill a few teſtimonies of their
Severity to me. (*points to his face.*
Oli. That's not ſo well, believe me.
Fa. Nor ſo ill, ſince they be ſuch as render us no
Leſs acceptable to your fair Eyes, Madam!
But had you ſeen me when I gain'd them, Ladies,
In that Heroick poſture.
Am. What poſture?
Fa. In that of fighting, Madam;
You would have call'd to mind that ancient ſtory
Of the ſtout Giants that wag'd War with Heaven;
Juſt ſo I fought, and for as glorious prize,
Your Excellent Ladiſhip.
Am. For me, was it for me you ran this hazard then?
Fa. Madam, I hope you do not queſtion that,
Was it not all the faults you found with me,
The reputation of my want of Courage,
A thouſand Furies are not like a Battle,
And but for you,
By *Jove* I would not fight it o'er again
For all the glory on't, and now do you doubt me:
Madam, your heart is ſtrangely fortified
That can reſiſt th' efforts I have made againſt it,
And bring to boot ſuch marks of valour too.

Enter to them Alcander, *who ſeeing them would turn back, but* Olinda *ſtays him.*

Ol. Brother, come back.
Fa. Advance, advance, what Man, afraid of me?
Alc. How can ſhe hold diſcourſe with that Fantaſtick [*aſide.*
Fa. Come forward, and be Complaiſant. [*Pulls him again.*
Alc. That's moſt proper for your Wit, *Falatius.*
Er. Why ſo angry?
Alc. Away, thou art deceiv'd.
Am. You've loſt your ſleep, which puts you out of humour.
Alc. He's damn'd will loſe a moment on't for you.
Am. Who is't that has diſpleas'd you?
Alc. You have, and took my whole repoſe away,
And more than that, which you ne're can reſtore;
I can do nothing as I did before.
When I would ſleep, I cannot do't for you,
My Eyes and Fancy do that form purſue,
And when I ſleep, you Revel in my dreams,
And all my life is nothing but extreams.

When

When I would tell my love, I ſeem moſt rude,
For that informs me how I am ſubdu'd.
Gods, you're unjuſt to Tyrannize o're me,
When thouſands fitter for't than I go free. [*goes out.*
Fal. Why, what the Devil has poſſeſt *Alcander*?
Ol. How like you this, *Aminta*?
Am. Better and better, he's a wondrous man. [*Am.* and *Ol.*
Fa. 'Tis the moſt unjanty humour that ever I ſaw; *goes out.*
I, I, he is my Rival,
No marvel an' he look'd ſo big upon me,
He is damnable Valiant, and as Jealous as
He is Valiant, how ſhall I behave my
ſelf to him, and theſe too idle humours of his
I cannot yet determine; the comfort is, he
Knows I am a Coward whatever face I ſet upon it.
Well, I muſt eitther reſolve never to provoke
His jealouſie, or be able to re-counter his
Other fury, his valour; that were a good
Reſolve if I be not paſt all hope. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE III.

Enter Alcippus *and* Erminia, *as in a Bed-Chamber.*

Alcip. But ſtill methinks *Erminia* you are ſad
A heavineſs appears in thoſe fair Eyes,
As if your Soul were agitating ſomething
Contrary to the pleaſure of this night.
Er. You ought in Juſtice, Sir, t'excuſe me here,
Priſoners when firſt committed are leſs gay,
Than when they're us'd to Fetters every day,
But yet in time they will more eaſie grow.
Alcip. You ſtrangely bleſs me in but ſaying ſo.
Er. *Alcippus* I've an humble ſuit to you.
Alcip. All that I have is ſo intirely thine,
And ſuch a Captive thou haſt made my will
Thou needſt not be at the expence of wiſhing
For what thou canſt deſire that I may grant,
Why are thy Eyes declin'd?
Er. To ſatisfie a little modeſt ſcruple
I beg you would permit me, Sir——
Alcip. To lie alone to night, is it not ſo *Erminia*?
Er. It is ———
Alcip. That's too ſevere, yet I will grant it thee,
But why, *Erminia* muſt I grant it thee?

Er. The

Er. The Princeſs, Sir, queſtions my power, and ſays,
I cannot gain ſo much upon your goodneſs.
Alcip. I could have wiſh'd ſome other had oblig'd thee to't.
Er. You would not blame her if you knew her reaſon,
Alcip. Indeed I do not much, for I can gueſs
She takes the party of her Prince and Brother;
And this is only to delay thoſe joys,
Which ſhe perhaps believes belong to him.
—But that *Erminia*, you can beſt reſolve;
And 'tis not kindly done to hide a truth,
The Prince ſo clearly own'd.
Er. What did he own?
Alcip. He ſaid *Erminia*, that you were his Wife;
If ſo, no wonder you refuſe my Bed: [*She Weeps.*
The Preſence of the King hindred my knowledge,
Of what I would willingly learn from you;
—Come, ne'er deny a truth that plain appears;
I ſee hypocriſie through all your tears.
Er. You need not ask me to repeat again,
A knowledge which, you ſay, appears ſo plain:
The Prince his word methinks ſhould credit get,
Which I'll confirm whene'er you call for it:
My heart before you ask't it, was his prize,
And cannot twice become a Sacrifice.
Alcip. Erminia, is this brave or juſt in you,
To pay his ſcore of Love with what's my due?
What's your deſign to treat me in this ſort,
Are ſacred Vows of Marriage made your ſport?
Regard me well, *Erminia*, what am I.
Er. One, Sir, with whom, I'm bound to live and die,
And one to whom by rigorous command,
I gave (without my heart) my unwilling hand.
Alcip. But why, *Erminia*, did you give it ſo?
Er. T' obey a King and cruel father too.
A friendſhip, Sir, I can on you beſtew,
But that will hardly into paſſion grow;
And 'twill an Act below your vertue prove,
To force a heart you know can never love.
Alcip. Am I the maſk to hide your bluſhes in,
I the contented fool to veil your ſin;
Have you already learnt that trick at Court,
Both how to practice and ſecure your ſport;
Brave Miſtreſs of your Art, is this the way?
My ſervice and my paſſion to repay?
Will nothing but a Prince your pleaſure fit,
And could you think that I would wink at it?

Recal

Recal that folly, or by all that's good,
I'll free the ſoul that wantons in thy Blood. [*He in rage takes her by the arm, ſhews a dagger.*
Er. I ſee your love your reaſon has betray'd,
But I'll forgive the faults which love has made;
'Tis true, I love, and do confeſs it too:
Which if a Crime, I might have hid from you;
But ſuch a paſſion 'tis as does deſpiſe,
Whatever rage you threaten from your Eyes.
—Yes—you may diſapprove this flame in me,
But cannot hinder what the Gods decree;
—Search here this truth; Alas, I cannot fear,
Your ſteel ſhall find a welcome entrance here. [*He holds her ſtill, and gazes on her.*
Alcip. Where doſt thou think thy ingrateful Soul will go.
Loaded with wrongs to me, ſhould I ſtrike now?
Er. To ſome bleſt place, where Lovers do reſide,
Free from the noiſe of Jealouſie and pride;
Where we ſhall know no other Power but Love,
And where even thou wilt ſoft and gentle prove;
So gentle, that if I ſhould meet thee there,
Thou would'ſt allow, what thou deny'ſt me here.
Alcip. Thou—haſt diſarm'd my rage, and in its room,
A world of ſhame and ſofter paſſions come,
Such as the firſt efforts of love inſpir'd,
When by thy charming eyes my ſoul was fir'd.
Er. I muſt confeſs your fears are ſeeming juſt,
But here to free you from the leaſt miſtruſt,
I ſwear, whilſt I'm your Wife I'll not allow
Birth to a thought that tends to injuring you.
Alcip. Not to believe thee, were a ſin above
The Injuries I have done thee by my love.
——Ah, my *Erminia*, might I hope at leaſt
To ſhare the pity of that lovely breaſt,
By ſlow degrees I might approach that Throne,
Where now the bleſt *Philander* reigns alone:
Perhaps in time my paſſion might redeem,
That now too faithful heart y'have given to him;
Do but forbear to hear his amorous tales,
Nor from his moving Eyes learn what he ails:
A fire that's kindled cannot long ſurvive,
If one add naught to keep the flame alive.
Er. I will not promiſe; what I mean to do
My Vertue only ſhall oblige me to.

Alcip. But

Alcip. But Madam, what d'you mean by this reſerve?
To what intent does all this coldneſs ſerve;
Is there no pity to my ſufferings due?
And will you ſtill my languiſhments renew?
Come, come, recal what you have raſhly ſaid:
And own to morrow that thou art no maid:
Thy bluſhes do betray thy willingneſs;
And in thy lovely Eyes I read ſucceſs.

Er. A double tie obliges me to be
Strict to my Vows, my Love and Amity;
For my own ſake the firſt I'll ne'er decline.
And I would gladly keep the laſt for thine.

Alcip. Madam, you ſtrangely do improve my pain,
To give me hopes you muſt recal again.

Er. *Alcippus*, you this language will forbear,
When you ſhall know how powerful you are;
For whilſt you here endeavour to ſubdue,
The beſt of Women languiſhes for you.

Alcip. *Erminia*, do not mock my miſery,
For, though you cannot love, yet pity me;
That you allow my paſſion no return,
Is weight enough, you need not add your ſcorn;
In this your cruelty is too ſevere.

Er. *Alcippus*, you miſtake me every where.

Alcip. To whom, *Erminia*, do I owe this Fate?

Er. To morrow all her ſtory I'll relate.
Till then the promiſe I thee Princeſs made,
I beg you would permit might be obey'd.

Alcip. You, Madam, with ſo many charms aſſail,
You need not queſtion but you ſhall prevail;
Thy powers not leſſen'd in thy being mine,
But much augmented in my being thine,
The glory of my chains may raiſe me more,
But I am ſtill that ſlave I was before.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Enter Philander *and* Alcander. [*The Prince half undreſt.*

Phi. What's a Clock, *Alcander*?

Alc. 'Tis midnight, Sir, will you not go to bed.

Phi. To bed Friend; what to do?

Alc. To ſleep, Sir, as you were wont to do?

Phi. Sleep, and *Erminia* have abandon'd me;
I'll never Sleep again.——
Alc. This is an humour, Sir, you muſt forſake.
Phi. Never, never, oh *Alcander.*
Doſt know where my *Erminia* lies to night?
Alc. I gueſs, Sir.
Phi. Where? Nay, prithee ſpeak,
Indeed I ſhall not be offended at it.
Alc. I know not why you ſhould, Sir;
She's where ſhe ought, abed with young *Alcippus,*
Phi. Thou ſpeak'ſt thy real Thoughts.
Alc. Why ſhould your Highneſs doubt it?
Phi. By Heaven there is no faith in Woman-kind,
Alcander, doſt thou know an honeſt Woman?
Alc. Many, Sir.
Phi. I do not think; it is impoſſible;
Erminia, if it could have been, were ſhe,
But ſhe has broke her Vows, which I held ſacred,
And plays the wanton in another's arms.
Alc. Sir, do you think it juſt to wrong her ſo?
Phi. Oh would thou couldſt perſwade me that I did ſo.
Thou know'ſt the Oaths and Vows ſhe made to me,
Never to marry any other than my ſelf,
And you, *Alcander,* wrought me to believe them.
But now her Vows to marry none but me,
Are given to *Alcippus,* and in his boſom breath'd,
With balmy whiſpers whilſt the raviſht youth,
For every ſyllable returns to a kiſs,
And in the height of all his extaſie,
Philander's diſpoſſeſs'd and quite forgotten.
Ah charming Maid, is this your love to me,
Yet now thou art no Maid, nor lov'ſt not me,
And I the fool to let thee know my weakneſs.
Alc. Why do you thus proceed to vex your ſelf?
To queſtion what you liſt, and anſwer what you pleaſe.
Sir, this is not the way to be at eaſe.
Phi. Ah dear *Alcander,* what would'ſt have me do?
Alc. Do that which may preſerve you;
Do that which every man in love would do;
Make it your buſineſs to poſſeſs the object.
Phi. What meaneſt thou, is ſhe not married?—
Alc. What then, ſhe's all about her, that ſhe had,
Of Youth and Beauty ſhe is Miſtreſs ſtill,
And may diſpoſe it how, and where ſhe will.
Phi. Pray Heaven I do not think too well of thee,
What means all this diſcourſe, art thou honeſt?

Alcan. As moſt men of my Age.
Phi. And wouldſt thou counſel me to ſuch a ſin?
For———I do underſtand———thee.
Alcan. I know not what you term ſo.
Phi. I never thought thou'dſt been ſo great a Villain
To urge me to a crime would damn us all,
Why doſt thou ſmile, haſt thou done well in this?
Alcan. I thought ſo, or I'd kept it to my ſelf.
Sir, e're you grow in rage at what I've ſaid,
Do you think I love you, or believe my life.
Were to be valued more than your repoſe?
You ſeem to think it is not.
Phi. Poſſibly I may.
Alcan. The ſin of what I have propos'd to you
You only ſeem to hate: Sir, is it ſo?
—If ſuch religious thoughts about you dwell
Why is it that you thus perplex your ſelf?
Self-murther ſure is much the greater ſin.
Erminia too, you ſay has broke her Vows,
She that will ſwear and lie, will do the reſt.
And of theſe evils, this I think the leaſt;
And as for me, I never thought it ſin.
Phi. And canſt thou have ſo poor a thought of her.
Alcan. I hope you'll find her Sir, as willing to't
As I am to ſuppoſe it, nay, believe't,
She'll look upon't as want of Love and Courage
Should you not now attempt it;
You know, Sir, there's no other remedy,
Take no denial but the Game purſue,
For what ſhe will refuſe, ſhe wiſhes you.
Phi. With ſuch pretenſions—ſhe may angry grow.
Alcan. I never heard of any that were ſo,
For though the will to do't, and power they want,
They love to hear of what they cannot grant.
Phi. No more,
Is this your duty to your Prince, *Alcander*?
You were not wont to counſel thus amiſs,
'Tis either diſreſpect or ſome deſign:
I could be wondrous angry with thee now,
But that my grief has ſuch poſſeſſion here,
'Twill make no room for rage.
Alcan. I cannot, Sir, repent of what I've ſaid,
Since all the errors which I have committed,
Are what my paſſion to your intereſt led me to,
But yet I beg your Highneſs would recal
That ſence which would perſwade you 'tis unjuſt.

Phi. Name it no more, and I'll forgive it thee.
Alc. I can obey you, Sir.
Phi. What ſhall we do to night, I cannot ſleep?
Alc. I'm good at watching, and doing any thing.
Phi. We'll Serinade the Ladies and the Bride.
——— The firſt we may diſturb, but ſhe I fear
Keeps watch with me to night, though not like me.

Enter a Page of the Prince's.

Phil. How now, Boy,
Is the Muſick ready which I ſpoke for?
Pag. They wait your Highneſſes command.
Phi. Bid them prepare, I'm coming. [*Exeunt Page.*
Soft touches may allay the diſcords here,
And ſweeten, though not leſſen my deſpair.

SCENE V. [*The Court Gallery.*

Enter Piſaro *alone.*

Piſa. Ha! who's that, a Lover on my life,
This amorous malady reigns every where;
Nor can my Siſter be ignorant
Of what I ſaw this night in *Gallatea*:
I'll queſtion her——Siſter, *Aminta*, Siſter,
[*Calls as at her Lodgings.*
Lyc. VVho calls my Lady. [*Enter a Maid.*
Piſ. Where's my Siſter?
Lyc. I cry your Lordſhips mercy,
My Lady lies not in her Lodgings to night,
The Princeſs ſent for her,
Her Highneſs is not well. [*She goes out.*
Piſ. I do believe it, good night, *Lycet.* [*Enter a Page.*
——— Who's there,
Pag. Your Lordſhip's Page.
Piſ. VVhere haſt thou been? I wanted thee but now.
Pag. I fell aſleep i'th' Lobby, Sir, and had not wakened
Yet, but for the Muſick which plays at the Lodgings
Of my Lady *Erminia*.
Piſ. Curſe on them; will they not allow him nights
To himſelf; 'tis hard.
This night I'm wiſer grown by obſervation,
My Love and Friendſhip taught me jealouſie,
Which like a cunning Spy brought in intelligence,

From

From every eye leſs wary than its own;
That told me that the charming *Gallatea*,
In whom all power remains,
Is yet too feeble to encounter Love;
I find ſhe has receiv'd the wanton God,
Maugre my fond opinion of her Soul.
And 'tis my Friend too that's become my Rival.
I ſaw her lovely eyes ſtill turn on him,
As Flowers to th' Sun: and when he turn'd away
Like thoſe ſhe bow'd her charming head again.
——On th' other ſide the Prince with dying looks
Each motion watch'd of fair *Erminia*'s eyes,
Which ſhe return'd as greedily again,
And if one glance t' *Alcippus* ſhe directed,
He'd ſtare as if he meant to cut his throat for't.
Well friend thou haſt a ſure defence of me
My Love is yet below my amity. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

Draws off, diſcovers Philander *and* Alcander *with Muſick at the Chamber door of* Erminia, *to them* Piſaro, *who liſtens whilſt the Song is ſung.*

The Song for the *Page* to ſing at *Erminia*'s Chamber-door.

Amintas *that true hearted Swain*
Upon a Rivers bank was laid,
Where to the pittying ſtreams he did complain
One Sylvia *that falſe charming Maid,*
But ſhe was ſtill regardleſs of his pain:
Oh! faithleſs Silvia! *would he cry*
And what he ſaid the Eccho's would reply.
Be kind or elſe I die, *E.* I die.
Be kind or elſe I die, *E.* I die.

A ſhower of tears his eyes let fall,
Which in the River made impreſs,
Then ſigh, and Silvia *falſe again would call,*
A cruel faithleſs Shepherdeſs,
Is love with you become a criminal?

Ah lay aſide this needleſs ſcorn,
Allow your poor adorer ſome return,
Conſider how I burn, *E.* I burn.
Conſider, &c.

Thoſe ſmiles and kiſſes which you give,
Remember Silvia, *are my due;*
And all the joys my Rival does receive
He raviſhes from me not you.
Ah Silvia, *can I live and this believe?*
Incenſibleſs are touch'd to ſee
My languiſhments, and ſeem to pity me.
Which I demand of thee, *E.* of thee,
Which I demand, &c.

Piſ. What's all this?
Phi. Who's there?
Piſ. A Man, a friend to the General.
Phi. Then thou'rt an Enemy to all good Men.
Does the ungrateful Wretch hide his own head,
And ſend his Spies abroad?
Piſ. He is too great to fear, and needs them not;
And him thou termeſt ſo, ſcorns the Office too.
Phi. What makeſt thou here then when the whole World's aſleep?
Be gone, there lies thy way
Where e're thy buſineſs be.
Piſ. It lies as free for thee, and here's my buſineſs.
Phi. Thou lieſt, rude man.
Piſ. Why, what art thou dareſt tell me ſo i'th' dark?
Day had betray'd thy bluſhes for this boldneſs.
Phi. Tell me who 'tis that dares capitulate?
Piſ. One that dares make it good.
Phi. Draw then, and keep thy word.
Alcan. Stand by, and let me do that duty, Sir.
[*He ſteps between them, they fight,* Piſaro *falls.*
—Here's thy reward, who e're thou art,
Phi. Haſt thou no hurt?
Alcan. I think not much, yet ſomewhere 'tis I bleed.
Piſ. What a dull beaſt am I. [*Exeunt* Prince *and* Alcan.
Pag. My Lord, is't you are fallen?
Help, Murther! Murther.
Piſ. Hold, Bawling Dog.

Enter

Enter Alcippus *in his Night-gown, with a Sword in his hand, a Page with Lights.*

Alcip. 'Twas hereabouts —— who's this, *Piſaro* wounded? [*He looks up.*
How cameſt thou thus? Come up into my Arms.
Piſ. 'Twas jealouſie, *Alcippus*, that wild Monſter,
Who never leaves us till he has thus betry'd us.
—Pox on't, I am aſham'd to look upon thee.
I have diſturb'd you to no purpoſe, Sir.
I am not wounded, go to bed agen.
Alc. I'll ſee thee to thy Lodgings firſt, *Piſaro.*
Piſ. 'Twill be unkind both to your ſelf and me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE VII.

Enter Philander *and* Alcander *with a Light.*

Alcan. He's gone who e'er he be.
Phi. It could not be *Alcippus.*
Alcan. I rather fear *Piſaro,*
—But we ſoon enough ſhall know: Who's this?

Enter Erminia *in her Night-gown, and* Iſillia *with Lights.*

Er. Methought I heard *Alcippus* and the Prince
Before the cry of Murder.
I die if thoſe two Rivals have encounter'd.
Phi. Ah Madam, ceaſe that fear, they both are ſafe
From all, but from the wounds which you have given them.
Er. Oh Gods, what make you here, and where's *Alcippus?*
Phi. Where I had been had Heaven been bountiful.
Er. Alas, Sir, what do you mean? what have you done?
And where have you beſtow'd him?
Phi. VVhy all this high concern *Erminia?*
Has he ſo reconcil'd you to him ſince I ſaw you laſt?
This is not kind to me.
Er. Oh tell me not of kindneſs, where's *Alcippus?*
Alcan. Madam, of whom do you demand *Alcippus?*
Neither of us have ſeen him.
Phi. Go, you are a VVoman, a vain peeviſh Creature.

Er. Sir, 'tis but juſt you ſhould excuſe my fear,
Alcippus is my Husband, and his ſafety
Ought to become my care.
Phi. How, *Erminia*!
Can you ſo ſoon yield up my right to him,
And not bluſh whilſt you own your Perjury?
Er. Now, Sir, you are much to blame,
I could have born the reſt, but this concerns me,
I fear I have but too well kept my Vows with you,
Since you are grown but to ſuſpect I have not.
Phi. Pardon me, Dear, the errors of my paſſion;
It was a ſin ſo natural,
That even thy unkindly taking it,
Approach'd too near it, not to gain my Pardon;
But tell me why you askt me for *Alcippus*?
Er. Sir, e're I could diſpoſe my Eyes to ſleep,
I heard the Muſick at my Chamber-door,
And ſuch a Song as could be none but yours;
But that was finiſh'd in a noiſe leſs pleaſant,
In that of Swords and quarrel;
And amongſt which,
I thought I heard yours and *Alcippus* voice.
(For I have kept my word, and lay not with him,)
This brought me hither, but if I miſtook,
Once more I beg your pardon.
Phi. Thou haſt reſtor'd me to a world of joys,
By what thou now haſt ſaid.

Enter Alcippus, *his Sword in his Hand, a Page with light, he ſtands a while.*

Alcip. Erminia! and the Prince! embracing too!
I dream, and know ſhe could not be thus baſe,
Thus falſe and looſe ——————
But hear, I am inform'd it is no Viſion;
——— This was deſign'd before, I find it now;
[*Lays his hand on his heart.*
Er. Alcippus, oh my fears. [*Goes to them, takes her by the hand.*
Alcip. Yes, Madam,
Too ſoon arriv'd for his and your repoſe.
Phi. Alcippus, touch her not.
Alcip. Not touch her, by Heaven I will,
And who ſhall hinder me?
Who is't dares ſay I ſhall not touch my Wife?
Phi. Villian, thou ly'ſt.

Alcip. That

Alcip. That y'are my Prince ſhall not defend you here.
Draw, Sir, for I have laid reſpect aſide.
[*Strikes, they fight a little,* Alcippus *is wounded,* Alcander *ſupports him.*
Er. Oh Gods, what mean you, hold *Philander*, hold.
Phi. Life of my Soul, retire,
I cannot hear that voice and diſobey,
And you muſt needs eſteem him at low rates,
Who ſells thee and his honour for a tear.
Er. Upon my knees I beg to be obey'd, [*She kneels.*
—But if I muſt not, here diſcharge your anger.
Phi. You are too great a Tyrant where you may.
[*Exeunt* Erminia *and* Alcippus.
Phi. Stay! Shall I let her go? ſhall her Commands,
Tho' they have power to take my Life away,
Have force to ſuffer me to injure her?
Shall ſhe be made a prey, and I permit it?
Who only have the intereſt to forbid it?
—No, let me be accurſt then. [*Offers to follow.*
Alc. What mean you, Sir?
Phi. Force the bold raviſher to reſign my right.
Alcander, is not ſhe my Wife, and I his Prince?
Alc. 'Tis true, Sir:
And y'ave both power and juſtice on your ſide;
And there are times to exerciſe 'em both.
Phi. Fitter than this, *Alcander*?
Alc. This night *Erminia*'s promiſe may repoſe you;
To morrow is your own ———
Till then I beg y'de think your intereſt ſafe.
Phi. *Alcander*, thou haſt peace about thee, and canſt Judge
Better than I, 'twixt what is juſt and fit, (*puts up his Sword.*
I hitherto believ'd my flame was guided
By perfect Reaſon, ſo we often find
Veſſels conducted by a peaceful wind,
And meet no oppoſition in their way,
Cut a ſafe paſſage through the flattering Sea;
But when a ſtorm the bounding Veſſel throws.
It does each wave with equal rage oppoſe;
For when the Seas are mad, could that be calm
Like me, it wou'd be ruin'd in the ſtorm. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Alcippus *and* Piſaro.

Piſ. 'Tis much, my Lord, you'll not be ſatisfi'd.
Alcip. Friendſhip's too near a kin to love *Piſaro*,
To leave me any Peace whilſt in your Eyes
I read Reſerves, which 'tis not kind to hide;
—Come prithee tell me what the quarrel was,
And who 'twas with, thou ſhalt, my dear *Piſaro*.
Piſ. Nay, now you urge me to impoſſibilities,
Good faith I cannot tell, but gueſs the Prince.
Alcip. 'Tis true, *Piſaro*, 'twas indeed the Prince,
But what was th' occaſion?
Piſ. He call'd me Spy, and I return'd th' affront,
But took no notice that he was my Prince;
It was a folly I repented of;
But 'twas in a damn'd melancholly Mood.
Alcip. Was it a going in or coming out.
Piſ. From whence?
Alcip. *Erminia*'s Chamber, prithee let me know,
For I have fears that take away my ſleep,
Fears that will make me mad, ſtark mad, *Piſaro*.
Piſ. You do not well to fear without a cauſe.
Alcip. O friend, I ſaw what thou canſt ne're conceive;
Laſt night I ſaw it when I came from thee:
And if thou go'ſt about t' impoſe upon me,
I'll caſt thee from my ſoul; Come out with it,
I ſee thy breaſt heave with a generous ardour,
As if it ſcorn'd to harbour a reſerve,
Which ſtood not with its Amity to me.
Could I but know my fate I could deſpiſe it:
But when 'tis clad in Robes of innocence,
The Devil cannot 'ſcape it: Something
Was done laſt night that gnaws my heart-ſtrings;
And many things the Princeſs too let fall,
Which, Gods! I know not how to put together,
And prethee be not thou a Ridler too:
But if thou knew'ſt of ought that may concern me,

Make

Make me as wiſe as thou art.
Piſ. Sir, you are of ſo ſtrange a jealous Humour,
And I, ſo ſtrangely jealous of your Honour,
That 'twixt us both we may make work enough,
But on my Soul I know no wrong you have.
Alcip. I muſt believe thee, yet methinks thy face
Has put on an unwonted gravity.
Piſ. That, *Alcippus*, you'll not wonder at,
When you ſhall know you are my Rival.
Alcip. Nay, why ſhouldſt thou delay me thus with ſtories?
This ſhall not put me off.
Piſ. Sir, I'm in earneſt, you have gain'd that heart,
For which I've receiv'd ſo many wounds,
Venturing for Trophies where none durſt appear,
To gain at my Return one ſingle ſmile:
Or that ſhe would ſubmit to hear my ſtory:
And when ſh' has ſaid, 'twas bravely done, *Piſaro*,
I thought the glory recompenc'd the toil,
And ſacrific'd my Lawrels at her feet:
Like thoſe who pay their firſt-fruits to the Gods,
To beg a bleſſing on the following crop.
And never made her other ſigns of Love,
Nor knew I that I had that eaſie flame,
Till by her Eyes I found that ſhe was mortal,
And could love too, and that my friend is you.
Alcip. Thou haſt amaz'd me, prithee ſpeak more clearly,
Piſ. My Lord, the Princeſs has a paſſion for you,
Have I not reaſon now to be your Enemy?
Alcip. Not till I make returns:
But now I'm paſt redemption miſerable.
'Twas ſhe *Erminia* told me dy'd for me;
And I believ'd it but a ſlight of hers,
To put me from my Courtſhip.
Piſ. No, 'twas a fatal truth,
Alcippus, had'ſt thou ſeen her, whilſt the Prieſt
Was giving thee to fair *Erminia*
What languiſhment appear'd upon her Eyes?
(Which never were remov'd from thy lov'd face,)
Through which her melting Soul in drops diſtill'd,
As if ſhe meant to waſh away thy ſin,
In giving up that right belong'd to her,
Thou hadſt without my aid found out this truth,
A ſweet compoſure dwelt upon her looks
Like Infants who are ſmiling whilſt they die,
Nor knew ſhe that ſhe wept, ſo unconcern'd

And freely did her ſoul a paſſage find,
Whilſt I tranſported had almoſt forgot
The Reverence due t' her ſacred ſelf and place,
And every moment ready was to kneel
And with my lips gather the precious drops
And rob the Holy Temple of a Relique,
Fit only there t' inhabit.

Alcip. I never thought thou'dſt had this ſoftneſs in thee.
How cam'ſt thou friend to hide all this from me?

Piſ. My Lord, I knew not that I was a lover;
I felt no flame, but a Religious ardour,
That did inſpire my Soul with adoration,
And ſo remote I was from ought but ſuch,
I knew not hope, nor what it was to wiſh
For other bleſſings than to gaze upon her,
Like Heaven I thought ſhe was to be poſſeſs't.
Where carnal thoughts can no admittance find,
And had I not perceived her love to you,
I had not known the nature of my flame,
But then I found it out by Jealouſie,
And what I took for a Seraphick motion
I now decline as criminal and earthly.

Alcip. When ſhe can love to a diſcovery,
It ſhows her paſſion eminent and high,
———But I am married—to a Maid that hates me:
What help for that, *Piſaro*?
And thou haſt ſomething too to ſay of her,
What was't; for now thou haſt undone me quite.

Piſ. I have nought to ſay to her diſhonour, Sir,
But ſomething may be done may give you cauſe
To ſtand upon your Guard;
And if your Rage do not the Maſtery get,
I cannot doubt but you'll be happy yet.

Alcip. Without *Erminia* that can hardly be,
And yet I find a certain ſhame within
That will not ſuffer me to ſee the Princeſs,
I have a kind of War within my ſoul,
My love againſt my Glory and my Honour,
And I could wiſh, ———Alas I know not what,
Prithee inſtruct me.

Piſ. Sir take a reſolution to be calm
And not like men in love abandon reaſon:
———You may obſerve the actions of theſe lovers,
But be not paſſionate whate're you find.
That head-ſtrong Devil will undo us all.
If you'll be happy quit its company.

Alcip. I

Alcip. I fain would take thy counſel ——— (*pauſes.*
Piſ. —Come, clear up my Lord, and do not hang the head
Like Flowers in ſtorms; the Sun will ſhine again.
Set *Gallatea*'s charms before your eyes,
Think of the glory to divide a Kingdom.
And do not waſte your noble youth and time,
Upon a peeviſh heart you cannot gain.
This day you muſt to th' Camp, and in your abſence
I'll take upon me what I ſcorn'd laſt night,
The Office of a Spy ———
Believe me, Sir, for by the Gods I ſwear,
I never wiſh'd the glory of a Conqueſt
With half that zeal as to compoſe theſe differences.
Alcip. I do believe thee, and will tell thee ſomething
That paſt between the Prince and I laſt night;
And then thou wilt conclude me truly miſerable. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Enter Falatius, Labree, *as paſſing by meet* Cleontius.

Cle. Your Servant, my Lord.
——ſo coldly, ſtay—your reaſon, Sir. [Fal. *puts off his Hat a little, and paſſes on.*
Fal. How mean you, Sir?
Cle. Do you not know me?
Fal. Yes, I have ſeen you, and think you are *Cleontius*,
A Servant of the Princes; wert i'th' Campagnia too,
If I miſtake not.
Cle. Can you recal me by no better inſtances?
Fal. What need of any pray?
Cle. I am a Gentleman.
Fal. Ha, *Labree*, what means he now?
By *Jove* I do not queſtion it *Cleontius*:
What need this odd Punctilio?
I call thee to no account.
Cle. That's more than I can ſay to you, Sir.
Fal. I'll excuſe you for that.
Cle. You ſhall not need, Sir; ſtay, I have a Siſter.
Fal. Oh the Devil, now he begins.
Cle. A handſome Siſter too, or you deceiv'd her.
Lab. Bear up, Sir, be not huſt. [*Aſide.*
Fal. It may be ſo, but is ſhe kind, *Cleontius*? [Fal. *bears up.*
Cle. What mean you by that word?

Lab. A-

Lab. Again, Sir, here's two to one. [*aside.*
Fal. Will she do reason, or so, you understand me.
Cle. I understand that thou'rt an impudent fellow,
Whom I must cudgel into better manners.
Fal. Pox on't, who bears up now, *Labree?*
Cle. Beat till thou dost confess thou art an Ass:
And on thy knees confess it to *Isillia*,
Who after that shall scorn thee.
Lab. Rally with him, Sir, 'tis your only way, and
Put it off with a jest, for he's in fury, but dares not
Strike i'th' Court.
Fal. But must you needs do this, needs fight *Cleontius?*
Cle. Yes, by all means, I find my self inclin'd to't.
Fal. You shall have your desire, Sir, farewel.
Cle. When, and where?
Fal. Faith very suddenly, for I think it will not be
Hard to find men of your trade,
Men that will fight as long as you can do,
And Men that love it much better than I,
Men that are poor and damn'd, fine desperate Rogues,
Rascals that for a Pattacoon a Man
Will fight their Fathers,
And kiss their Mothers into peace again.
Such, Sir, I think will fit you?
Cle. Abusive Coward, hast thou no sence of honour?
Fal. Sence of honour, ha, ha, ha, poor *Cleontius.*

Enter Aminta *and* Olinda.

Am. How now, Servant, why so jovial?
Fal. I was laughing Madam—at—
Cle. At what, thou thing of nothing———
Am. Cozen *Cleontius* you are angry.
Cle. Madam, it is unjustly then, for fools
Should rather move the Spleen to mirth than anger.
Am. You've too much wit to take ought ill from him,
Let's know your quarrel.
Fal. By *Jove*, *Labree*, I am undone again.
Cle. Madam, it was about———
Fal. Hold, dear *Cleontius*, hold, and I'll do any thing.
[*Aside.*
Cle. Just nothing——
Fal. He was a little too familiar with me———
Cle. Madam, my Sister *Isillia*———

Fal. A

Fal. A curſe he will out with it—— [*Aſide pulls him*
Cle. Confeſs ſhe is your Miſtreſs. [*Aſide.* *by the Arm.*
Fal. I call my Miſtreſs, Madam.
Am. My Cozen *Iſillia* your Miſtreſs,
Upon my word you are a happy Man.
Fal. By *Jove* if ſhe be your Cozen, Madam,
I love her much the better for't.
Am. I am beholding to you,
But then it ſeems I have loſt a Lover of you.
Cle. Confeſs ſhe has, or I'll ſo handle you. [*Exit* Labree.
Fal. That's too much, *Cleontius*—— but I will,
By *Jove*, Madam, I muſt not have a Miſtreſs that
Has more Wit than my ſelf, they ever require
More than a Man's able to give them.
Oli. Is this your way of Courtſhip to *Iſillia?* (*Exit* Cle.
Fal. By *Jove*, Ladies, you get no more of that from me,
'Tis that has ſpoiled you all; I find *Alcander* can
Do more with a dumb ſhow, than I with all my
Applications and Addreſs.
Oli. Why, my Brother can ſpeak.
Fal. Yes, if any body durſt hear him, by *Jove* if you
Be not kind to him, he'll hector you all; I'll get
The way on't too, 'tis the moſt proſperous one; I ſee
No other reaſon you have to love *Alcander*
Better than I.
Am. Why ſhould you think I do?
Fal. Devil I ſee't well enough by your continual
Quarrls with him.
Am. Is that ſo certain a proof?
Fal. Ever while you live, you treat me too
Well ever to hope.

Enter Alcander, *kneels, offers his Sword to* Aminta.

—What new Maſquerade's this? by *Jove*, *Alcander*
Has more tricks than a dancing Bear.
Am. What mean you by this preſent?
Alcan. Kill me.
Am. What have you done to merit it?
Alcan. Do not ask, but do't.
Am. I'll have a reaſon firſt.
Alcan. I think I've kill'd *Piſaro.*
Am. My Brother dead! [*She falls into the*
Fal. Madam look up, 'tis I that call *arms of* Oli.

Am. I

Am. I care not who thou beeſt, but if a Man
Revenge me on *Alcander.* [*She goes out with* Olin.
Fal. By *Jove* ſhe has miſtook her Man.
This 'tis to be a Lover now,
A Man's never out of one broil or other.
But I have more Wit than *Aminta* this bout. [*Offers to go.*
Alcan. Come back and do your duty e're you go. [*Pulls him.*
Fal. I owe you much, *Alcander.*
Alcan. *Aminta* ſaid you ſhould revenge her on me—
Fal. Her word's not Law I hope.
Alcan. And I'll obey———
Fal. That may do much indeed. [Fal. *anſwers with great ſigns of fear.*
Alcan. This, if thou wert a Man, ſhe bad thee do,
Why doſt thou ſhake?
Fal. No, no, Sir, I am not the man ſhe meant.
Alcan. No matter, thou wilt ſerve as well.
A Lover! and canſt diſobey thy Miſtreſs?
Fal. I do diſown her ſince ſhe is ſo wicked
To bid me kill my friend,
Why, thou'rt my friend, *Alcander.*
Alcan. I'll forgive thee that.
Fal. So will not his Majeſty: I may be hang'd for't.
Alcan. Thou ſhouldſt be damn'd e're diſobey thy Miſtreſs.
Fal. Theſe be degrees of Love I am not yet arriv'd
At, when I am, I ſhall be as ready to be damn'd
In honour as any lover of you all.
Alcan. Owns, Sir, d'ye rally with me?
Fal. Your pardon, ſweet *Alcander*, I proteſt I am
Not in ſo gay an humour.
Alcan. For well I had forgot my ſelf. (*Exit.*
Fal. Stark mad, by *Jove*—yet it may be not, for
Alcander has many unaccountable humours;
Well, if this be agreeable to *Aminta*, ſhe's e'ne as
Mad as he, and 'twere great pity to part them.

Enter Piſaro, Aminta *and* Olinda.

Am. Well, have you kill'd him?
Fal. Some wiſer than ſome, Madam.
—My Lord—what alive?———
Piſ. Worth two dead men, you ſee. (*See* Piſaro *runs to him*
Fal. That's more than I could have ſaid *and embraces him.*
Within this half hour.
Alcander's a very *Orlando*, by *Jove*, and gone to

Seek

Seek out one that's madder yet than himself, that will
Kill him.

Am. Oh, dear *Falatius*, run and fetch him back.

Fal. Madam, I have so lately 'scap'd a scouring,
That I wish you would take it for a mark
Of my passion to disobey you, for he is in a damn'd
Humour.

Am. He's out of it by this, I warrant you;
But do not tell him that *Pisaro* lives.

Fal. That's as I shall find occasion. [Fal. *Exit.*

Pis. *Alcander* is a worthy youth and brave,
I wish you would esteem him so;
'Tis true, there's now some difference between us,
Our interest are dispos'd to several ways,
But time and management will joyn us all:
I'll leave you, but prithee make it thy business
To get my Pardon for my last nights rudeness.

Am. I shall not fail. [*Exit.*

Enter Alcander *melancholly.*

Fal. Here, Madam, here he is.

Am. Tell me, *Alcander*, why you treat me thus?
You say you love me, if I could believe you.

Alcan. Believe a man, away, you have no wit,
I'll say as much to every pretty woman.

Am. But I have given you no cause to wrong me.

Alcan. That was my fate, not fault, I knew him not:
But yet to make up my offence to you,
Offer you my life: For I'm undone,
If any faults of mine should make you sad.

Am. Here, take your Sword again, my Brother's well.
[*She gives him the Sword again.*

Fal. Yes, by *Jove*, as I am: you had been finely
Serv'd, if I had kill'd you now.

Am. What sorry for the news, ha, ha, ha.

Alcan. No, sorry; y'are a woman, a meer woman.

Am. Why did you ever take me for a man? ha, ha.

Alcan. Thy Soul, I thought, was all so; but I see
You can have your weakness, can dissemble too;
—— I would have sworn that sorrow in your face
Had been a real one:
Nay, you can die in jest: you can, false Woman:
I hate thy Sex for this.

Fal. By *Jove* there is no truth in them, that's flat.
[*She looks ſad.*

Alcan. Why that repentant look, what new deſign?
—Come, now a tear or two to ſecond that,
And I am ſoft again, a very Aſs.
—But yet that look would call a Saint from th' Alter,
And make him quite forget his Ceremony,
Or take thee from his Deity:
—But yet thou haſt a very Hell within,
Which thoſe bewitching Eyes draw Souls into.

Fal. Here's he that fits you, Ladies.

Am. Nay, now y'are too unjuſt, and I will leave you.
[*Holds her.*

Alcan. Ah, do not go, I know not by what Magick,
But as you move, my ſoul yields that way too.

Fal. The truth on't is, ſhe has a ſtrong Magnetick Power, that I find.

Alcan. But I would have none find it but my ſelf,
No ſoul but mine ſhall ſympathize with hers.

Fal. Nay, that you cannot help.

Alcan. Yes but I can, and take it from thee, if I thought it did ſo.

Ol. No quarrels here, I pray.

Fal. Madam, I owe a Reverence to the place.

Alcan. I'll ſcarce allow thee that;
Madam, I'll leave you to your Lover.

Am. I hate thee but for ſaying ſo.

Alcan. Quit him then.

Am. So I can and thee too. [*Offers to go out.*

Alcan. The Devil take me if you 'ſcape me ſo.
[*Goes after her.*

Fal. And I'll not be out-done in importunity. [*Goes after.*

ACT III. SCENE III.

Enter Gallatea *and* Erminia.

Er. And 'tis an act below my Quality,
Which, Madam, will not ſuffer me to flie.

Gall. Erminia, e'er you boaſt of what you are:
Since you're ſo high I'll tell you what you are:
Your Father was our General 'tis true,
That title juſtly to his Sword was due;
'Twas nobly gaind, and worth his blood and toils,
Had he been ſatisfi'd with noble ſpoils;

But

But with that ſingle honour not content,
He needs muſt undermine the Government;
And 'cauſe he had gain'd the Army to his ſide,
Believ'd his Treaſon muſt be juſtifi'd.
For this (and juſtly) he was baniſh'd,
Where whilſt a low and unknown life he led,
Far from the hope and glory of a Throne,
In a poor humble Cottage you were born,
Your early beauty did it ſelf diſplay,
Nor could no more conceal it ſelf than day:
Your eyes did firſt *Philander*'s ſoul inſpire,
And Fortune too conform'd her to his fire.
That made your Father greater than before,
And what he juſtly loſt that did reſtore.
'Twas that which firſt thy beauty did diſcloſe,
Which elſe had wither'd like an unſeen Roſe;
'Twas that which brought thee to the Court, and there
Diſpos'd thee next my ſelf, i'th' higheſt Sphere:
Alas obſcurely elſe thou'ſt liv'd and di'd,
Not knowing thy own Charms, nor yet this Pride.

Er. Madam in this your Bounty is ſevere,
Be pleas'd to ſpare that repetition here.
I hope no Action of my live ſhould be
So rude to charge your generoſity:
But, Madam, do you think it juſt to pay
Your great obligements by ſo falſe a way?
Alcippus paſſion merits ſome return,
And ſhould that prove but an ingrateful ſcorn;
Alas I am his Wife, to diſobey
My fame as well as duty I betray.

Gall. Perfidious Maid, I might have thought thou'dſt prove
Falſe to thy Prince, and Rival in my Love.
I thought too juſtly he that conquer'd me
Had a ſufficient power to captive thee;
Thou'ſt now reveng'd thy Fathers ſhame and thine
In taking thus *Philander*'s life and mine. [Er. *weeps.*

Er. Ah Madam, that you would believe my tears,
Or from my Vows, but ſatisfie your fears.
By all the Gods *Alcippus* I do hate,
And would do any thing to change my fate;
Ought that were juſt and noble I dare do.

Gall. Enough, *Erminia*, I muſt credit you,
And will no other proof of it require,
But that you'll now ſubmit to my deſire;
Indeed *Erminia*, you muſt grant my ſuit,
Where Love and Honour calls, make no diſpute.

Pity a youth that never lov'd before,
Remember 'tis a Prince that does adore;
Who offers up a heart that never found
It could receive, till from your Eyes a wound.
Er. To your command ſhould I ſubmit to yield,
Where could I from *Alcippus* be conceal'd?
What could defend me from his jealous rage.
Gall. Truſt me, *Erminia*, I'll for that engage.
Er. And then my Honour by that flight's o'rethrown.
Gall. That being *Philander*'s he'll preſerve his own;
And that *Erminia*, ſure will ne're diſtruſt.
Er. Ah, Madam, give me leave to fear the worſt.

Enter Aminta.

Am. Madam, *Alcippus* waits for your Commands,
He's going to the Camp.
Gall. Admit him.

Enter Alcippus *and* Piſaro.

Gall. *Alcippus*, 'tis too ſoon to leave *Erminia*.
Alcip. I wiſh ſhe thought ſo, Madam,
Or could believe with what regret I do ſo;
She then would think my faults were much too ſmall,
For ſuch a Pennance as my Soul muſt ſuffer.
Am. No matter, Sir, you have the year before you.
Alcip. Yes, Madam, ſo has every Galley-Slave,
That knows his toil, but not his recompence;
To morrow I expect no more content,
Than this uneaſie day afforded me;
And all before me is but one grand piece
Of endleſs grief and madneſs:
—You, Madam, taught *Erminia* to be cruel:
A Vice without your aid ſhe could have learnt;
And now to exerciſe that new-taught Art,
She tries the whole experience on my heart.
Gall. If ſhe do ſo, ſhe learnt it not of me;
I love, and therefore know no cruelty:
Such out-rage cannot well with love reſide,
Which only is the mean effect of Pride:
—I merit better thoughts from you, *Alcippus*.
Alcip. Pardon me, Madam, if my paſſion ſtray, [*He kneels*
Beyond the limits of my high reſpect;
—'Tis a rude guſt, and merits your reproaches:
But yet the ſawcy flame can ne're controul

That adoration which I owe my Princeſs:
That, with Religion, took poſſeſſion here.
And in my Prayers I mix with you the Deities.
Gall. I had rather you ſhould treat me as a Mortal,
Riſe and begin to do ſo. [*Riſes and bows.*
Alcip. Now, Madam, what muſt I expect from you?
Er. *Alcippus*, all that's to your Vertue due.
Alcip. In that but common juſtice you allow.
Er. That juſtice, Sir, is all I can beſtow.
Alcip. In juſtice then you ought to me reſign,
That which the Holy Prieſt intitled mine;
Yet that, without your heart, I do deſpiſe,
For uncompell'd I'd have that ſacrifice:
—Come eaſe me of that pain that preſſes here,
Give me but hope that may ſecure my fear,
I'm not aſham'd to own my Soul poſſeſt
With Jealouſie, that takes away my reſt.
—Tell me you'll Love, or that my Suit is vain,
Do any thing to eaſe me of my pain.
Gods, Madam, why do you keep me in ſuſpence,
This cannot be the effects of innocence;
By Heaven I'll know the cauſe, where e're it lies,
Nor ſhall you fool me with your feign'd diſguiſe.
Piſ. You do forget your promiſe, and this preſence.
[*Aſide to* Alcip.
Alcip. 'Twas kindly urg'd, prithee be near me ſtill,
And tell me of the faults that look unmanly.
Gall. Dear, if thou lov'ſt me, flatter him a little.
[*to* Er. *aſide.*
Er. 'Tis hard to do, yet I will try it, Madam.
Gall. I'll leave you that you may the better do ſo.
—I hope *Alcippus* You'll reviſit us,
With Lovers ſpeed:
And whatſoever treatment now you find,
At your return you'll find us much more kind. [*He bows, ſhe goes out.*
Alcip. Can you forgive the raſhneſs of a m n,
That knows no other Laws but thoſe of paſſion?
Er. You are unkind to think I do not, Sir.
—Yes, and am grown ſo ſoftned by my pity,
That I'm afraid I ſhall neglect my Vows,
And to return your paſſion, grow ingrate.
Alcip. A few more ſyllables expreſs'd like theſe,
Will raiſe my Soul up to the worſt extream,
And give me with your ſcorn an equal torment.

Er. See what power your language has upon me. [*weeps.*
Alcip. Ah, do not weep, a tear or two's enough,
For the Completion of your Cruelty,
That when it fail'd to exercise your will,
Sent those more powerful weapons from your Eyes,
And what by your severity you mist of,
These (but a more obliging way) perform.
Gently, *Erminia*, pour the Balsom in,
That I may live, and taste the sweets of Love.
—Ah should you still continue as you are,
Thus wondrous good, thus excellently fair.
I should retain my growing name in War,
And all the glories I have ventur'd for,
And fight for Crowns to recompence thy Bounty.
—This can your smiles, but when those beams are clouded,
Alas, I freeze to very Cowardice,
And have not Courage left to kill my self.
Er. A fate more glorious do's that life attend,
And does preserve you for a Nobler end.
Alcip. *Erminia* do not sooth my easie heart,
For thou my Fate, and thou my Fortune art;
Whatever other blessings Heaven design,
Without my dear *Erminia*, I'll decline.
Yet, Madam, let me hope before I go,
In pity that you ought to let me do.
'Tis all you shall allow m' impatient heart.
Er. That's what against my will I must impart:
But wish it please the Gods when next we meet,
We might as friends, and not as Lovers greet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

Enter Gallatea *and* Aminta *met by* Philander *and* Alcander.

Phi. SO hasty, Sister!
Gall. Brother, I am glad to meet you.
Aminta has some welcome News for you.
Am. My Lord!
Erminia yet is hardly brought to yield.
She wants but some encouragement from you,
That may assist her weakness to subdue,

And

And 'twas but faintly she deny'd to see you.
Phi. However, I will venture,
She can but chide, and that will soon be past:
A Lovers anger is not long to last.
Am. Isillia I have won to give you entrance.
Phi. Love furnish me with powerful arguments:
Direct my Tongue that my disorder'd sence
My speak my passion more than Eloquence. [*Aside.*
Gall. But is *Alcippus* gone?
Alcan. Madam, an hour since.
Phi. 'Tis well; and Sister,
Whilst I perswade *Erminia* to this flight;
Make it your business to perswade the King,
Hang on his neck, and kiss his willing cheek:
Tell him how much you love him, and then smile,
And mingle words with kisses; 'twill o'recome him:
Thou hast a thousand pretty flatteries.
Which have appeas'd his highest fits of passion:
A Song from thee has won him to that rest,
Which neither toil nor silence could dispose him to.
Thou know'st thy power, and now or never use it.
Gal. 'Twas thither I was going.
Phi. May'st thou be prosperous. [*Exeunt* Phi. *and* Gall.

Aminta *and* Alcander *stay*

Am. What now, *Alcander*?
Alcan. As 'twas, *Aminta.*
Am. How's that?
Alcan. Such a distracted Lover as you left me.
Am. Such as I found you too, I fear, *Alcander.*
Alcan. Ah, Madam, do not wrong me so,
Till now, I never knew the joys and sorrows
That do attend a soul in love like mine,
My passion only fits the object now,
I hate to tell you so, 'tis a poor low means
To gain a Mistress by, of so much wit,
Aminta you're above that common rate
Of being won.
Mean beauties should be flatter'd into praise,
Whilst you need only sighs from every lover
To tell you who you conquer, and not how,
Nor to instruct you what attracts you have.
Am. This will not serve to convince me,
But you have lov'd before.

Alcan. And will you never quit that error Madam?
Am. 'Tis what I've reaſon to believe, *Alcander*
And you can give me none for loving me,
I'm much unlike *Lucinda* whom you fight for,
I'm not ſo coy, nor ſo reſerv'd as ſhe;
Nor ſo deſigning as *Florana* your next Saint,
Who ſtarv'd you up with hope, till you grew weary,
And then *Ardelia*, did reſtore that loſs,
The little ſoft *Ardelia*, kind and fair too.
Alcan You think you're wondrous witty now *Aminta*,
But hang me if you be.
Am. Indeed *Alcander*, no 'tis ſimple truth,
Then for your bouncing Miſtreſs long *Brunetta*,
O that Majeſtick Garb, 'tis ſtrangely taking,
That ſcornful look, and Eyes that ſtrike all dead
That ſtand beneath them,
Alcander, I have none of all theſe charms,
But well, you ſay you love me; could you be
Content to diſmiſs theſe petty ſharers in your heart,
And give it all to me: on theſe conditions
I may do much.
Alcan. Aminta, more perhaps than I may like,
Am. Do not fear that, *Alcander*.
Alcan. Your jealouſie incourages that fear.
Am. If I be ſo, I'm the fitter for your humour.
Alcan. That's another reaſon for my fears; that ill
Luck owes us a ſpight, and will be ſure to pay us with
Loving one another, a thought I dread,
Farewel, *Aminta*; when I can get looſe from
Ardelia, I may chance wait on you, till then
Your own Pride be your Companion. [*Holds him.*
Am. Nay, you ſhall not go, *Alcander*.
Alcan. Fy on't, thoſe looks have loſt their wonted
Force, I knew you'd call'd me back to ſmile upon me,
And then you have me ſure; no, no, *Aminta*,
I'll no more of that. [*Goes out.*
Am. I have too much betray'd my paſſion for him,
—I muſt recall it, if I can I muſt,
—I will—for ſhould I yield, my power's o'rethrown,
And what's a Woman when that glory's gone.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Enter Alcippus *and* Piſaro.

Piſ. You ſeem'd then to be pleas'd with what ſhe ſaid.
Alcip. And then methought I was ſo,
But yet even then I fear'd ſhe did diſſemble
—Gods, what's a Man poſſeſt with jealouſie?
Piſ. A ſtrange wild thing, a lover without reaſon,
I once have prov'd the torture on't,
But as unlike to thine as good from evil;
Like fire in Limbecks, mine was ſoft and gentle,
Infuſing kindly heat till it diſtill'd
The ſpirits of the Soul out at my Eyes,
And ſo it ended.
But thine's a raging fire which never ceaſes
Till it has quite deſtroy'd the goodly Edifice
Where it firſt took beginning;
Faith ſtrive Sir, to ſuppreſs it.
Alcip. No, I'll let run to its extent
And ſee what then 'twill do.
Perhaps 'twill make me mad, or end my life,
Either of which will eaſe me.
Piſ. Neither of theſe, *Alcippus*,
It will unman you, make you too deſpis'd;
And thoſe that now admire, will pity you.
Alcip. What wouldſt thou have me do?
Am I not ty'd a ſlave to follow love,
Whilſt at my back freedom and honour waits,
And I have loſt the power to welcome them?
Like thoſe who meet a Devil in the night,
And all affrighted gaze upon the fury,
But dare not turn their backs to what they fear,
Though ſafety lie behind them.
Alas! I would as willingly as thoſe
Fly from this Devil Love.
Piſ. You may, like thoſe affrighted, by degrees
Allay your ſence of terror in the object,
And then its power will leſſen with your fear,
And 'twill be eaſie to forgo the fantaſm.
Alcip. No, then like the damn'd Ghoſt it follows me.

Piſ. Let

Phi. Let reaſon then approach it, and examine it.
Alcip. Love is a ſurly and a lawleſs Devil
And will not anſwer reaſon.
I muſt incounter it ſome other way,
For I will lay the Fiend.
Piſ. What would you have, *Alcippus* ?
Alcip. I'd have fair play, *Piſaro.*
—I find the cheat, and will not to the Camp;
—Thou ſhalt ſupply my place, and I'll return:
The Night grows on, and ſomething will be done
That I muſt be acquainted with.
Piſ. Pardon me, Sir, if I refuſe you here;
I find you're growing up to jealouſies,
Which I'll not truſt alone with you.
Alcip. Thou know'ſt perhaps of ſomething worthy it.
Piſ. I muſt confeſs, your paſſions give me cauſe,
If I had any ſecrets to conceal them,
But 'tis no time nor place to make diſputes in:
Will you to Horſe?
Alcip. Will you not think fit I ſhould return then?
I can be calm.
Piſ. What is't you mean by this return *Alcippus* ?
Alcip. To ſee *Erminia,* is not that enough
To one in love, as I am ?
Piſ. But, Sir, ſuppoſe you find *Philander* there ?
Alcip. Then I ſuppoſe I ſhall not much approve on't.
Piſ. You would be at your laſt nights rage again.
Alcippus this will ruine you for ever,
Nor is it all the power you think you have
Can ſave you, if he once be diſoblig'd.
Believe me 'twas the Princeſs's paſſion for you
Made up that breach laſt night.
Alcip. All this I know as well as you *Piſaro,*
But will not be abus'd; alas, I'm loſt,
Could I recal theſe two laſt days are paſt,
Ah I ſhould be my ſelf again, *Piſaro.*
I would refuſe theſe fetters which I wear,
And be a ſlave to nothing but to glory.
Piſ. That were a reſolution worthy of you.
—But come 'tis late, what you reſolve conclude.
Alcip. I am reſolv'd I will not to the Camp,
A ſecret inclination does perſwade me
To Viſit my *Erminia* to night.
Piſ. Comes it from Love or Jealouſie ?
Alcip. The firſt good, faith *Piſaro;* thou'rt ſo fearful--
You ſhall t'th' Camp before

And I'll be with you early in the Morning.
Piſ. Give me your hand, and promiſe to be calm.
Alcip. By all our friendſhips, as the Weſtern Winds,
[*Gives his hand.*
Nothing that's done ſhall e'ere inrage me more,
Honour's the Miſtreſs I'll henceforth adore. (*Exit.*
Piſ. I will not truſt you though. [*goes out another way.*

ACT IV. SCENE III. *The Court Gallery.*

Enter Philander *and* Alcander *in their Cloaks muff'd as in the dark.*

Alcan. Iſillia? [*Calls at the lodgings of* Erminia.
Iſil. Who's there?
Alcan. A friend.
Iſill. My Lord *Alcander*?
Alcan. The ſame.
Iſill. Where's the Prince?
Phi. Here *Iſillia.*
Iſill. Give me your hand my Lord, and follow me.
Phi. To ſuch a Heaven as thou conducteſt me to,
Though thou ſhould'ſt traverſe Hell I'd follow thee.
Alcan. You'll come back in charity *Iſillia*?
Iſill. Yes, if I dare truſt you alone with me. [*They go all in.*

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Draws off, diſcovers Erminia *in an undreſs, ſitting to her* Philander, *who falls at her feet, on his knees.*

Er. My Lord the Prince, what makes your Highneſs here?
Phi. Erminia, why do you ask that needleſs queſtion?
'Twas Love, Love that's unſatisfied, which brought me hither.
[*kneels.*
Er. Riſe, Sir, this poſture would become me better,
Phi. Permit me, dear *Erminia,*——to remain thus.
'Tis only by theſe ſigns I can expreſs
What my confuſion will not let me utter.
I know—not what ſtrange power thou bear'ſt about thee,
But at thy ſight or touch my ſenſe forſakes me,
And that, withal I had deſign'd to ſay,

Turns

Turns to a ſtrange diſorder'd rapture in me.
——Oh *Erminia*——
Er. How do you, Sir?
Phi. I am not well;
Too ſuddenly I paſs from one extream
To this of joy, more inſupportable,
But I ſhall re-aſſume my health anon,
And tell thee all my ſtory.
Er. Dear Sir, retire into this inner room,
And there repoſe a while.
Alas, I ſee diſorder in your face.
Phi. This confidence of me, is generous in thee.
[*They go into the Scene which draws over.*

ACT IV. SCENE V. [*The Court Gallery.*

Enter Alcippus.

Alcip. The night is calm and ſilent as my thoughts,
Where nothing now but loves ſoft whiſpers dwell;
Who in as gentle terms upbraids my rage,
Which ſtrove to diſpoſſeſs the Monarch thence;
It tells me how diſhoneſt all my fears are,
And how ungrateful all my Jealouſies,
And prettily perſwade thoſe Infidels
To be leſs rude and mutinous hereafter.
Ah that I could remain in this ſame ſtate
And be contented with this Monarchy:
I would, if my wild multitude of paſſions
Could be appeas'd with it, but they're for liberty,
And nothing but a common-wealth within
Will ſatisfie their appetite of freedom.
——Pride, Honour, Glory, and Ambition ſtrive
How to expel this Tyrant from my Soul,
But all too weak tho reaſon ſhould aſſiſt them. [*He knocks.*
[Alcander *looks out at the door.*
Alcan. Who's there?
Alcip. A friend.
Iſill. OhHeavens, it is my Lord *Alcippus* voice.
Alcan. Peace, *Iſillia.*
Alcip. I hear a man within—open the door.
Now Love defend thy intereſt, or my jealouſie
Will grow the mightier Devil of the two elſe. [Alc. *comes out.*
—Who's

—Who' this ? one muffled in a Cloak :
What art thou, who at this dead time of Night
Haſt taken poſſion here ?
—Speak, or I'll kill thee.
Alean. This were an opportunity indeed,
To do my Prince a ſervice, but I dare not.
Alcip. What dareſt not do ?
Alcan. Not kill thee.
Alcan. Is that thy buſineſs then ? have at thee, ſlave ;
[*Runs at him.*
I'll ſpoil your keeping doors.
(*They fight, and grapling* Alcander *gets the Sword of* Alcippus.
Alcip. He'as got my Sword, however, I'll loſe no time :
It may be 'tis his office to detain me. (*He goes in.*
Alcan. I'm wounded, yet I will not leave him ſo ;
There may be mifchief in him, though unarm'd. (*goes in.*

ACT IV. SCENE VI. *A Bed-chamber.*

Diſcovers Erminia, Philander *ſitting on the Bed, to them* Iſillia, *a Sword and Hat on the Table.*

Iſill. Ah, Madam, *Alcippus.*
Er. *Alcippus*, where ?
Iſill. I left him in a quarrel with *Alcander*,
And hear him coming up.
Er. For Heavens ſake, Sir, ſubmit to be conceal'd.
Phi. Not for the world *Erminia.*
My innocence ſhall be my guard and thine.
Er. Upon my knees I beg you'll be conceal'd. (*A noiſe.*
He comes, *Philander*, for my ſafety go.
Phi. I never did obey with more regret.
(*He hides himſelf behind the bed, and in haſte leaves his Sword and Hat on the Table,* Alcippus *comes in.*
Alcip. How now, *Erminia* ?
How come it you are up ſo late ?
Er. I found my ſelf not much inclin'd to ſleep ;
I hope 'tis no offence.
Why do you look ſo wildly round about you ?
Alcip. Methinks *Erminia* you are much confus'd.
Er. Alas you cannot blame me ;
Iſillia tells me you were much inrag'd
Againſt a Lover ſhe was entertaining.
Alcan. A Lover—was that a time for Courtſhip ?
Such Actions, Madam, will reflect on you.

(Iſillia

(Iſillia *goes to take the Hat and Sword and ſlide into her lap, which he ſees, calls to her.*

—What have you there, *Iſillia?*
Come back, and let me ſee what 'tis. (*He takes them from her.*
—ha—a Sword and Hat—*Erminia*, whoſe be theſe?

Er. Why do you ask———

Alcip. To be inform'd, is that ſo great a wonder?

Er. They be my Father's, Sir———

Alcip. Was that well ſaid *Erminia*—ſpeak again.

Er. What is't you would know?

Alcip. The truth, *Erminia*, 'twould become you beſt.
Do you think I take theſe things to be your Fathers?
No, treacherous Woman, I have ſeen this ſword.
(*Draws the Sword.*
Worn by a Man more vigorous than thy Father,
It had not elſe been here.
—Where have you hid this mighty Man of valour?
Have you exhauſted ſo his ſtock of courage
He has not any left t' appear withal.

Phi. Yes, baſe *Alcippus*, I have ſtill that Courage,
Th' effects of which thou haſt beheld with wonder,
And now being fortified by Innocence,
Thou't find ſufficient to chaſtiſe thy boldneſs,
Reſtore my Sword and prove the truth of this.

Alcip. I've hardly ſo much calmneſs left to anſwer
Thee, and tell thee Prince thou art deceiv'd in me.
—I know 'tis juſt I ſhould reſtore thy Sword,
But thou haſt ſhow'd the baſeſt of thy play,
And I'll return th' uncivil Treachery,
You merit death for this baſe injury.
But you're my Prince, and that I own you ſo,
Is all remains in me of fence or juſtice;
The reſt is rage, which if thou gett'ſt not hence
Will eat up that ſmall morſel too of reaſon,
And leave me nothing to preſerve thy life with.

Phi. Gods, am I tame, and hear the Traytor brave me,
(*Offers to run into him.*
I have reſentment left, though nothing elſe.

Alcip. Stand off, by all that's good I'll kill thee elſe.
(Er. *puts her ſelf between.*

Er. Ah hold, Sir, hold, the Prince has no defence,
And you are more than arm'd, (*To* Alcip.
What honour is't to let him murther you? (*To the Prince.*
——— Nor would your fame be leſſen'd by retreat.

Phi. Alas

Phi. Alas I dare not leave thee here with him.
Er. Truſt me, Sir, I can make him calm again.
Alcip. She counſels well, and I adviſe you take it.
Phi. I will, but not for fear of thee or death,
But from th' aſſurance that her power's ſufficient
To allay this unbecoming fury in thee,
And bring thee to repentance.
(*He gives him his Sword*; Philander *goes out* Alcippus *locks the door after him.*
Er. Alcippus, what do you mean?
Alcip. To know where 'twas you learn'd this impudence?
Which you're too cunning in,
Not to have been a ſtale practioner,
Er. Alas, what will you do?
Alcip. Preſerve thy ſoul, if thou haſt any ſenſe
Of future joys, after this vile damn'd action.
Er. Ah, what have I done?
Alcip. That which if I ſhould let thee live, *Erminia*,
Would never ſuffer thee to look abroad again.
—Thou'ſt made thy ſelf and me———
—Oh, I dare not name the Monſters———
But I'll deſtroy them while the Gods look down,
And ſmile upon my juſtice.
(*He ſtrangles her with a Garter, which he ſnatches from his Leg.*
Er. Hold, hold, and hear my Vows of Innocence.
Alcip. Let me be damn'd as thou art if I do;
(*Throws her on a Bed, he ſits down in a Chair.*
—So now my heart, I have redeem'd thee nobly,
Sit down and pauſe a while———
—But why ſo ſtill and tame, is one poor Murther
Enough to ſatisfie thy ſtorm of paſſion,
If it were juſt it ought not here to end,
—If not—I've done too much——— (*One knocks, he riſes after a little pauſe, and opens the door, enter Page.*
Pag. My Lord, *Piſaro*———
Alcip. Piſaro, —Oh that name has wakened me,
A name 'till now had never terror in't,
—I will not ſpeak with him.
Pag. My Lord, he's here——— (Page *goes out.*

Enter Piſaro.

Piſ. Not ſpeak with me, nay then I fear the worſt.
Alcip. Not for the world, *Piſaro*— (*Hides his face with his hand, ſee* Erminia.

Piſ. Thy

Piſ. Thy guilt is here too plain,
I need not read it in thy bluſhing face,
She's dead and Pale, Ah, ſweet *Erminia.*
Alcip. If ſhe be dead, the fitter ſh's for me,
She'll now be coy no more, nor cry I cannot love,
And frown and bluſh, when I but kiſs her hand:
Now I ſhall read no terror in her Eyes,
And what is better yet, ſhall ne're be jealous.
Piſ. Why didſt thou make ſuch haſte to be undone?
Had I detain'd thee but an hour longer,
Thoud'ſt been the only happy of thy Sex.
——I knew thou didſt diſſemble when we parted,
And therefore durſt not truſt thee with thy paſſions,
I only ſtaid to gather from my Siſter,
What news I might concerning your affairs,
Which I with joy came to impart to you,
But moſt unfortunely came too late
Why didſt thou yield obedience to that Devil
Which urg'd thee to deſtroy this innocent?
Alcip. Piſaro, do not err.
I found the Prince and ſhe alone together,
He all diſorder'd like a raviſher,
Looſe and unbutton'd for the amorous play;
O that ſhe had another life to loſe.
Piſ. You wrong her moſt inhumanly, you do;
Her blood yet ſenſible of the injury
Flows to her face to upbraid thy cruelty.
—Where doſt thou mean bad man to hide thy head?
Vengeance and Juſtice will purſue thee cloſe,
And hardly leave thee time for Penitence.
—What will the Princeſs ſay to this return
You've made to all the offers ſhe has ſent
This night by Prince *Philander?*
Alcip. Oh when you name the Princeſs and *Philander.*
Such different paſſions do at once poſſeſs me,
As ſinks my over-laden Soul to Hell.
—Alaſs why do I live, 'tis loſing time,
For what is death, a pain that is ſooner ended
Than what I felt from every frown of hers.
—It was but now that lovely thing had life,
Could ſpeak and weep, and had a thouſand charms
That had oblig'd Murderer, and madneſs 't ſelf
To've been her tame adorers.
Yet now ſhould even her beſt belov'd the Prince,
With all his youth, his Beauties and deſires,

Fall at her Feet, and tell his tale of Love,
She hardly would return his amorous ſmiles,
Or pay his meeting kiſſes back again;
Is not that fine, *Piſaro*?

Piſ. Sir, 'tis no time to talk in, come with me,
For here's no ſafety for a Murtherer.

Alcip. I will not go, alas I ſeek no ſafety.
I will not now diſpute that vain reply,
but force you to ſecurity.

[Piſaro *draws him out, the Scene cloſes.*

ACT IV. SCENE VII.

Enter Philander, Alcander, Gallatea, Aminta *and* Falatius.

Fal. Ah fly, Sir, fly from what I have to tell you.

Alcan. What's the news?

Fal. Ah, Sir, the dimmall'ſt heavy news that e're
Was told or heard.

Gall. No matter, out with it.

Fal. Erminia, Madam.

Phi. Erminia, what of her?

Fal. Is dead, Sir.

Alcan. What has thou loſt thy Wits?

Fal. I had them not about me at the ſight,
I elſe had been undone: Alas *Erminia*'s dead,
Murther'd, and dead.

Alcan. It cannot be, thou ly'ſt.

Fal. By *Jove*, I do not, Sir, I ſaw her dead,
Alas, I ran as I was wont to do,
Without demanding licence to her Chamber,
But found her not as I was wont to do, [*The Women weep.*
In a gay humour, but ſtone dead and cold.

Phi. Alcander, am I awake—or being ſo,
Doſt not perceive this ſenſeleſs fleſh of mine
Hardened into a cold benumbed Statue.
—Methinks——it does——ſupport me——or I fall
And ſo——— ſhall break to pieces ———
[*Falls into his Arms.*

Gall. Ah lovely Maid, was this thy deſtiny?
Did Heaven create thy beauties to this end?
[*He leads him out*
—I muſt diſtruſt thy bounties, who neglected
The beſt and faireſt of their handy work;

This will incourage ſin, when innocence
Muſt periſh thus, and meet with no defence.

Enter the King *and* Orgulius.

Org. If murther'd innocence do cry for Juſtice,
Can you, great Sir, make a defence againſt it?
Kin. I think I cannot.
Org. Sir, as you are Pious, as you are my King,
The Lover and Protector of your People,
Revenge *Erminia*'s Murther on *Alcippus.*
Gall. If e're my Mother, Sir, were dear to you,
As from your tears I gueſt when e're you nam'd her:
If the remembrance of thoſe charms remain,
Whoſe weak reſemblance you have found in me,
For which you oft have ſaid you lov'd me dearly;
Diſpence your mercy, and preſerve this Copy,
Which elſe muſt periſh with th' Original.
Kin. Why all this Conjuration, *Gallatea.*
Gall. To move you, Sir, to ſpare *Alcippus* life.
Kin. You are unjuſt, if you demand a life,
Muſt fall a Sacrifice to *Erminia*'s Ghoſt,
That is a debt I have ingag'd to pay.
Gall. Sir, if that promiſe be already paſt,
And that your word be irrevocable,
I vow I will not live a moment after him.
Kin. How, *Gallatea!* I'd rather hop'd you'd joyn'd
Your Prayers with his.
Gall. Ah, Sir, the late Petition which I made you
Might have inform'd you why theſe knees are bow'd,
'Twas but this night I did confeſs I lov'd him,
And you would have allow'd that paſſion in me
Had he not been *Erminia*'s,
And can you queſtion now what this addreſs meant.
Org. Remember, Sir, *Erminia* was my Daughter.
Gall. And Sir, remember that I am your Daughter.
Org. And ſhall the traytor live that murther'd her?
Gall. And will you by his death, Sir, murther me?
In dear *Erminia*'s death too much is done,
If you revenge that death, 'tis two for one.
Org. Ah, Sir, to let him live's unjuſt in you.
Gall. And killing me, you more injuſtice do.
Org. *Alcippus*, Madam, merits your love,
That could ſo cruel to *Erminia* prove.

Gall.

Gall. If Lovers could be rul'd by Reasons Laws,
For this complaint on him we'd had no cause.
'Twas Love that made him this rash act commit,
Had she been kind 't had taught him to submit.
—But might it not your present grief augment,
I'd say that you deserve this punishment,
By forcing her to marry with the General;
By which you have destroy'd *Philander* too,
And now you would *Alcippus* life undo.

Org. That was a fault of duty to your Majesty.

Kin. Tho' that were honest, 'twere not wisely done,
For had I known the passion of my Son,
And how essential 'twas to his content,
I willingly had granted my consent;
Her worth and beauty had sufficient been,
To've rais'd her to the Title of a Queen.
Did not my glorious Father, great *Gonzal*,
Marry the Daughter of his Admiral?
And I might to my Son have been as kind,
As then my Father did my Grandsire find.

Org. You once believ'd that I had guilty been,
And had the punishment, but not the sin;
I suffer'd when 'twas thought I did aspire,
And should by this have rais'd my crimes yet higher.

Kin. How did *Philander* take *Erminia*'s death?

Gall. My own surprise and grief was so extream,
I know not what effects it had in him;
But this account of him, I'm forc'd to give,
Since she is dead, I know he cannot live.

Kin. I'll know *Philander*'s fate e're I proceed,
And if he die, *Alcippus* too shall bleed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE VIII. *The Gallery.*

Enter Falatius *and* Labree.

Fal. Wert thou never valiant, *Labree*?

La. Yes, Sir, before I serv'd you, and since too, I am provok'd to give you proofs on't sometimes, for when I am angry I am a very hector.

Fal. I the Devil when a body's angry, but that's not the valour in Mode; men fight now adays without that, and even embrace whilst they draw their Swords on one another.

La. I, Sir, thoſe are men that deſpiſe their lives.
Fal. Why that's it, *Labree*, that I would learn to do,
And, which I fear, nothing but poverty will make me do,
Jove defend me from that experiment.

Enter Erminia *veil'd with a thin Taffety.*

La. What's the matter, Sir?
Does the fit take you now?
Fal. Save us, ſave us, from the Fiend.
La. A Ghoſt, a Ghoſt! O, O, O!
[*They fall ſhaking on the ground.*
Er. This was a happy miſtake,
Now I may paſs with ſafety. (*ſhe goes out.*
Fal. Look up, *Labree*, if thou haſt any of that
Courage thou ſpeakeſt of but now.
La. I dare not, Sir, experience yours I pray.
Fal. Alas, alas, I fear we are both rank Cowards.
La. Riſe, Sir, 'tis gone.
Fal. This was worſe than the fright *Alcander* put
Me into by much. (*They riſe and go out.*

ACT IV. SCENE IX.

Enter Philander *and* Cleontius.

Phi. I know he's fled to the Camp,
For there he only can ſecure himſelf.
Cle. I do not think it, Sir,
He's too brave to juſtifie an action
Which was the out-rage only of his paſſion,
That ſoon will toil it ſelf into a Calm,
And then will grow conſiderate again,
And hate the raſhneſs it provok'd him too.
Phi. That ſhall not ſerve his turn—go
Tell him I'll get his Pardon of the King,
And ſet him free from other fears of juſtice,
But thoſe which I intend to execute.
If he be brave he'll not refuſe this offer.
If not, I'll do as he has done by me,
And meet his hated Soul by treachery. (Cle. *goes out.*
—And then I've nothing more to do but die,
—Ah how agreeable are the thoughts of death,
How kindly do they entertain my Soul,

And

And tells it pretty tales of satisfaction in the other world,
That I shall dwell for ever with *Erminia* —— but stay,
That Sacred Spirit yet is unreveng'd,
——I'll send that Traytor's Soul to eternal night,
Then mine shall take its so desired flight, (*going out.*

Enter Erminia, *calls him.*

Er. Return *Philander*, whether wouldst thou fly?
Phi. What voice is that. (*Turns, sees her, and is frighted.*
Er. 'Tis I, my Prince, 'tis I.
Phi. Thou—Gods—what art thou—in that lovely shape?
Er. A Soul that from Elizium made escape [*As she comes towards him he goes back in great amaze.*
To visit thee, why dost thou steal away,
I'll not approach thee nearer than I may.
Phi. Why do I shake ——it is *Erminia*'s form ——
And can that beauty ought that's——ill adorn?
——In every part *Erminia* does appear,
And ——sure no Devil ——can inhabit there. (*He comes on and kneels, one knocks, she steals back in at a door.*
Alcan. My Lord the Prince.
Phi. Ha ——
——Oh Gods, I charge thee not to vanish yet,
I charge thee by those Powers thou dost obey,
Not to deprive me of thy blessed sight.
Er. I will revisit thee.

Enter Alcander.

Phi. I'm not content with that. (Alcan. *comes in.*
—— Stay, stay, my dear *Erminia.*
Alcan. What mean you, Sir? (*He rises and looks still affrighted.*
Phi. *Alcander*, look, look, how she glides away,
Dost thou not see't?
Alcan. Nothing, Sir, not I.
Phi. No, now she's gone again.
Alcan. You are disorder'd, pray sit down a while.
Phi. No, not at all, *Alcander*, I'm my self,
I was not in a dream, nor in a passion
When she appear'd, her face a little pale,
But else my own *Erminia*, she her self,
I mean a thing as like, nay it spoke too,
And I undaunted answer'd it again,
But when you knockt it vanisht.

Alcan. 'Twas this *Aminta* would perſwade me to,
And faith I laught at her,
And wiſh I might have leave to do ſo now.
Phi. You do diſpleaſe me with your unbelief.
Alcan. Why, Sir, do you think there can indeed be Ghoſts?
Phi. Pray do not urge my ſenſe to loſe its nature,
Er. It is *Alcander*, I may truſt him too.
[*She peeps in on them, and comes out.*
Phi. Look where ſhe comes again, credit thy Eyes,
Which did perſwade thee that they ſaw her dead.
Alcan. By Heaven and ſo they did— [*Both ſeem frighted.*
——— Gods——this—is wondrous—ſtrange; yet I can
Bear it, if it were the Devil himſelf in that fair ſhape.
Phi. And yet thou ſhakeſt ———
Alcan. I do, but know not why.
——— Inform us lovely ſpirit what thou art,
A God—or Devil, if either thou art welcome.
Er. You cannot think, *Alcander*, there be Ghoſts, [*She gives her hands to him and* Phi. *which they refuſe to touch.*
No, give me your hand and prove mine fleſh and blood,
—Sir, you were wont to credit what I ſaid,
And I would ſtill merit that kind opinion.
Phi. Erminia, ſoul of ſweetneſs, is it you?—
—How do you raviſh with exceſs of joys?
Er. Softly, dear Sir, do not expreſs that joy,
Leſt you deſtroy it by your doing ſo.
I fly for ſanctuary to your arms.
As yet none knows I live, but poor *Iſillia*,
Who bathing of my cold face with her tears,
Perceiv'd ſome ſigns of life, and us'd what means
Her love and duty did inſtruct her in,
And I in half an hour was ſo reviv'd,
—As I had ſenſe of all was paſt and done,
And to prevent a death I yet might fear,
If mad *Alcippus* had return'd again.
—Alone I came to you, where I could find
Alone my ſafety too.
Phi. From Gods and men, *Erminia*, thou art ſafe,
My beſt and bleſt *Erminia*.
Er. Sir, in my coming hither I met *Aminta*,
Whom I may fear has alarm'd all the Court;
She took me for a Ghoſt, and ran away,
E're I could undeceive her.
——— *Falatius* too, affrighted even to death.

Alcan. Faith,

Alcan. Faith that was lucky, Madam.
—Hark, ſome body knocks, you'd beſt retire a little.
[*Leads her into the door.*

Enter Gallatea *and* Aminta *lighted.*

Gall. Ah, Brother, there's ſuch news abroad.
Phi. What, dear Siſter, for I am here confin'd,
And cannot go to meet it?
Gall. *Erminia*'s Ghoſt is ſeen, and I'm ſo frighted.
Phi. You would not fear it though it ſhould appear.
Gall. Oh do not ſay ſo;
For though the world had nought I held more dear,
I would not ſee her Ghoſt for all that world.
Alcan. But, Madam, 'tis ſo like *Erminia.*
Am. Wh[illegible]e you ſeen it too?
Alcan. Y[illegible]*minta.*
Am. Then there be Ghoſts, *Alcander?*
Phi. *Aminta* we'll convince him. [Phi. *leads out* Er. *who comes out ſmiling.*
But how, dear Creature, wert thou thus preſerv'd?
Phi. Another time for that, but now let's think
[Aminta *embraces her.*
How to preſerve her ſtill.
Since all believe her dead, but who are preſent,
And that they may remain in that bleſt error
I will conſult with you; but you, my deareſt
Shall as the ſpirit of *Erminia* act,
And reap the glory of ſo good a part,
It will advance the new deſign I have,
And Siſter to your care
I muſt commit the Treaſure of my Life.
Gall. It was not kind, ſhe came not firſt to me.
Er. Madam, I fear'd the ſafety of my Prince,
And every moment that I found I liv'd,
Were more tormenting than thoſe of death,
Till I had undeceiv'd his apprehenſions.
Phi. 'Twas like thy ſelf, generous and kind, my dear,
Thou might'ſt have come too late elſe.
Er. But, Sir, pray where's my Murtherer? for yet
A better name I cannot well afford him.
Gall. All that we know of him,
Piſaro now inform'd him,
Who came juſt as he thought he had murther'd thee,
And begg'd he would provide for his own ſafety.

But he who gave him ſober promiſes,
No ſooner found himſelf out of his arms,
But frantick and i'th' dark he got away.
But out o th' Court he knows he cannot paſs,
At this dead time of night;
But he believes he is i'th' Groves or Gardens,
And thither he is gone to find him out.
Aloan. This is no place to make a longer ſtay in,
The King has many ſpies about the Prince,
'Twere good you would retire to your apartment.
Gall. We'll take your Counſel, Sir.
—Good night, Brother.
Phi. Erminia, may thy dreams be calm and ſweet
As thou haſt made my Soul,
May nothing of the cruelty that's paſt
Approach thee in a rude uneaſie thought;
Remember it not ſo much as in thy Prayers,
Let me alone to thank the God's for thee,
To whom that bleſſing only was ordain'd;
And when I loſe my gratitude to Heaven,
May they deprive me of the joys they've given.
[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Gallatea. Erminia, Piſaro, Aminta.

Gall. AND haſt thou found him? Eaſe my miſery.
Piſ. I have, and done as you commanded me.
I found him ſitting by a Fountain ſide,
Whoſe tears had power to ſwell the little tide,
Which from the Marble Statues breaſts ſtill flows:
As ſilent and as numberleſs were thoſe.
I laid me down behind a Thicket near,
Where undiſcover'd I could ſee and hear:
The Moon the day ſupply'd, and all below
Inſtructed, even as much as day could do.
I ſaw his poſtures, heard him rave and cry,
'Twas I that kill'd Erminia, *yes 'twas I*;

Then from his almoſt frantick head he'd tear
Whole handfuls of his well-becoming hair:
Thus would he till his rage was almoſt ſpent,
And then in ſofter terms he would lament;
Then ſpeak as if *Erminia* ſtill did live,
And that belief made him forget to grieve.
—The Marble Statue *Venus*, he miſtook
For fair *Erminia*, and ſuch things he ſpoke;
Such unheard paſſionate things as e'en wou'd move,
The marble Statue's ſelf to fall in love;
He'd kiſs its breaſt, and ſay ſhe kind was grown,
And never mind, alas, 'twas ſenſeleſs ſtone;
He took its hand, and to its mouth had laid it:
But that it came not, and his ſtay betray'd it;
Then would he bluſh, and all aſham'd become,
His head declining, for a while be dumb;
His arms upon his breaſt acroſs would lay,
Then ſenſibly and calmly walk away,
And in his walk a thouſand things he ſaid,
Which I forgot, yet ſomething with me ſtaid;
He did conſult the nature of the crime,
And ſtill concluded that 'twas juſt in him;
He run o're all his life, and found no act
That was un-generous in him, but this fact.
From which the Juſtice took off the diſgrace,
And might even for an act of vertue paſs;
He did conſult his glory and his pride,
And whilſt he did ſo, laid his grief aſide.
—Then was as calm as e're he ſeem'd to be.

Gall. And all this while did he ne'er mention me?

Piſ. Yes, Madam, and a thouſand things he ſaid,
By which much ſhame and paſſion he betray'd,
And then 'twas, Madam, I ſtept in and gave
Counſels, I thought him fitteſt to receive;
I ſooth'd him up, and told him that the crime
I had committed, had the caſe been mine.
I all things ſaid that might his griefs beguile,
And brought him to the ſweetneſs of a ſmile.
—To all I ſaid he lent a willing ear,
And my reproaches too at laſt did hear.
And with this inſenſibly I drew him on,
And with my flatteries ſo upon him won,
Such gentleneſs infus'd into his Breaſt,
As has diſpos'd his wearied Soul to reſt,
Sleeping upon a Couch I've left him now,
And came to render this account to you. [*Bows.*

Gall. It-

Gall. Piſaro, 'twere the office of a friend, (*bows.*
And thou'ſt perform'd it to a generous end:
Go on and proſper in this new deſign,
And when thou'ſt done the glory ſhall be thine. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE II.

Draws off, diſcovers Alcippus *riſing from the Couch.*

Alcip. I cannot ſleep, my ſoul is ſo unfurniſh'd
Of all that ſweetneſs which allow'd it reſt.
—'Tis flown, 'tis flown, for ever from my breaſt.
And in its room eternal diſcords dwell,
Such as out-do the black intrigues of Hell———
—Oh my fortune— [*Weeps, pulling out his handkerchief, drops a Picture with a glaſs on the Reverſe.*
—What's here—Alas, that which I dare not look on,
And yet, why ſhould I ſhun that Image here,
Which I continually about me bear,
But why, dear Picture, art thou ſtill ſo gay,
Since ſhe is gone from whom thoſe charms were borrow'd,
Thoſe Eyes that gave this ſpeaking life to thine,
Thoſe lovely Eyes are clos'd in endleſs darkneſs,
There's not a Star in all the face of Heaven,
But now out-ſhines thoſe Suns.
Suns at Noon day diſpens'd not kindlier influences;
And thou bleſt mirror, that haſt oft beheld
That face, which nature never made a fairer,
Thou that ſo oft her Beauties back reflected,
And made her know what wondrous power there lay
In every feature of that lovely face.
But ſhe will ſmile no more! no more! no more!
—Why, who ſhall hinder her? Death, cruel Death.
—'Twas I that murther'd her———
Thou lyeſt—thou durſt as well be damn'd to touch her,
She was all Sacred, and that impious hand
That had prophanely touch'd her,
Had wither'd from the body.
—I lov'd her——I ador'd her, and could I,
Could I approach her with unhallowed thoughts?
—No, no, I durſt not.———
But as devouteſt Pilgrims do the ſhrine,
—If I had don't,
The Gods who take the part of Innocence,
Had been reveng'd———

—Why

——Why did not Thunder ſtrike me in the Action?
Why, if the Gods be juſt, and I had don't,
Did they not ſuffer Earth to ſwallow me,
Quick—— quick into her boſom ——
——But yet I ſay again, it was not I,
——Let me behold this face,
That durſt appear in ſuch a Villany. (*He looks in the glaſs.*

Enter Piſaro *and* Erminia *dreſt like an Angel with Wings.*

Piſ. Look where he is.
Er. Alas, I tremble at the ſight of him.
Piſ. Fear nothing, Madam, I'll be near you ſtill.
Er. Pray ſtay a little longer.
Alcip.—My face has horror in't, pale and diſfigur'd,
And lean as Envy's ſelf——
My Eyes all bloody,——and my hanging lids
Like Midnight's miſchief, hide the guilty Balls,
—— And all about me calls me Murtherer:
——Oh horrid Murtherer!
That very ſound tears out my hated Soul,
——And to compleat my ruin,
I'll ſtill behold this face where Murther dwells.
He looks in the glaſs, Erminia *ſteals behind him, and looks into it over his ſhoulder; he is frighted.*
Ha—what does the Glaſs preſent me?
What art thou?—ſpeak—What art thou?
[*Turns by degrees towards it.*
—Sure I am fixt, what ſhall the Devil fright me?
—Me, ſhall he fright——
Who ſtood the Execution of a Murther?——
—But 'tis that ſhape, and not thy nature frights me?
—That calls—the blood out of my panting heart.
—That traytor heart that did conſpire thy death.
Er. Sit down and hear me——
[*In a tone like a Spirit, and points to a Chair, ſoft Muſick begins to play, which continues all this Scene.*
To diſobey, thy puniſhment ſhall be:
To live in endleſs torments, but ne're die.
Alcip. Thou threatneſt high, bold Rebel.
He ſits within the Scene, bows.
Er. Alcippus *tell me what you ſee,*
What is't that I appear to be?
Alcip. My bleſt *Erminia* Deify'd——

Er. Al-

Er. Alcippus, *you inform me true;*
I am thus Deify'd by you;
To you I owe this bleſt abode,
For I am happy as a God;
I only come to tell thee ſo,
And by that tale to end thy woe;
Know, Mighty Sir, your Joy's begun,
From what laſt night to me was done;
In vain you rave, in vain you weep,
For what the Gods muſt ever keep.
In vain you mourn, in vain deplore,
A loſs which tears can ne'r reſtore.
The Gods their mercies will diſpence,
In a more glorious Recompence;
A World of Bleſſings they've in ſtore,
A World of Honours, Vict'ries more;
Thou ſhalt the Kingdoms Darling be,
And Kings ſhall Homage pay to thee:
Thy Sword no bounds to conqueſt ſet,
And thy ſucceſs that Sword ſhall whet;
Princeſs thy Chariot wheel ſhall grace,
Whilſt thou in Triumph bring'ſt home Peace.
This will the Gods, the King yet more
Will give thee what thoſe Gods adore;
And what they did create for thee,
Alcippus *look, for that is ſhe.*

Enter the Princeſs *goes over the Stage as a Spirit, bows a little to* Alcippus, *and goes off.*

Alcip. The Princeſs! (*He offers to riſe.*
Er. *Be ſtill; 'tis ſhe you muſt poſſeſs,*
'Tis ſhe muſt make your happineſs;
'Tis ſhe muſt lead you on to find
Thoſe bleſſings Heaven has deſign'd,
'Tis ſhe'll conduct you where you'll prove
The perfect joys of grateful love.

Enter *Aminta* like *Glory*, *Alcander* repreſenting *Honour*. They paſs over, and bow, and go out.

Glory and Honour wait on her.

Enter

Enter two more repreſenting *Mars* and *Pallas*, bow and go out.

With Pallas *and the God of War,*
Fortune and Love which never agree.

Enter *Olinda* like *Fortune*, a *Page* like *Cupid*, bow and goes out.

Do now united bow to thee.
—Be wiſe, and of their Bounties ſhare,
For if Erminia *ſtill was here,*
Still ſubject to the toyls of life,
She never could have been thy Wife.
Who by the Laws of Man and Heaven
Was to anothers boſom given,
—And what Injuſtice thou haſt done
Was only to thy Prince alone;
But he has mercy, can redeem
Thoſe ills which thou haſt done to him.
—But ſee, they all return again.

[All the Diſguis'd enter again and Dance, with *Love in the midſt*, to whom as they dance, they in order make an offer of what they carry, which muſt be ſomething to repreſent them by; which *Love* refuſes with Nods, ſtill pointing to *Alcippus*, the Dance done, they lay them at his feet, or ſeem to do ſo, and go out.

What think'ſt thou of thy deſtiny,
Is't not agreeable to thee?
Tell me Alcippus *is't not brave?*
Is it not better than a Grave?
Caſt off your tears, abandon grief,
And give what you have ſeen belief.
Dreſs all your looks, and be as gay
As Virgins in the Month of May;
Deck up that face where ſorrow grows,
And let your ſmiles adorn your brows;
Recal your wonted ſweetneſs home,
And let your eyes all Love become,
For what the Gods have will'd and ſaid.
Thou haſt no power to evade.

What they decree none can withſtand,
You muſt obey what they command. [She goes out, he remains immoveable for a while.

Enter Piſaro.

Piſ. How is it man——what ſpeechleſs?
Alcip. No ———
Piſ. I left thee on the Bed, how cameſt thou here?
Alcip. I know not.
Piſ. Have you ſlept?
Alcip. Yes, ever ſince you left me.
And 'twas a kindneſs in thee now to wake me,
For ſleep had almoſt flatter'd me to Peace,
Which is a vile injuſtice.
——Ah, *Piſaro*, I had ſuch a dream,
Such a fine flattering dream
Piſ. How was it pray?
Alcip. Nay, I will forget it,
I do not merit ſo much peace of mind,
As the relation of that dream will give me,
Oh 'twas ſo perfect too,
I hardly can perſwade my ſelf I ſlept,
Doſt thou believe there may be apparitions?
Piſ. Doubtleſs, my Lord, there be.
Alcip. I never could believe it till this hour,
By Heavens I think I ſaw them too, *Piſaro.*
Piſ. 'Tis very poſſible you're not deceiv'd.
Alcip. Erminia's Spirit, in a glorious form.
Piſ. I do believe you.
Alcip. Why is't not ſtrange?
Piſ. It would have been, had I not heard already,
She has this night appear'd to ſeveral perſons,
In ſeveral ſhapes; the firſt was to the Prince,
And ſaid ſo many pretty things for you,
As has perſwaded him to pardon you.
Alcip. Oh Gods, what Fortune's mine?
I do believe the Prince is innocent
From all that thou haſt ſaid.
—But yet I wiſh he would diſpoſe his bounties
On thoſe that would return acknowledgments:
I hate he ſhould oblige me.
Piſ. You are too obſtinate, and muſt ſubmit.
Alcip. It cannot be, and yet methinks I give
A ſtrange and ſudden credit to this Spirit,
It beckned me into another room;
I'll follow it, and know it's buſineſs there. (*aſide.*
Piſ. Come, Sir, I am a kind of a Prophet,

And

And can interpret dreams too.
We'll walk a while, and you ſhall tell me all,
And then I would adviſe you what to do. (*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE III.

Enter Philander *with the* King.

Kin. Thou'ſt entertain'd me with a pretty Story,
And call'd up ſo much nature to thy Cauſe,
That I am half ſubjected to its Laws:
I find thy lovely Mother plead within too,
And bids me put no force upon thy will;
Tells me thy flame ſhould be as unconfin'd
As that we felt when our two Souls combin'd:
Alas, *Philander* I am old and feeble,
And cannot long ſurvive;
But thou haſt many Ages yet to number,
Of youth and vigour, and ſhould all be waſted
In the Embraces of an unlov'd Maid:
No, my *Philander*, if that after death,
Ought could remain to me of this Worlds joys,
I ſhould remember none with more delight,
Than thoſe of having left thee truly happy.

Phi. This goodneſs, Sir, reſembles that of Heaven,
Preſerving what it made, and can be paid
Only with grateful praiſe as we do that.

Kin. Go, carry on your innocent deſign,
And when you've done the laſt act ſhall be mine.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Enter Aminta *followed by* Alcander, Erminia *and* Gallatea, *goes out, enter* Alcander *and ſtays* Aminta.

Alcan. Stay, dear *Aminta*, do not fly ſo faſt.

Am. Methinks *Alcander* you ſhould ſhun that maid,
Of whoſe too much of kindneſs you're afraid.
'Twas not long ſince you parted in ſuch feud,
And ſwore my treatment of you was too rude.
You vow'd you found no Beauty in my eyes,
And can you now purſue what you deſpiſe?
[*Offers to go.*

Alcan. Nay, do not leave me yet, for ſtill your ſcorn
Much better than your abſence may be born,

[*Am.* Well,

Am. Well, Sir, your buſineſs, for mine requires haſt.
Alcan. Say, fair *Aminta*, ſhall I never find
You'll ceaſe this rigour and be kind?
Will that dear breaſt no tenderneſs admit?
And ſhall the pain you give no pity get?
Will you be never touch'd with what I ſay?
And ſhall my Youth and Vows be thrown away?
You know my paſſion and my humour too,
And how I die, though do not tell you ſo.
Am. What arguments will you produce to prove
You love? For yet I'll not believe you love?
Alcan. Since, fair *Aminta*, I did thee adore,
Alas I am not what I was before.
My thoughts diſorder'd from my heart do break,
And ſighs deſtroy my language when I ſpeak.
My liberty and my repoſe I gave,
To be admitted but your ſlave;
And can you queſtion ſuch a Victory?
Or muſt I ſuffer more to make it ſure?
It needs not, ſince theſe languiſhments can be
Nought but the wounds which you alone can cure.
Am. Alcander, you ſo many Vows have paid,
So many ſighs and tears to many a Maid,
That ſhould I credit give to what you ſay,
I merit being undone as well as they.
——No, no, *Alcander*, I'll no more of that.
Alcan. Farewel, *Aminta*, mayſt thou want a Lover,
When I ſhall hate both thee and thy whole Sex;
I can indure your ſober cruelty,
But do deſpiſe it clad in jollity. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT V. SCENE V.

Diſcovers a Room hung with Black, a Hearſe ſtanding in it with Tapers round about it, Alcippus *weeping at it, with* Iſillia, *and other Women with long black Veils round about the Hearſe.*

Iſill. I humbly beg, my Lord, you would forbear.
Alcip. Oh *Iſillia*,
Thou knowſt not what vaſt treaſure this incloſes,
This ſacred Pile, is there no ſorrow due to it?
Alas, I bad her not farewel at parting,
Nor did receive ſo much as one poor kiſs,
—Ah wretched, wretched man.

Enter

Enter the Prince.

Alcip. How, the Prince!
How ſuddenly my grief ſubmits to rage.
Phi. Alcippus, why doſt thou gaze thus on me,
What horror have I in my looks that frights thee?
Alcip. Why, Sir, what makes you here?
I have no more Wives, no more *Erminia*'s,
Alas ſhe is dead ———
Will you not give her leave to reſt in peace?
Phi. Is this the gratitude you pay my favours,
That gave ye life, after your wrongs to me?
But 'twas my Siſter's kindneſs that preſerved thee,
And I preferred my Vengeance to the Gods.
Alcip. Your Siſter is a Saint whom I adore,
But I refuſe a life that comes from you.
Iſill. What mean you, Sir?
Alcip. To ſpeak a truth as dying men ſhould do.
Phi. Alcippus for my Siſters ſake who loves you,
I can bear more than this—you know my power,
And I can make you fear? [*Offers to go out.*
Alcip. No, Prince, not whilſt I am in love with dying.
Phi. Your love to that I ſee has made you impudent.
Iſill. The ſtorm comes on, your highneſs ſhould avoid it.
Phi. Let him give place, I'll keep poſſeſſion here.
Iſill. It is the Prince's pleaſure, Sir, you quit the preſence.
Alcip. No, this I call my home,
And ſince *Erminia*'s here that does entitle it ſo,
I will not quit the preſence,
Phi. Gave thee a Title to't, *Alcippus*?
Alcip. Me, *Philander*! [*They come to each others breaſt,*
Phi. Thee. *and ſo draw.*
Alcip. Me, what dare you now?
Phi. I dare declare that I can hear no more,
Be witneſs Heaven, how juſtly I'm compell'd.
Alcip. Now, Sir, you are brave and love *Erminia* too.
[*The Women run all away crying, they draw out ſome one way, and ſome another, leaving ſome their Veils behind them, ſome half off, half on.*
Phi. We are here not ſafe, theſe Women will betray us.
Alcip. Sir, 'tis a work that will ſoon be diſpatcht,
And this a place and time moſt proper for't.
[Fal. *peeps in and runs away.*

Enter Piſaro, *runs between.*

Piſ. Hold, Sir, are you grown deſperate?
What means your Highneſs? [*To the* Prince.
Alcippus, what is't you deſign in this?
Alcip. To fight, *Piſaro*, and be kill'd.
Piſ. By Heaven you ſhall not fight, unleſs with me,
And you have ſo anger'd me with this raſh action,
I could almoſt provoke you to it.

Enter Alcander.

Alcan. Gods, Sir, that you ſhould
Thus expoſe your ſelf,
The Worlds great Heir, againſt a deſperate mad man.
Piſ. Have you forgot your apparition, Sir?
Alcip. Oh 'twas an idle lying one, *Piſaro*,
And came but to intrap me.

To them Gallatea, Aminta *and* Olinda.

Gall. Ah, Brother, why ſo cruel to your Siſter?
Phi. Here, *Gallatea*, puniſh my misfortune,
For yet I want the will to injure thee.
Heaven knows what provocations I receiv'd
E're I would draw a Sword on him you lov'd.
Gall. Unjuſt *Alcippus*, how doſt thou reward me?
Alcip. Ah, Madam, I have too much ſhame to live.
Had Heaven preſerv'd my innocence intire,
That I with confidence might have ador'd you,
Though I had been ſucceſsleſs.
Yet I had liv'd and hop'd, and aim'd to merit you;
But ſince all hopes of that are taken from me,
My life is but too poor a Sacrifice
To make attonement for my ſins to you.
Gall. I will not anſwer thee to what thou haſt ſaid,
But only beg thou wilt preſerve thy life,
Without which, mine will be of little uſe to me.
Might I without a ſin believe this bleſſing?
Sure I ſhould be immortal.

Falatio *peeps in again.*

Fal. I think I may venture, the fury is paſt, and the

Great

Great ſhot ſpent, the mad Captain General's wounded,
So, I hope 'twill let out ſome of his hot blood ———

Enter the King, Cleontius *and Attendants.*

Kin. My love, *Alcippus*, is deſpis'd I ſee,
And you in lieu of that return you owe me
Indeavour to deſtroy me.
——— Is this an object for your rage to work on,
Behold him well, *Alcippus*, 'tis your Prince.
—Who dares gaze on him with irreverend Eyes?
The good he does you ought to adore him for,
But all his evils 'tis the Gods muſt puniſh,
Who made no Laws for Princes.
Alcip. Sir, I confeſs I'm culpable,
And were it not a ſin equal to that
To doubt you could forgive me,
I durſt not hope your mercy after it.
Kin. I think with all the tenderneſs I'm guilty of,
I hardly ſhall be brought to pardon thee.
Phi. I humbly beg you will forgive him, Sir,
I drew him to it againſt his will, I forc'd him,
And gave him language not to be indur'd
By any gallant man.
Kin. Whilſt you intreat for him, who pleads for you,
For you are much the guiltier of the two,
And need'ſt a greater intereſt to perſwade me.
Alcip. It were not juſt to contradict my Prince,
A Prince to whom I've been ſo late a Traytor.
But, Sir, 'tis I alone am criminal,
And 'twas I,
Juſtly I thought provok't him to this hazard.
'Tis I was rude, impatient inſolent,
Did like a mad man animate his anger,
Not like a generous enemy.
Sir, when you weigh my ſorrows with this action,
You'll find no baſe deſign, no villany there,
But being weary of a life I hated,
I ſtrove to put it off, and miſſing that way
I come to make an offer of it here.
Kin. If I ſhould take it, 'twere no more than juſt,
Yet once again I will allow it thee,
That thou may'ſt owe me for't a ſecond time,
Manage it better than the laſt I gave— [*Ex.* King.

Phi.— *Alcippus*, may I credit what thou'ſt ſaid,
Or do you feign repentance to deceive me ?
Alcip. I never could diſſemble at my beſt,
And now methinks your Highneſs ſhould believe me,
When my deſpairs and little love to life
Makes me deſpiſe all ways that may preſerve it.
Phi. If thou would'ſt have me credit thee, *Alcippus*,
Thou ſhouldſt not diſeſteem a life, which ought
To be preſerv'd to give a proof that what thou ſay'ſt
Is true, and diſpoſſeſs me of thoſe fears I have,
That 'tis my life makes thine diſpleaſing to thee.
Alcip. 'Tis a high proof to give you of my duty,
Yet that's more eaſe to me, than your unbelief.
Phi. Let me embrace and thank thee for this goodneſs,
[*He offers to embrace him, but he is ſhy, and keeps a little off.*
Why doſt receive me coldly, I'm in earneſt,
As I love Honour, and eſteem thee Generous,
I mean thee nothing but a perfect friendſhip,
By all my hopes I've no more quarrels to thee,
All ends in this embrace, and to confirm it
I give thee here my Siſter to thy Wife.
Alcip. Your Pardon, Sir,
I muſt refuſe your bounty till I know,
By what ſtrange turn of fate I came thus bleſt,
To you my Prince, I've done unheard of injuries,
And though your mercy do afford me life,
With this rich preſent too:
Till I could know I might deſerve them both,
That life will prove a Plague, and this great gift
Turn to the torment of it.
Phi. *Alcippus*, 'tis not kind to doubt me ſtill,
Is this a preſent for a Man I hate ?
Alcip. 'Tis true, Sir, and your bounty does amaze me,
Can I receive a bleſſing of this magnitude
With hands, yet have not waſh'd away the ſin
Of your *Erminia*'s murther, think of that, Sir,
For though to me it did appear moſt juſt,
Yet you muſt hate the Man that has undone you.
Gall. I ſee *Erminia* ſtill uſurps your thoughts.
Alcip. I muſt confeſs my Soul is ſcarce diverted
Of that fond paſſion which I had for her;
But I proteſt before the Gods and you,
Did ſhe ſtill live, and I might ſtill poſſeſs her,
I would refuſe it, though I were ignorant
Of what the Gods and your fair ſelf deſign me.

Phi. To

Phi. To doubt thee were a ſin below my nature,
And to declare my faith above my fear,
Behold what I preſent thee with. [*Goes out, and enters again with* Erminia.

Alcip. Ha—*Erminia.* [*He looks affighted.*
—It is the ſame—appear'd to me laſt night,
—And my deluded fancy,
Would have perſwaded me 'twas but a dream.

Phi. Approach her, Sir, 'tis no fantaſm.

Alcip. 'Tis ſhe her ſelf, Oh Gods, *Erminia*! (*She goes a little back, as afraid, he kneels.*
—Ah Madam do not fear me in this poſture,
Which I will never quit till you have pardon'd me;
It was a fault the moſt excuſable,
That ever wretched Lover did commit;
And that which hindred me from following thee,
Was that I could not well repent the Crime;
But like a ſurly ſinner fac'd it out,
And ſaid, I thought 'twas juſt, yes, fair *Erminia*:
Hadſt thou been mine, I would i'th' face of Heaven,
Proclaim it juſt and brave revenge:
But, Madam, you were Wife to my Prince,
And that was all my ſin:
Alas, in vain I hop'd for ſome return,
And grew impatient of th' unkind delay,
And frantickly I then out-run my happineſs.

Er. Riſe, I forgive thee, from my ſoul I do,
Mayſt thou be happier,
In thy more glorious paſſion for the Princeſs,
And all the joys thou e're could'ſt hope from me,
Mayſt thou find there repeated.

Enter King, Orgulious, *and the reſt.*

Org. Firſt, I'll keep my word with thee.
Receive the welcome preſent which I promis'd. [*Gives him* Erminia, *ſhe kneels.*

Er. Can you forgive the griefs I've made you ſuffer?

Org. I can forgive, though 'twas not kind
To let me languiſh in a deſperate error;
Why was this Bleſſing hid from me alone;

Er. Ah, Sir, ſo well I know you lov'd *Alcippus*,
That had you known it e're the Prince had own'd me,
I fear you had reſtor'd me back again,
A ſin too great to load your Soul withall.

Org. My King already has forgiven that error,
And now I come to make my Peace with thee,
And that I may with greateſt ſpead obtain it.
——To you, Sir, I reſign her with as much joy [*To the Prince.*
As when they undeceiv'd me
Of my opinion of her being dead ——————.

Phi. And I with greater joy receive your gift.
[*Bows and takes her.*

Kin. My Lord *Alcippus*, are you pleas'd with this?

Alcip. Sir, I am ſo pleas'd, ſo truly pleas'd with it,
That Heaven without this bleſſing on my Prince
Had found but little trouble from my thanks,
From all they have ſhower'd on me;
'Twas all I wiſht next my Pretenſions here.

Kin. Then to compleat thy happineſs,
Take *Gallatea*, ſince her paſſion merits thee,
As do thy Vertues her. [*Gives him* Gall. *they both bow.*

Er. Sir, I've an humble ſuit t' your Majeſty.

Kin. Conclude it granted then.

Er. Falatius, Sir, has long made love t' *Iſillia*,
And now he's gain'd her heart, he ſlights the Conqueſt,
Yet all the fault he finds is that's ſhe's poor,

Kin. *Iſillia*'s Beauty can ſupply that want,
Falatius, what d' ſay to't?

Fal. By *Jove*, Sir, I'll agree to any thing; for I believe
A handſom young Wife at Court may bring a Man a
Greater Fortune than he can in conſcience deſire (*takes* Iſillia.

Er. Aminta, be perſwaded. [*Aſide to* Am.

Am. He'd uſe me ſcurvily then.

Alcan. That's according as you behav'd your ſelf, *Aminta*.

Am. I ſhould domineer.

Alcan. I then ſhould make love elſewhere.

Am. Well, I find we ſhall not agree then.

Alcan. Faith——now we have diſputed a point I never
Thought on before, I would willingly
Purſue it for the humour on't: not that I think
I ſhall much approve on't.

Piſ. Give him your hand *Aminta*, and conclude,
'Tis time this haughty humour were ſubdu'd.
By your ſubmiſſion, whatſoe're he ſeem,
In time you'll make the greater ſlave of him.

Am. Well——not from the hope of that, but from my love
His change of humour I'm content to prove.
Here take me, *Alcander*;
Whilſt to inconſtancy I bid adieu,
I find variety enough in you. (*He takes her and bows.*

Kin. Come

Kin. Come, my brave Youths, we'll toil our ſelves with joys,
And when we're weary of the lazy play,
We'll ſearch abroad to find new Conqueſts out,
And get freſh appetites to new delights:
It will redouble your vaſt ſtock of courage,
And make th' uneaſie Humour light and gentle;
When you remember even in heat of Battle,
That after all your victories and ſpoil,
You'll meet calm Peace at home in ſoft Embraces.
Thus may you number out your happy years,
Till Love and Glory no more proofs can give
Of what they can beſtow, or you receive.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. *BETTERTON.*

WE write not now as th' Ancient Poets writ.
For your Applauſe of Nature, Senſe and Wit;
But, like good Tradeſmen, what's in faſhion vent,
And cozen you, to give ye all content.
True Comedy, writ even in Dryden's *Style,*
Will hardly raiſe your humours to a ſmile;
Long did his Sovereign Muſe the Scepter ſway,
And long with joy you did true homage pay;
But now, like happy States, luxurious grown,
The Monarch Wit unjuſtly you dethrone,
And a Tyrannick Commonwealth prefer,
Where each ſmall Wit ſtarts up and claims his ſhare;
And all thoſe Lawrels are in pieces torn,
Which did e're while one ſacred Head adorn.
Nay, even the Women, now, pretend to reign,
Defend us from a Poet Joan *again:*
That Congregation's in a hopeful way
To Heaven, where the Lay-ſiſters Preach and Pray.
Oh the great bleſſing of a little wit,
I've ſeen an elevated Poet ſit
And hear the Audience laugh and clap, yet ſay,
Gad after all, 'tis a damn'd ſilly Play:
He unconcern'd, crys only—is it ſo?
No matter theſe unwitty things will do,
When your fine fuſtian uſeleſs Eloquence
Serves but to chime aſleep a drowſie Audience.
Who at the vaſt expence of wit would treat,
That might ſo cheaply pleaſe the Appetite?
Such homely fare you're like to find to night,
Our Author
Knows better how to juggle than to write:
Alas! a Poet's good for nothing now,
Unleſs he have the knack of Conjuring too;
For 'tis beyond all natural ſence to gueſs
How their ſtrange Miracles were brought to paſs.
Your Preſto Jack be gone, and come again,
With all the Pocus Art of Legerdemain,
Your dancing Teſter, Nut-meg and your Cups,
Out-does your Heroes and your Amorous fops.
And if this chance to pleaſe you by that rule,
He that writes Wit is much the greater Fool.

EPI-

EPILOGUE ſpoken by Mrs. *Gwin.*

I Here and there, o'reheard a Coxcomb cry [Looking about.
Ah, Rot it ——— *'tis a Womans Comedy,*
One, who becauſe ſhe lately chanc't to pleaſe us,
With her damn'd ſtuff will never ceaſe to teaze us.
What has poor Woman done, that ſhe muſt be
Debar'd from Sence and ſacred Poetry?
Why in this Age has Heaven allow'd you more,
And Women leſs of Wit than heretofore?
We once were fam'd in ſtory, and could write
Equal to Men; cou'd Govern, nay cou'd fight.
We ſtill have paſſive valour, and can ſhow
Wou'd cuſtom give us leave, the active too,
Since we no provocations want from you.
For who but we, cou'd your dull Foppries bear,
Your Sawcy Love, and your briſk Nonſence hear;
Indure your worſe than Womaniſh Affectation,
Which renders you the Nuſance of the Nation;
Scorn'd even by all the Miſſes of the Town,
A jeſt to Vizard Mask, the Pit-Buffoon;
A Glaſs by which the admiring Country Fool
May learn to dreſs himſelf en Ridicule:
Both ſtriving who ſhall moſt Ingenious grow
In Lewdneſs, Foppery, Nonſence, Noiſe and Show.
And yet to theſe fine things we muſt ſubmit
Our Reaſons, Arms, our Lawrels, and our Wit.
Becauſe we do not Laugh at you when Lewd,
And ſcorn and cudgel ye when ye are Rude;
That we have nobler Souls than you, we prove,
By how much more we're ſenſible of Love;
Quickeſt in finding all the ſubtleſt ways
To make your joys, why not to make you Plays?
We beſt can find your Feables, know our own,
And Filts and Cuckolds now beſt pleaſe the Town;
Your way of Writing's out of Faſhion grown,
Method, and Rule ——— *you only underſtand,*
Purſue that way of Fooling, and be Damn'd.
Your Learned Cant of Action, Time and Place,
Muſt all give way to the unlabour'd Farce.
To all the Men of Wit we will ſubſcribe:
But for you half Wits, you unthinking Tribe,
We'll let you ſee, whate're beſides we do,
How Artfully we Copy ſome of you:
And if you're drawn to th' life, pray tell me then,
Why Women ſhould not write as well as Men.

The

The Actors Names.

Mr. *Anthony Leigh*,	Sir *Patient Fancy*,	An old Rich Alderman, and one that fancies himself always Sick.
Mr. *Crosby*,	*Leander Fancy*,	His Nephew, in Love with *Lucretia*.
Mr. *Betterton*,	*Wittmore*,	Gallant to the Lady *Fancy*, a wild young Fellow of a small Fortune.
Mr. *Smith*,	*Lodwick Knowell*,	Son to the Lady *Knowell*, in Love with *Isabella*.
Mr. *Nokes*,	Sir *Credulous Easy*,	A Fooliſh *Devonſhire* Knight, deſign'd to Marry *Lucretia*.
Mr. *Richards*,	*Curry*,	His Groom.
	Roger,	Footman to the Lady *Fancy*.
		Five Doctors.
		Six Servants to Sir *Patient*.
		Ballad Singers and Serenaders
		Page to the Lady *Knowell*.

WOMEN.

Mrs. *Corrar*,	The Lady *Fancy*,	Young Wife to Sir *Patient*.
Mrs. *Gwin*,	The Lady *Knowell*,	An Affected Learned Woman Mother to *Lodw.* and *Iſabella*,
Mrs. *Price*,	*Lucretia*,	Daughter to the La. *Knowell*.
Mrs. *Betterton*,	*Iſabella*,	Daughter to Sir *Patient Fancy*.
	Fanny,	A child of 7 years old, Daughter to Sir *Patient Fancy*.
Mrs. *Gibbs*,	*Maundy*,	The Lady *Fancy*'s Woman.
	Betty,	Waiting-woman to *Iſabella*.

SCENE,

LONDON, in two Houſes.

Sir

Sir Patient Fancy :

A

COMEDY.

ACT the Firſt.

SCENE the Firſt. *A Room.*

Enter Lucretia *with* Iſabella.

Iſab. THIS much I owe to fortune, my dear *Lucretia*, for being ſo kind to make us Neighbours, where with eaſe we may continually exchange our Souls and thoughts without the attendance of a Coach, and thoſe other little Formalities that make a buſineſs of a viſit, it looks ſo like a Journey I hate it.

Lucr. Attendance is that Curſe to Greatneſs that confines the Soul, and ſpoils good Humour, we are free whilſt thus alone, and can laugh at the abominable Fopperies of this Town.

Iſab. And lament the numberleſs impertinences wherewith they continually plague all young Women of Quality.

Lucr. Yet

Lucr. Yet theſe are the precious things our grave Parents ſtill chuſe out to make us happy with, and all for a filthy Jointure, the undeniable argument for our ſlavery to Fools.

Iſab. Cuſtom is unkind to our Sex, not to allow us free choice, but we above all Creatures muſt be forced to endure the formal recommendations of a Parent; and the more inſupportable Addreſſes of an Odious Fop, whilſt the Obedient Daughter ſtands —— thus ——— with her hands pinn'd before her, a ſet look, few words, and a Mein that cries—come marry me; out upon't.

Lucr. I perceive then whatever your Father deſigns, you are reſolv'd to love your own way.

Iſab. Thou may'ſt lay thy Maiden-head upon't, and be ſure of the misfortune to win.

Lucr. My Brother *Lodwick*'s like to be a happy man then.

Iſab. Faith my dear *Lodwick* or no body in my heart, and I hope thou art as well reſolvd for my Cozen *Leander*.

Lucr. Here's my hand upon't I am, yet there's ſomething ſticks upon my Stomach, which you muſt know.

Iſab. Spare the Relation, for I have obſerv'd of late your Mother to have order'd her Eyes with ſome ſoftneſs, her mouth endeavouring to ſweeten it ſelf into ſmiles and dimples, as if ſhe meant to recall Fifteen again, and give it all to *Leander*, for at him ſhe throws her Darts.

Lucr. Is't poſſible thou ſhou'dſt have perceiv'd it already?

Iſab. Long ſince.

Lucr. And now I begin to love him, 'twou'd vex me to ſee my Mother marry him ——— well, I ſhall never call him Father.

Iſab. He'll take care to give himſelf a better Title.

Lucr. This *Devonſhire* Knight too, who is recommended to my Mother as a fit Husband for me, I ſhall be ſo tormented with——My Brother ſwears he's the perteſt unſufferable Fool he ever ſaw, when he was at my Uncles laſt Summer he made all his Diverſion.

Iſab. Prethee let him make ours now, for of all Fops your Country Fop is the moſt tolerable Animal; thoſe of the Town are the moſt unmanagable Beaſts in Nature.

Lucr. And are the moſt noiſie, keeping Fops?

Iſab. Keeping begins to be as ridiculous as Matrimony, and is a greater impoſition upon the liberty of man, the Inſolence and Expence of their Miſtreſſes has almoſt tir'd out all but the Old and Doting part of mankind; the reſt begin to know their value, and ſet a price upon a good ſhape, a tolerable Face and Mein,—and ſome there are who have made excellent Bargains for themſelves that way, and will flatter ye and jilt ye an Antiquated

tiquated Lady as artfully as the moſt experienc'd Miſs of 'em all.

Lucr. Lord, Lord! what will this World come to,—but this Mother of mine——*Iſabella.* (*Sighs.*

Iſab. Is diſcreet and vertuous enough, a little too affected, as being the moſt learned of her Sex.

Lucr. Methinks to be read in the Arts, as they call 'em, is the peculiar Province of the other Sex.

Iſab. Indeed the Men wou'd have us think ſo, and boaſt their Learning and Languages, but if they can find any of our Sex fuller of words, and to ſo little purpoſe as ſome of their Gown-men, I'll be content to change my Petticoats for Pantiloons and go to a Grammar-ſchool.

Lucr. Oh they're the greateſt Babelards in Nature.

Iſab. They call us Eſie and Fond, and charge us with all weakneſs, but look into their Actions of Love, State or War, their rougheſt buſineſs, and you ſhall find 'em ſway'd by ſome who have the luck to find their feables; witneſs my Father, a man reaſonable enough, till drawn away by doting Love and Religion: what a Monſter my young Mother makes of him, Flatter'd him firſt into Matrimony, and now into what ſort of Fool or Beaſt ſhe pleaſes to make of him.

Lucr. I wonder ſhe does not turn him to Chriſtianity, methinks a Conventicle ſhould ill agree with her humour.

Iſab. Oh, ſhe finds it the only way to ſecure her from his ſuſpicion, which if ſhe do not e're long give him cauſe for, I am miſtaken in her Humour, —— but [*Enter* L. Knowel *and* Leander.
ſee your Mother and my Cozen *Leander*, who ſeems, poor man, under ſome great Conſternation, for he looks as gravely as a Lay-elder conducting his Spouſe from a Sermon.

La. Kno. Oh ſy upon't. See Mr. *Fancy*, where your Cozen and my *Lucretia* are idling, *dii boni*, what an inſupportable loſs of time's this?

Lean. Which might be better imploy'd if I might inſtruct 'em, Madam.

La. Kno. Ay, Mr. *Fancy*, in Conſultation with the Ancients, —Oh the delight of Books! when I was of their age, I always imploy'd my looſer hours in reading——if ſerious, 'twas *Tacitus*, *Seneca*, *Plutarch's Morals*, or ſome ſuch uſeful Author; if in an Humour gay, I was for Poetry, *Virgil*, *Homer* or *Taſſo*, Oh that Love between *Renaldo* and *Armida*, Mr. *Fancy*! Ah the Careſſes that fair *Corcereis* gave, and received from the young Warrier, ah how ſoft, Delicate and tender! upon my Honour I cannot read them in the Excellence of their Original Language, without I know not what Emotions.

Lean. Me-

Lean. Methinks 'tis very well in our Mother tongue, Madam.

La. Kno. O faugh, Mr. *Fancy*, what have you ſaid, Mother tongue! Can any thing that's great or moving be expreſt in filthy *Engliſh*,——— I'll give you an Energetical proof Mr. *Fancy*, obſerve but Divine *Homer* in the *Grecian* Language——*Ton d' apamibominus, Proſiphe, Podis Ochus Achilleus*! Ah how it ſounds! which Engliſh'd dwindles into the moſt grating ſtuff:—— then the ſwift foot *Achilles* made reply, oh faugh.

Lucr. So now my Mother's in her right Sphere.

La. Kno. Come, Mr. *Fancy*, we'll purſue our firſt deſign of retiring into my Cabinet and reading a leaf or two in *Martial*, I am a little dull, and wou'd fain laugh.

Lean. Methinks, Madam, diſcourſe were much better with theſe young Ladies. Dear *Lucretia* find ſome way to releaſe me. [*Aſide.*

La. Kno. Oh how I hate the impertinence of Women, who for the generallity have no other knowledge than that of dreſſing, I am uneaſie with the unthinking Creatures.

Lucr. Indeed 'tis much better to be Entertaining a young Lover alone, but I'll prevent her, if poſſible. [*Aſide.*

La. Kno. No, I am for the ſubſtantial pleaſure of an Author. *Philoſophemur*! is my Motto,—I'm ſtrangely fond of you Mr. *Fancy*, for being a Scholar.

Lean. Who, Madam, I a Scholar? the greateſt Dunce in Nature—Malicious Creatures will you leave me to her mercy? [*To them aſide.*

Lucr. Prethee aſſiſt him in his miſery, for I am Mudd, and can do nothing towards it. [*Aſide.*

Iſab. Who my Cozen *Leander* a Scholar, Madam?

Lucr. Sure he's too much a Gentleman to be a Scholar.

Iſab. I Vow Madam he ſpells worſe than a Country Farrier when he Preſcribes a Drench.

Lean. Then, Madam I write the lewdeſt hand!

Iſab. Worſe than a Politician or a States-man.

Lucr. He cannot read it himſelf when he has done.

Lean. Not a word on't, Madam.

La. Kno. This agreement to abuſe him, I underſtand—— [*Aſide.*

——Well then, Mr. *Fancy*, let's to my Cabinet——your hand,

Lean. Now ſhall I be teas'd unmercifully,—I'll wait on you Madam. [*Exit* Lady.

——Find ſome means to redeem me or I ſhall be Mad. [*Exit* Lean.

Enter

Enter Lodwick.

Lod. Hah my dear *Iſabella* here, amd without a ſpy? what a bleſſed opportunity muſt I be forc'd to loſe, for there is juſt now arriv'd my Siſters Lover, whom I am oblig'd to receive, but if you have a mind to laugh a little ———

Iſab. Laugh! why are you turn'd Buffoon, Tumbler, or Presbyterian Preacher.

Lod. No, but there's a Creature below more ridiculous than either of theſe.

Lucr. For love's ſake what ſort of Beaſt is that?

Lod. Sir *Credulous Eaſie*, your new Lover juſt come to Town Bag and Baggage, and I was going to acquaint my Mother with it.

Iſab. You'll find her well imploy'd with my Cozen *Leander*.

Lucr. A happy opportunity to free him, but what ſhall I do now, Brother?

Lod. Oh let me alone to ruin him with my Mother, get you gone, I think I hear him coming, and this apartment is appointed for him.

Lucr. Prethee haſte then, and free *Leander*, we'll into the Garden. [*Exeunt* Lucr. *and* Iſab.

A Chair and a Table. } *Enter Sir* Credulous *in a riding habit*, Curry *his Groom carrying a Portmantle.*

Lod. Yes—'tis the right Worſhipful, I'll to my Mother with the News. [*Exit* Lod.

Sir Cred. Come, undo my Portmantue, and Equip me, that I may look like ſome body before I ſee the Ladies—*Curry*, Thou ſhalt e'en remove now from Groom to Footman, for I'll ne'er keep Horſe more, no, nor Mare neither, ſince my Poor *Gillian*'s departed this Life.

Cur. 'Ds diggers, Sir, you have griev'd enough for your Mare in all Conſcience, think of your Miſtreſs now, Sir, and think of her no more.

Sir Cred. Not think of her? I ſhall think of her whilſt I live, poor Fool, that I ſhall, though I had forty Miſtreſſes!

Cur. Nay, to ſay truth, Sir, 'twas a good natur'd Civil beaſt, and ſo ſhe remain'd to her laſt gaſp, for ſhe cou'd never have left this World in a better time, as the ſaying is, ſo near her journeys End.

Sir Cred. A

Sir Cred. A Civil Beaſt? Why was it Civilly done of her thinkeſt thou to dye at *Branford*, when had ſhe liv'd till to morrow, ſhe had been converted into Money and have been in my Pocket? for now I am to Marry and live in Town, I'll ſell off all my Pads; poor Fool, I think ſhe e'en died for grief I wou'd have ſold her.

Cur. 'Twas unlucky to refuſe Parſon *Cuffet*'s Wifes money for her, Sir.

Sir Cred. Ay, and to refuſe her another kindneſs too that ſhall be nameleſs which ſhe offer'd me, and which wou'd have given me good luck in horſe-fleſh too, Zoz I was a modeſt fool that's truth on't.

Cur. Well, well, Sir, her time was come you muſt think, and we are all Mortal as the ſaying is.

Sir Cred. Well, 'twas the lovingſt titt,—but graſs and hay ſhe's gone——where be her ſhooes, *Curry*?

Cur. Here, Sir, her Skin went for good Ale at *Branford*.

(*gives him the ſhoes.*

Sir Cred. Ah, how often has ſhe carry'd me upon theſe ſhooes to Mother *Fumbles*, thou remember'ſt her handſome Daughter and what pure Ale ſhe brew'd, between one and t'other my Rent came ſhort home there, but let that paſs too, and hang ſorrow as thou ſayſt, I have ſomething elſe to think on.

[*Takes his things out, lays them upon the Table.*

And *Curry*, as ſoon as I'm dreſt, go you away to St. *Clement*'s *Church-yard*, to *Jackſon* the Cobler there!

Cur. What your Dog-tuter, Sir?

Sir Cred. Yes, and ſee how my whelp proves I put to him laſt Parliament.

Cur. Yes, Sir.

Enter Leander *and ſtarts back ſeeing Sir* Cred.

Sir Cred. And ask him what Gameſters come to the Ponds now adays, and what good Dogs.

Cur. Yes, Sir.

Lean. This is the Beaſt *Lodwick* ſpoke of; how could I laugh were he deſign'd for any but *Lucretia*! [*Aſide.*

Sir Cred. And doſt hear, ask him if he have not ſold his own Dog *Diver* with the white Ear, if I can purchaſe him, and my own Dog prove right, I'll be Duke of Ducking Pond ads zoz.

[*Sir* Cred. *dreſſes himſelf.*

Well, I think I ſhall be fine anon, he.

Cur. But zo, zo, Sir, as the ſaying is, this Suit's a little out of faſhion, 'twas made that very year I came to your Worſhip, which is five Winters, and as many Summers.

Sir Cred.

Sir Cred. What then Mun, I never wear it, but when I go to be drunk and give my Voice for a Knight o'th' ſhire, and here at *London* in Term time, and that but Eight times in Eight Viſits to Eight ſeveral Ladies to whom I was recommended.

Cur. I wonder that amongſt Eight you got not one, Sir.

Sir Cred. Eight! Zoz I have had Eight ſcore, Mun, but the Devil was in 'em, they were all ſo forward, that before I cou'd ſeal and deliver, whip quoth *Fethro*, they were either all Married to ſome body elſe, or run quite away; ſo that I'm reſolv'd if this ſame *Lucretia* prove not right, I'll e'en forſwear this Town and all their falſe Wares, amongſt which, zoz I believe they vent as many falſe Wives as any *Metropolitan* in Chriſtendom, I'll ſay that for't, and a Fiddle for't, i'faith, —— come give me my Watch out,—ſo, my Diamond Rings too, ſo, I think I ſhall appear pretty well all together, *Curry*, hah?

Lean, Like ſomething Monſtrouſly Ridiculous, I'll be ſworn. (*Aſide.*

Cur. Here's your Purſe of broad Gold, Sir, that your Grandmother gave you to go a wooing withal, I mean to ſhow, Sir.

Sir Cred. Ay, for ſhe charg'd me never to part with it,—ſo, now for the Ladies. (*Shakes his Ribbons.*

Lod. Leander, what mak'ſt thou here, like Holy-day Fool gazing at a Monſter? [*Enter* Lodwick.

Lean. And one I hope I have no great reaſon to fear.

Lod. I am of thy opinion, away, my mother's coming, take this opportunity with my Siſter, ſhe's i'th' Garden, and let me alone with this Fool, for an Entertainment that ſhall ſhew him all at once, away —— (*Exit.* Lean.

[Lod. *goes in to Sir* Cred.

Sir Cred. Lodwick, my dear Friend! and little ſpark of ingenuity!——Zoz man I'm but juſt come to Town. [*Imbrace.*

Lod. 'Tis a joyful hearing, Sir.

Sir Cred. Not ſo joyful neither, Sir, when you ſhall know poor *Gillian*'s dead, my little gray Mare, thou knew'ſt her, mun, Zoz 'thas made me as melancholly as the Drone of a *Lancaſhire* Bag-pipe, but let that paſs, and now we talk of my Mare, Zoz I long to ſee this Siſter of thine.

Lod. She'll be with you preſently, Sir *Credulous.*

Sir Cred. But hark ye, Zoz, I have been ſo often fob'd off in theſe matters, that between you and I, *Lodwick*, if I thought I ſhou'd not have her, Zoz, I d ne'er loſe precious time about her.

Lod. Right, Sir, and to ſay truth, theſe Women have ſo much Contradiction in 'em, that 'tis ten to one but a man fails in the Art of pleaſing.

Sir Cred. Why, there's it, —therefore prethee dear *Lodwick* tell me a few of thy Siſters humours, and if I fail,—then hang me Ladies at your door, as the Song ſays.

Lod. Why faith ſhe has many odd humours hard enough to hit.

Sir Cred. Zoz let 'em be as hard as *Hercules* his Labours in the Vale of *Baſſe*, I'll not be frighted from attempting her.

Lod. Why, ſhe's one of thoſe fantaſtick Creatures that muſt be courted her own way.

Sir Cred. Why let's hear her way.

Lod. She muſt be ſurpriz'd with ſtrange Extravagancies wholly out of the Road and Method of common Courtſhip.

Sir Cred. Shaw, is that all, Zoz I'm the beſt in Chriſtendom at you're out of the way bus'neſſes,———Now do I find the reaſon of all my ill ſucceſs, for I us'd one and the ſame method to all I Courted, whatever their Humours were; hark ye, prethee give me a hint or two, and let me alone to manage matters.

Lod. I have juſt now thought of a way that cannot but take——

Sir Cred. Zoz, out with it man.

Lod. Why, what if you ſhould repreſent a Dumb Ambaſſador from the Blind God of Love.

Sir Cred. How, a Dumb Ambaſſador? Zoz man how ſhall I deliver my Embaſſy then, and tell her how much I love her, ——beſides, I had a pure ſpeech or two ready by heart, and that will be quite loſt. [*Aſide.*

Lod. Phy, phy! how dull you are! why, you ſhall do it by ſigns, and I'll be your Interpreter.

Sir Cred. Why faith this will be pure, I underſtand you now Zoz I am old Excellent at Signs,——I vow this will be rare.

Lod. It will not fail to do your bus'neſs, if well manag'd,—but ſtay, here's my Siſter, on your life not a ſyllable.

Enter Lean. Lucr. *and* Iſab.

Sir Cred. I'll be rackt firſt, Mum budget,—prethee preſent me, I long to be at it, ſure. [*He falls back making Faces and Grimaces.*

Lod. Si-

Lod. Sister, I here present you with a worthy Knight, struck dumb with admiration of your Beauty, but that's all one, he is employ'd Envoy extraordinary from the Blind God of Love, and since like his young Master, he must be defective in one of his Senses, he chose rather to be Dumb than Blind.

Lucr. I hope the small Deity is in good Health, Sir?

Isab. And his Mistress *Psyche*, Sir? [*He smiles and bows and makes signs.*

Lod. He says that *Psyche* has been sick of late, but somewhat recovered, and has sent you for a token a pair of Jet Bracelets, and a Cambrick Handkerchief of her own spinning, with a Sentence wrought in't, *Heart in hand, at thy command.* [*Looking every word upon Sir* Credulous *as he makes signs.*

Sir Cred. Zoz, *Lodwick* what do you mean? I'm the Son of an *Egyptian* if I understand thee. [*Pulls him, he signs to him to hold his peace.*

Lod. Come, Sir, the Tokens, produce, produce,——How! Faith I'm sorry for that with all my heart, ——he says——being somewhat put to't on his Journey he was forced to pawn the Bracelets for half a Crown, and the Handkerchief he gave his Landlady on the Road for a kindness received,——this 'tis when people will be fooling.—— [*He falls back making damnable signs.*

Sir Cred. Why, the Devils in this *Lodwick*, for mistaking my Signs thus, hang me if ever I thought of Bracelets or a Handkerchief, or ever received a Civility from any Woman breathing,——is he bewitch't trow? [*Aside.*

Lean. Lodwick, you are mistaken in the Knights meaning all this while. Look on him, Sir,——do not you guess from that look and wrying of his mouth, that you mistook the Bracelets for Diamond Rings, which he humbly begs, Madam, you would grace with your fair hand.

Lod. Ah, now I perceive it plain.

Sir Cred. A Pox of his Complement. Why this is worse than to'ther,——What shall I do in this case?——should I speak and undeceive them, they would swear 'twere to save my Gems: and to part with 'em——Zoz, how simply should I look?——but hang't, when I have married her, they are my own again.

[*Gives the Rings and falls back into Grimaces. Leander whispers to* Lodwick.

Lod. Enough—Then Sister she has sent you a Purse of her own knitting full of Broad Gold.

Sir Cred. Broad Gold! why, what a Pox does the man Conure?

Lod. Which Sister, faith you must accept of, you see by that Grimace how much 'twill grieve him else.

Sir Cred. A pretty civil way this to Rob a Man, ——Why, *Lodwick*,—why what a Pox will they have no mercy—Zoz I'll see how far they'll drive the jest.

[*Gives the Gold and bows, and scrapes and screws.*

Lod. Say you so, Sir? well I'll see what may be done,—Sister, behold him, and take pity on him, he has but one more humble request to make you, 'tis to receive a Gold Watch which he designs you from himself.

Sir Cred. Why, how long has this fellow been a Conjurer? for he does deal with the Devil, that's certain,—*Lodwick*,——

(*Pulls him.*

Lod. Ay do, speak and spoil all do.

Sir Cred. Speak and spoil all, quoth he! and the Deuce take me if I am not provok't to't; why how the Devil should he light slap dash, as they say, upon every thing thus? Well, Zoz, I'm resolv'd to give it her, and shame her if she have any Conscience in her.

[*Gives his Watch with pitiful Grimaces.*

Lod. Now, Sister, you must know there's a mystery in this Watch, 'tis a kind of Hieroglyphick that will instruct you how a Married Woman of your Quality ought to live.

Sir Cred. How, my Watch Mysteries and Hieroglyphicks! the Devil take me, if I knew of any such vertues it had.

[*They are all looking on the Watch.*

Lod. Beginning at Eight, from which down to Twelve you ought to imploy in dressing, till Two at Dinner, till Five in Visits, till Seven at the Play, till Nine i'th' Park, at Ten at Supper with your Lover, if your Husband be at home or keep his distance, which he's too well bred not to do, then from Ten to Twelve are the happy hours of the Bergere, those of intire enjoyment.——

Sir Cred. Say you so? hang me if I shall not go near to think I may chance to be a Cuckold by the shift.

Isab. Well, Sir, what must she do from Twelve till Eight again?

Lod. Oh those are the dull Conjugal hours for sleeping with her own Husband, and dreaming of Joys her absent Lover alone can give her.

Sir Cred. Nay an she be for sleeping, Zoz, I am as good at that as she can be for her heart, or snoring either.

Lod. But

Lod. But I have done; Sir *Credulous* has a dumb Oration to make you by way of farther Explanation.

Sir Cred. A dumb Oration! Now do I know no more how to ſpeak a dumb ſpeech than the Dog.

Lucr. Oh I love that ſort of Eloquence extreamly.

Lod. I told you this would take her.

Sir Cred. Nay, I know your ſilent Speeches are incomparable, and I have ſuch a Speech in my head.——

Lod. Your Poſtures, your Poſtures, begin, Sir.

[*He puts himſelf into a ready Poſture as if he would ſpeak, but only makes faces.*

Enter Page.

Pag. Sir, my Lady deſires to ſpeak with you. (*To* Lean.

Lean. I'll wait on her,——a Devil on't.——

Pag. I have command to bring you Sir, inſtantly.

Lean. This is ill luck, Madam, I cannot ſee the Farce out, I'll wait on you as ſoon as my good Fortune will permit me.

[*Goes out.*

Lucr. He's going to my Mother, dear *Iſabella* let's go and hinder their diſcourſe: Farewel, Sir Ambaſſador, pray remember us to *Pſyche*, not forgetting the little blind Archer, ha, ha, ha.—— (*Exit laughing.*

Sir Cred. So, I have undone all, they are both gone, flown I proteſt; why what a Devil ail'd 'em? now have I been dumb all this while to no purpoſe, you too never told her my meaning right; as I hope to breath, had any but your ſelf done this, I ſhould have ſworn by *Helicon* and all the reſt of the Devils, you had had a deſign to have abus'd me, and cheated me of all my Moveables too.

Lod. What a hopeful project was here defeated by my miſtake! but Courage Sir *Credulous*, I'll put you in a way ſhall fetch all about again.

Sir Cred. Say you ſo? ah dear *Lodwick* let me hear it.

Lod. Why, you ſhall this night give your Miſtreſs a Serenade.

Sir Cred. How! a Serenade!

Lod. Yes, but it muſt be perform'd after an Extravagant manner, none of your dull Amorous night-walking noiſes ſo familiar in this Town, *Lucretia* loves nothing but what's great and extravagant, and paſſes the reach of Vulgar practice.

Sir Cred. What think you of a ſilent Serenade? Zoz, ſay but the word and it ſhall be done man, let me alone for frolicks, i'faith.

Lod. A ſilent one, no, that's to wear a good humour to the ſtumps; I wou'd have this want for no noiſe, the extreams of theſe two addreſſes will ſet off one another.

Sir Cred. Say you ſo? what think you then of the Bagpipe, Tongs, and Gridiron, Cat-calls, and loud ſounding Cymbals?

Lod. Naught, naught, and of known uſe, you might as well treat her with Viols and Flute-doux, which were enough to diſoblige her for ever.

Sir Cred. Why, what think you then of the King of *Bantam*'s own Muſick?

Lod. How! the King of *Bantum*'s Muſick?

Sir Cred. Ay, Sir, the King of *Bantam*'s: a Friend of mine had a Preſent ſent him from thence, a moſt unheard of curioſity I'll aſſure you.

Lod. That, that by all means, Sir.

Sir Cred. Well, I'll go borrow 'em preſently.

Lod. You muſt provide your ſelf of a Song.

Sir Cred. A Song! hang't 'tis but rummaging the Play-Books, ſtealing thence is lawful Prize——well, Sir *Cred.* your Servant. (*Exit.*

Enter Leander.

Lod. I hope 'twill be ridiculous enough, and then the Devil's in't if it do not do his buſineſs with my Mother, for ſhe hates all impertinent noiſes but what ſhe makes her ſelf. She's now going to make a viſit to your Uncle, purpoſely to give me an opportunity to *Iſabella*.

Lean. And I'm ingaged to wait on her thither, ſhe deſigns to carry the Fiddles too, he's mad enough already, but ſuch a Viſit will him fit for Bedlam.

Lod. No matter, for you have all a lewd hand with him; between his continual imaginary ſickneſs, and perpetual Phyſick, a man might take more pleaſure in an Hoſpital. What the Devil did he marry a young Wife for? and they ſay a handſome creature too.

Lean. To keep up his Title of Cuckold I think, for ſhe has beauty enough for Temptation, and no doubt makes the right uſe on't: wou'd I cou'd know it, that I might prevent her cheating my Uncle longer to my undoing.

Lod. She'll be cunning enough for that, if ſhe have wit: but now thou talk'ſt of intrigues, when did'ſt ſee *Witmore*? that Rogue has ſome lucky Haunt which we muſt find out.——But my

my Mother expects your attendance, I'll go seek my Sister, and make all the Interest there I can for you, whilst you pay me in the same Coin to *Isabella*. [*Adieu.*

Lean. Trust my Friendship —— [*Exeunt severally.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Garden.*

Enter Lady Fancy, Wittmore *and* Maundy.

Witt. ENough, my charming Mistress, you've set my Soul at Peace, and chas'd away those fears and doubts my Jealousie created there.

Maun. Mr. *Wittmore*'s satisfied of your constancy, Madam, though had I been your Ladiship, I should have given him a more substantial Proof, which you might yet do, if you wou'd make handsome use of your time.

Witt. Maundy advises well my dearest, let's withdraw to yonder Covert Arbour, whose kind shades will secure us a happiness that Gods might envy. [*Offers to lead her out.*

L. Fan. I dare not for the World, Sir *Patient* is now asleep, and 'tis to those few minutes we are oblig'd for this Enjoyment, which shou'd love make us transgress, and he shou'd wake and surprize us, we were undone for ever; no, let us imploy this little time we have in coasulting how we may be often happy, and securely so: oh how I languish for the dear opportunity!

Witt. And cou'd you guess what torments I have suffer'd in these few fatal Months that have divided us, thou wou'dst pity me.

L. *Fan.*—But to our business; for tho' I am yet unsuspected by my Husband, I am eternally plagu'd with his Company, he's so fond of me, he scarce gives me time to write to thee, he waits on me from room to room, hands me in the Garden, shoulders me in the Balcony, nay does the office of my Women, dresses and undresses me, and does so smirk at his handy-

work! in fine, dear *Wittmore*, I am impatient till I can have leis of his Compa[illegible] and more of thine.

Witt. Does he never go out of Town?

L. *Fan.* Never without me.

Witt. Nor to Church?

L. *Fan.* To a Meeting houſe you mean, and then too carries me, and is as vainly proud of me as of his Rebellious opinion, for his Religion means nothing but that, and Contradiction; which I ſeem to like too, ſince 'tis the beſt Cloak I can put on to cheat him with.

Witt. Right, my fair Hypocrite.

L. *Fan.* But dear *Wittmore*, there's nothing ſo Comical as to hear me Cant, and even cheat thoſe knaves the Preachers themſelves that delude the ignorant Rabble.

Witt. What Miracles cannot your Eyes and Tongue perform!

L. *Fan.* Judge what a fine life I lead the while, to be ſet up with an old Formal Doting ſick Husband, and a Herd of ſnivelling grinning Hypocrites that call themſelves the teaching Saints, who under pretence of ſecuring me to the number of their Flock, do ſo ſneer upon me, pat my Breaſts and cry fie, fie upon this faſhion of tempting Nakedneſs.

[*Through the Noſe.*

Witt. Dear Creature how cou'd we laugh at thy new way of living, had we but ſome minutes allow'd us to enjoy that pleaſure alone.

L. *Fan.* Think, dear *Wittmore* think, *Maundy* and I have thought over all our devices to no purpoſe.

Witt. Pox on't I'm the dulleſt Dog at Plotting, Thinking, in the World, I ſhould have made a damnable ill Town Poet; has he quite left off going to the Change?

L. *Fan.* Oh, he's grown cautiouſly rich, and will venture none of his ſubſtantial ſtock in tranſitory Traffick.

Witt. Has he no Mutinous Cabal, nor Coffee-houſes, where he goes religiouſly to conſult the welfare of the Nation?

L. *Fan.* His imagin'd ſickneſs has made this their Rendeſvouz.

Witt. When he goes to his blind Devotion, cannot you pretend to be ſick? that may give us at leaſt two or three opportunities to begin with.

L. *Fan.* Oh! then I ſhould be plagu'd with continual Phyſick and Extempore Prayers till I were ſick indeed.

Witt. Damn the Humorous Coxcomb and all his Family, what ſhall we do?

L. *Fan.* Not

L. *Fan.* Not all, for he has a Daughter that has good Humour, Wit, and Beauty enough to ſave her,—ſtay—that has jogg'd a thought, as the Learned ſay, which muſt jog on, till the motion have produc'd ſomething worth my thinking.——

Enter Roger *running.*

Maun. Ad's me here's danger near, our Scout comes in ſuch haſt.

L. *Fan. Roger*, what's the matter?

Rog. My Maſter, Madam, is riſen from ſleep, and is come in to the Garden.——See, Madam, he's here.

L. *Fan.* What an unlucky Accident was this?

Witt. What ſhall I do, 'tis too late to obſcure my ſelf?

L. *Fan.* He ſees you already, through the Trees,—here—keep your diſtance, your Hat under your Arm, ſo, be very Ceremonious whilſt I ſettle a demure Countenance.——

Maun. Well, there never came good of Lovers that were given to too much talking; had you been ſilently kind all this while, you had been willing to have parted by this time.

Enter Sir Patient *in a Night-gown, reading a Bill.*

Sir Pat. Hum,—Twelve Purges for this preſent *January*,—as I take it, good Mr. Doctor, I took but Ten in all *December*,——by this Rule I am ſicker this Month, than I was the laſt,——and good Maſter Apothecary methinks your Prizes are ſomewhat too high, at this rate no body wou'd be ſick.—Here, *Roger*, ſee it paid however,—Ha, hum. [*Sees 'em and ſtarts back.* What's here, my Lady Wife entertaining a lewd Fellow of the Town? A flaunting Cap and Feather Blade.

L. *Fan.* Sir *Patient* cannot now be ſpoken with. But, Sir, that which I was going juſt now to ſay to you, was, that it would be very convenient in my opinion to make your Addreſſes to *Iſabella*,——'twill give us opportunities. [*Aſide.*] We Ladies love no impoſition, this is Counſel my Husband perhaps will not like, but I would have all Women chuſe their Man, as I have done,—my dear *Wittmore*. (*Aſide.*

Sir Pat. I profeſs Ingeniouſly an excellent good Lady this of mine, tho' I do not like her Counſel to the young Man, whom I perceive would be a ſuiter to my Daughter *Iſabella*.

Witt. Madam, ſhould I follow my inclinations I ſhould pay my vows no where but there,——but I am inform'd Sir *Patient* is a Man ſo poſitively reſolv'd.——

L. *Fan.* That you ſhould love his Wife. [*Aſide.*

Witt. And I'll comply with that reſolve of his, and neither Love nor Marry *Iſabella*, without his Permiſſion, and I doubt not but I ſhall by my reſpects to him gain his conſent,——to Cuckold him. [*Aſide.*

Sir Pat. I profeſs ingenuouſly a very diſcreet young man.

Witt. But, Madam, when may I promiſe my ſelf the ſatisfaction of coming again? For I'm impatient for the ſight and enjoyment of the fair perſon I love.

L. Fan. Sir, you may come at night, and ſomething I will do by that time ſhall certainly give you that acceſs you wiſh for.

Witt. May I depend upon that happineſs?

L. Fan. Oh, doubt not my power over Sir *Patient.*

Sir Pat. My Lady *Fancy* you promiſe largely.

L. Fan. Sir *Patient* here?

Witt. A Devil on him, wou'd I were well off, now muſt I diſſemble, profeſs, and lie moſt confoundedly.

Sir Pat. Your Servant, Sir, your Servant,—My Lady *Fancy*, your Ladiſhip is well entertain'd I ſee, have a care you make me not Jealous, my Lady *Fancy.*

L. Fan. Indeed I have given you cauſe Sir *Patient*, for I have been entertaining a lover, and one you muſt admit of too.

Sir Pat. Say you ſo, my Lady *Fancy*?——Well, Sir, I am a Man of Reaſon, and if you ſhew me good cauſes why, can bid you welcome, for I do nothing without Reaſon and Precaution.

Witt. Sir I have.——————

Sir Pat. I know what you wou'd ſay, Sir, few words denoteth a wiſe head,—you wou'd ſay that you have an ambition to be my Son-in Law.

Witt. You gueſs moſt right, Sir.

Sir Pat. Nay, Sir, I'll warrant I'll read a Man as well as the beſt, I have ſtudied it.

Witt. Now Invention help me or never.

Sir Pat. Your name I pray? [*Putting off his Hat gravely at every word.*

Witt. Fain-love, Sir.

Sir Pat. Good Mr. *Fain-love* your Country?

Witt. Yorkſhire, Sir.

Sir Pat. What, not Mr. *Fain-love*'s Son of *Yorkſhire*, who was Knighted in the good days of the late Lord Protector? [*Off his Hat.*

Witt. The ſame, Sir,—I am in, but how to come off again the Devil take me if I know.

Sir Pat. He was a Man of admirable parts, believe me, a notable head-piece, a Publick-ſpirited Perſon, and a good Commonwealths man, that he was, on my word,—Your Eſtate, Sir, I pray? [*Hat off.*

Witt. I

Witt. I have not impair'd it, Sir, and I preſume you know its value? For I'm a Dog if I do. ——

Sir Pat. O' my word 'tis then conſiderable, Sir, for he left but one Son, and Fourteen hundred Pounds *per annum*, as I take it, which Son I hear is lately come from *Geneva*, whither he was ſent for vertuous Education. I am glad of your Arrival, Sir, —— Your Religion I pray?

Witt. You cannot doubt my Principles, Sir, ſince educated at *Geneva*.

Sir Pat. Your Father was a diſcreet Man, ah Mr. *Fain-love*, he and I have ſeen better days, and wiſh'd we cou'd have foreſeen theſe that are arriv'd.

Witt. That he might have turn'd honeſt in time, he means, before he had purchas'd Biſhop's Lands.

Sir Pat. Sir, you have no Place, Office, Dependance or Attendance at Court I hope?

Witt. None, Sir,—Wou'd I had—ſo you were hang'd.

L. *Fan.* Nay, Sir, you may believe, I knew his Capacities and Abilities before I would encourage his Addreſſes.

Sir Pat. My Lady *Fancy*, you are a diſcreet Lady;—Well I'll marry her out of hand to prevent Mr. *Lodwick*'s hopes, for tho' the young man may deſerve well, that mother of his I'll have nothing to do with, ſince ſhe refuſed to marry my Nephew. [*Aſide.*

Enter Fanny.

Fan, Sir, Father, here's my Lady *Knowell*, and her Family come to ſee you.

Sir Pat. How! her whole Family! I am come to keep open Houſe; very fine, her whole Family! ſhe's Plague enough to mortifie any good Chriſtian,—tell her, my Lady and I am gone forth; tell her any thing to keep her away.

Fan. Shou'd I tell a lye Sir Father, and to a Lady of her Quality?

Sir Pat. Her Quality and ſhe are a Couple of impertinent things, which are very troubleſome, and not to be indur'd I take it.

Fan. Sir, we ſhou'd bear with things we do not love ſometimes, 'tis a ſort of trial, Sir, a kind of mortification fit for a good Chriſtian.

Sir Pat. Why, what a notable talking Baggage is this! How came you by this Doctrine?

Fan. I

Fan. I remember, Sir, you Preach'd it once to my Sister, when the old Alderman was the Text, whom you exhorted her to marry, but the wicked Creature made ill uſe on't.

Sir Pat. Go your way for a prating Huſwife, go, and call your Siſter hither. [*Exit* Fanny.] ——Well, I'm reſolv'd to leave this Town, nay, and the World too, rather than be tormented thus.

L. *Fan.* What's the matter, Dear, thou doſt ſo fret thy ſelf?

Sir Pat. The matter! my houſe, my houſe is beſieged with impertinence, the intolerable Lady, Madam *Romance*, that walking Library of Profane Books is come to viſit me.

L. *Fan.* My Lady *Knowell*?

Sir Pat. Yes, that Lady of eternal noiſe and hard words.

L. *Fan.* Indeed 'tis with pain I'm oblig'd to be civil to her, but I conſider her Quality, her Husband was too an Alderman your friend, and a great Ay and No Man i'th' City, and a painful promoter of the good Cauſe.

Sir Pat. But ſhe's a Fop, my Lady *Fancy*, and ever was ſo; an idle conceited ſhe Fop, and has vanity and tongue enough to debauch any Nation under Civil Government: but, Patience, thou art a vertue, and Affliction will come,——Ah, I'm very ſick, alas, I have not long to dwell amongſt the Wicked, Oh, oh,——*Roger*, is the Doctor come?

Enter Roger.

Rog. No, Sir, but he has ſent you a ſmall draught of a Pint, which you are to take and move upon't.

Sir Pat. Ah, ——Well, I'll in and take it;——Ah—Sir, I crave your Patience for a moment, for I deſign you ſhall ſee my Daughter, I'll not make long work on't, Sir, alas I would diſpoſe of her before I die, Ah,—I'll bring her to you, Sir, Ah, Ah.——— [*Goes out with* Roger.

L. *Fan.* He's always thus when viſited, to ſave Charges,—But how, dear *Wittmore* cam'ſt thou to think of a Name and Country ſo readily?

Witt. Egad I was at the height of my invention, and the Alderman civilly and kindly aſſiſted me with the reſt; but how to undeceive him, ———

L. *Fan.* Take no care for that, in the mean time you'll be ſhrewdly hurt to have the way laid open to our enjoyment, and that by my Husbands procurement too: But take heed dear *Wittmore*, whilſt you only deſign to feign a Courtſhip, you do it not in good earneſt.

Witt. Un-

Witt, Unkind Creature!

L. *Fan.* I would not have you endanger her heart neither: for thou haſt Charms will do't.——Prethee do not put on thy beſt looks, nor ſpeak thy ſofteſt language; for if thou doſt, thou canſt not fail to undo her.

Witt. Well, my pretty Flatterer, to free her heart and thy ſuſpicions, I'll make ſuch aukward love as ſhall perſwade her, however ſhe chance to like my Perſon, to think moſt lewdly of my parts,—But 'tis fit I take my leave, for if *Lodwick* or *Leander* ſee me here, all will be ruin'd, death I had forgot that.

L. *Fan.* *Leander*'s ſeldom at home, and you muſt time your Viſits: but ſee Sir *Patient*'s return'd, and with him your new Miſtreſs.

Enter Sir Patient *and* Iſabella.

Sir Pat. Here's my Daughter *Iſabella*, Mr. *Fain-love*: ſhe'll ſerve for a Wife, Sir, as times go; but I hope you are none of thoſe,—— Sweet heart——this Gentleman I have deſign'd you, he's rich and young, and I am old and ſickly, and juſt going out of the world, and would gladly ſee thee in ſafe hands.

Maun. He has been juſt going this twenty Years. [*Aſide.*

Sir Pat. Therefore I command you to receive the tenders of his Affection.

Enter Fanny.

Fan. Sir Father, my Lady *Knowell*'s in the Garden.

L. *Fan.* My dear, we muſt go met her in decency.

Sir Pat. A hard caſe a man cannot be ſick in quiet.—— [*Goes out.*

Iſab. A Husband, and that not *Lodwick*! Heaven forbid. (*Aſide.*

Witt. Now Foppery aſſiſt to make me very ridiculous.—— Death ſhe's very pretty and inviting, what an inſenſible dog ſhall I be counted to refuſe the enjoyment of ſo fair, ſo new a Creature, and who is like to be thrown into my Arms too whether I will or not?——but Conſcience and my Vows to the fair Mother: No, I will be honeſt,—— Madam,—— as Gad ſhall ſave me, I'm the Son of a Whore, if you are not the moſt Bell Perſon I ever ſaw, and if I be not damnably in love with you, but a pox take all tedious Courtſhip, I have a free-born and generous Spirit, and as I hate being confin'd to dull cring-

ing,

ing, whining, flattering, and the Devil and all of Foppery, ſo when I give an heart I'm an Infidel, Madam, if I do not love to do't frankly and quickly, that thereby I may oblige the Beautiful receiver of my Vows, Proteſtations, Paſſions, and Inclination.

Iſab. You're wonderful ingaging, Sir, and I were an Ingrate not to facilitate a return for the Honour you are pleas'd to do me.

Wit. Upon my Reputation, Madam, you're a civil well-bred Perſon, you have all the Agreemony of your Sex, *La Bell Talie, la Boon Mien, & reparteét bien*, and are *tout oure toore*, as I'm a Gentleman, *fort agreeable.*——If this do not pleaſe your Lady, and Nauſeate her, the Devil's in 'em both for unreaſonable Women.——— (*To* Maund.

Fan. Gemini, Siſter, does the Gentleman Conjure?

Iſab. I know not, but I'm ſure I never ſaw a more affected Fop.

Maun. Oh a damnable impertinent Fop, 'tis pity, for he's a a proper Gentleman.

Wit. Well, if I do hold out, Egad I ſhall be the braveſt young fellow in Chriſtendom: But, Madam, I muſt kiſs your hand at preſent, I have ſome Viſits to make, Devoirs to pay, neceſſities of Gallantry only, no love ingagement by *Jove*, Madam, it is ſufficient I have given my Parole to your Father to do him the honour of my Alliance; and an unneceſſary Jealouſie will but diſoblige Madam your ſlave——— Death theſe Rogues ſee me, and I'm undone.——— (*Exit.*

Enter Lady Fancy, Lady Knowell, *Sir* Credulous *and* Lucr. *with other women and men.*

L. Kno. Iſabella, your ſervant, Madam, being ſenſible of the inſociable and ſolitary life you lead, I have brought my whole Family to wait on your Ladiſhip, and this my Son *in Futuro*, to kiſs you hands, I beſeech your Ladiſhip to know him for your humble Servant: my Son and your Nephew Madam are coming, with the Muſick too, we mean to paſs the whole day with your Ladiſhip:—and ſee they are here.

Enter Lodwick *pulling in* Wittmore, Leander *with them.*

Lod. Nay, ſince we have met thee ſo luckily, you muſt back with us.

Witt. You muſt excuſe me, Gentlemen.

Lod. We'll ſhow you two or three fine Women.

Witt. Death

Witt. Death, theſe Rogues will ruin me——but I have buſi neſs Gentlemen that ——

Lean. That muſt not hinder you from doing deeds of Charity, we are all come to teaze my Uncle, and you muſt aſſiſt at ſo good a work—come, gad thou ſhalt make love to my Aunt, —I wou'd he wou'd effectually. [*Aſide.*

Lod. Now I think on't, what the Devil doſt thou make here?

Witt. Here?—oh Sir —— a—I have a deſign upon the Alderman.

Lod. Upon his handſome Wife thou meaneſt? ah Rogue!

Witt. Faith no,—a—'tis to—borrow Money of him, and as I take it, Gentlemen, you are not fit Perſons for a Man of Credit to be ſeen with, I paſs for a graver man.

Lod. Well, Sir, take your Courſe—but egad he'll ſooner lend thee his Wife than his Money.

[*Exit* Wittmore, *they come in.*

Lean. Aunt, I have taken the boldneſs to bring a Gentleman of my acquaintance to kiſs your Ladiſhip's hands.

Lod. Thy Aunt!—death, ſhe's very handſome,——Madam your moſt humble ſervant. [*kiſſes the L.* Fan.

Lean. Prithee imploy this Fool that I may have an opportunity to entertain thy Siſter.

Lod. Sir *Credulous*, what not a word? not a Complement? hah ——— be briſk man, be gay and witty, talk to the Ladies.

Sir Cred. Talk to 'em? why, what ſhall I ſay to 'em?

Lod. Any thing ſo it be to little purpoſe.

Sir Cred. Nay, Sir, let me alone for that matter—but who are they, prethee?

Lod. Why, that's my Lady *Fancy*, and that's her Daughter-in-Law, ſalute 'em Man. ———

Sir Cred. Fair Lady,—I do proteſt and vow, you are the moſt beautifull of all Mother's-in Law, and the World cannot produce your equal.

Lod. The Rogue has but one method for all Addreſſes.

[*They laugh.*

L. *Kno.* Oh abſurd! this, Sir, is the beautiful Mother-in-Law. (*To L.* Fan.

Sir Cred. Moſt Noble Lady, I cry your mercy, (*Enter Sir* Pat. Then Madam as the Sun amongſt the Stars, or rather as the Moon not in conjunction with the Sun, but in her oppoſition, when one riſes the other ſets, or as the Vulgar call it Full Moon—I ſay as the Moon is the moſt beautiful of all the ſparkling lights, even ſo are you the moſt accompliſh'd Lady under the Moon—

and

and Madam, I am extreamly ſenſible of your Charms and Celeſtial Graces. (*To* Iſabella.

Sir *Pat.* Why this is abominable and inſupportable.

Lucr. I find Sir, you can talk to purpoſe when you begin once.

Sir *Cred.* You are pleaſed to ſay ſo, Noble Lady; but I muſt needs ſay, I am not the worſt bred Gentleman for a Country Gentleman that ever you ſaw, for you muſt know incomparable Lady, that I was at the Univerſity three years, and there I learnt my Logick and Rhetorick, whereby I became excellent at Repartee, ſweet Lady. As for my Eſtate, my Father died ſince I came of Age, and left me a ſmall younger Brothers Portion, dear Lady.

Lucr. A younger Brothers, Sir?

Sir *Cred.* Ha, ha, I know what you would infer from that now; but you muſt know delicious Lady, that I am all the Children my Father had,

Lucr. Witty I proteſt.

Sir *Cred.* Nay Madam when I ſet on't I can be witty.

Lean. Cruel *Lucretia* leave em, and let us ſnatch this opportunity to talk of our own affairs.

Sir *Cred.* For you muſt know bright Lady, though I was pleas'd to rally my ſelf, I have a pretty competent Eſtate of about 3000 *l.* a Year and am to marry Madam *Lucretia.*

L. *Fan.* You're a happy man Sir.

Sir *Cred.* Not ſo happy neither, ineſtimable Lady, for I loſt the fineſt Mare yeſterday——but let that paſs, were you never in *Devonſhire* Madam.

L. *Fan.* Never Sir.

Sir *Cred.* Introth and that's pity ſweet Lady, for if you lov'd Hawking, Drinking and Whoring, ——oh Lord, I mean Hunting, i'faith there be good Fellows would keep you Company, Madam.

Sir *Pat.* This is a Plot upon me, a meer Plot.——My Lady *Fancy*, be tender of my reputation, Foppery's catching, and I had as lieve be a Cuckold as Husband to a vain Woman.

Sir *Cred.* Zoz, and that may be as you ſay Noble Sir. Lady pray what Gentleman's this——Noble Sir, I am your moſt humble Servant.

Sir *Pat.* Oh cry you mercy Sir. (*walks away.*

Sir *Cred.* No offence dear Sir I proteſt, 'slife I believe 'tis the Maſter of the Houſe, he look't with ſuch Authority—why who cares, let him look as big as the four Winds, Eaſt, Weſt, North and South, I care not this,—— therefore I beg your Pardon Noble Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Pray

Sir Pat. Pray ſpare your hat and legs, Sir, till you come to Court, they are thrown away i'th' City.

Sir Cred. O Lord, dear Sir, 'tis all one for that, I value not a leg nor an arm amongſt Friends, I am a *Devonſhire* Knight, Sir, all the World knows, a kind of Country Gentleman, as they ſay, and am come to Town to marry my Lady *Knowell*'s Daughter.

Sir Pat. I'm glad on't, Sir. (*Walks away, he fallows.*

Sir Cred. She's a deſerving Lady, Sir, if I have any Judgment, and I think I underſtand a Lady, Sir, in the Right Honourable way of Matrimony.

Sir Pat. Well, Sir, that is to ſay, you have been married before, Sir, and what's all this to me good, Sir?

Sir Cred. Married before incomparable, Sir! not ſo neither, for there's difference in Men, Sir.

Sir Pat. Right, Sir, for ſome are Wits, and ſome are Fools!

Sir Cred. As I hope to breath 'twas a ſaying of my Grandmothers, who us'd to tell me, Sir, that bought Wit was beſt. I have brought money to Town for a ſmall purchaſe of that kind, for, Sir, I wou'd fain ſet up for a Country Wit——Pray, Sir, where live the Poets? for I wou'd fain be acquainted with ſome of them.

Sir Pat. Sir, I do not know, nor do I care for Wits and Poets. Oh this will kill me quite, I'll out of Town immediately.

Sir Cred. But, Sir, I mean your Fine railing Bully Wits, that have Vinegar, Gall and Arſenick in 'em as well as Salt and Flame and Fire and the Devil and all.

Sir Pat. Oh defend me! and what is all this to me, Sir?

Sir Cred. Oh, Sir, they are the very Soul of Entertainment, and, Sir, it is the prettieſt ſport to hear 'em rail and baul at one another —— Zoz wou'd I were a Poet.

Sir Pat. I wiſh you were, ſince you are ſo fond of being rail'd at——if I were able to beat him I would be much angry—— but Patience is a Vertue, and I will into the Country.—— [*Aſide.*

Sir Cred. 'Tis all one caſe to me dear, Sir,—but I ſhould have the pleaſure of railing again, *cum privilegio*, I love fighting with thoſe pointleſs Weapons——Zoz, Sir, you know if we Men of quality fall out—— (for you are a Knight I take it) why there comes a Challenge upon it, and ten to one ſome body or other is run through the Gills, why, a Pox on't, I ſay, this is very damnable, give me Poets Licence. ——

L. *Fan.* Take him off in pity. [*To* Leander.

Lod. Indeed Railing is a Coin only currant among the Poets ——— Sir *Credulous.* ———

Sir Pat. Oh bleſt deliverance——what a prophane wretch is here, and what a Lewd World we live in—Oh *London*, *London*, how thou aboundeſt in Iniquity, thy Young men are debaucht, thy Virgins defloured, and thy Matrons all turn'd Bawds! my Lady *Fancy*, this is not Company for you, I take it, let us fly from this vexation of Spirit, on the never-failing wings of discretion. ——— (*Going to lead Lady* Fancy *off—the Lady* Knowell *ſpeaking to* Iſabella *all this while*

L. *Kno.* How! marry thee to ſuch a Fop, ſay'ſt thou? Oh egregious!—as thou loveſt *Lodwick* let him not know his name, it will be dangerous, let me alone to evade it.

Iſab. I know his fiery temper too well to truſt him with the ſecret.

L. *Kno.* Hark ye, Sir, and do you intend to do this horrible thing?——

Sir Pat. What thing, my Lady *Knowell*?

L. *Kno.* Why, to marry your Daughter, Sir?

Sir Pat. Yes, Madam.

L. *Kno.* To a beaſtly Town Fool? *Monſtrum horrendum!*

Sir Pat. To any Fool, except a Fool of your Race, of your Generation ———

L. *Kno.* How! A Fool of my Race, my Generation! I know thou meaneſt my Son, thou contumelious Knight, who, let me tell thee, ſhall marry thy Daughter *invito te*, that is, (to inform thy obtuſe underſtanding) in ſpight of thee, yes ſhall, marry her, though ſhe inherits nothing but thy dull Enthuſiaſms, which had ſhe been legitimate ſhe had been poſſeſt with.

Sir Pat. Oh abominable! you had beſt ſay ſhe is none of my Daughter, and that I was a Cuckold. ———

L. *Kno.* If I ſhould, Sir, it would not amount to *Scandalum Magnatum*, I'll tell thee more; thy whole Pedigree,—and yet for all this *Lodwick* ſhall marry your Daughter, and yet I'll have none of your Nephew. ———

Sir Pat. Shall he ſo, my Lady *Knowell*? I ſhall go near to out-trick your Ladiſhip, for all your Politick learning. 'Tis paſt the Canonical hour, as they call it, or I wou'd marry my Daughter inſtantly, I profeſs we ne're had good days ſince theſe Canonical Fopperies came up again, meer Popiſh tricks to give our Children time for diſobedience,—the next Juſtice wou'd ha' ſerv'd turn, and have done the buſineſs

buſineſs at any hour, but Patience is a Vertue——— *Roger*, go after Mr. *Fain-love*, and tell him I wou'd ſpeak with him inſtantly.

L. *Kno*. Come, come, Ladies, we loſe fleeting time upon my Honour we do, for Madam, as I ſaid, I have brought the Fiddles, and deſign to Sacrifice the intire Evening to your Ladiſhips Diverſion.

Sir Cred. Incomparable Lady, that was well thought on, Zoz, I long to be jigging.

Sir Pat. Fiddles, Good Lord! why, what am I come to?—Madam, I take it, Sir *Patient Fancy*'s Lady is not a proper Perſon to make one at immodeſt Revellings, and Profane Maſqueradings.

L. *Fan*. Why? ah, 'tis very true, Sir, but we ought not to offend a Brother that is weak, and conſequently a Siſter.

Sir Pat. An Excellent Lady this, but ſhe may be corrupted, Ah ſhe may fall, I will therefore without delay carry her from this wicked Town.

L. *Kno*. Come, come, Gentlemen, let's in, Mr. *Fancy*, you muſt be my man—Sir *Credulous* come, and you ſweet, Sir, come Ladies,——— *Nunc eſt ſaltandum*, &c. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE *changes to a Chamber*.

Enter Sir Patient *as before*, *Lady* Fancy, Wittmore, Maundy, *and* Roger *with things*.

Sir Pat. *Maundy* fetch my Cloaths, I'll dreſs me and out of Town inſtantly——— perſwade me not. [*To* Witt.] *Roger*, is the Coach ready, *Roger*?

Rog. Yes, Sir, with four horſes.

L. *Fan*. Out of Town! Oh I'm undone then, there will be no hopes of ever ſeeing *Wittmore*. (*Aſide*) —*Maundy*, oh help me to contrive my ſtay, or I'm a dead Woman.——Sir, ſure you cannot go and leave your affairs in Town.

Sir Pat. Affairs! what Affairs?

L. *Fan*. Why, your daughter's Marriage, Sir,—and—Sir,—not, Sir, but that I deſire of all things in the World the bleſſing of being alone with you, far from the noiſe and lewd diſorders of this filthy Town.

Sir Pat. Moſt excellent Woman! ah thou art too good for ſinful Man, and I will therefore remove thee from the temptations of it—*Maundy*, my Cloaths—Mr. *Fain-love*, I will leave *Iſabella* with my Lady *Midget* my Siſter who ſhall to morrow ſee you married to prevent farther inconveniences.

L. *Fan.* What ſhall I do?

Maun. Madam, I have a deſign, which conſidering his Spleen, muſt this time do our buſineſs ——'tis—— (*whiſpers.*)

L. *Fan.* I like it well, about it inſtantly, hah ——

(*Exit* Maundy.

alas, Sir,——what ails your Face? good Heaven——look, *Roger?*

Sir Pat. My Face! why, what ails my Face! hah! ——

L. *Fan.* See, Mr. *Fain-love*, look on my dear, is he not ſtrangely alter'd?

Witt. Moſt wonderfully.

Sir Pat. Alter'd, hah—why where, why how alter'd?—hah, Alter'd ſay you? ——

Witt. Lord how wildly he ſtares!

Sir Pat. Hah, ſtare—wildly? ——

Rog. Are you not very ſick, Sir?

L. *Fan.* Sick! oh heavens forbid——how does my deareſt love?

Sir Pat. Methinks I feel my ſelf not well o'th' ſuddain—ah—a kind of ſhivering ſeizes all my limbs,——and am I ſo much chang'd.

Witt. All over, Sir, as big again as you were, ——

L. *Fan.* Your Face is frightfully blown up, and your dear Eyes juſt ſtarting from your head, oh I ſhall ſound with the apprehenſion on't. (*Falls into* Wittmore's *arms.*

Sir Pat. My head and Eyes ſo big ſay you,—oh I'm wonderous ſick o'th' ſuddain,—all over ſay you—oh, oh—Ay, I perceive it now, my Senſes fail me too.

L. *Fan.* How, Sir, your Senſes fail you?

Witt. That's a very bad ſign, believe me.

Sir Pat. Oh, ay, for I can neither feel nor ſee this mighty growth you ſpeak off. (*Falls into a Chair with great ſigns of diſorder.*

Witt. Alas, I'm ſorry for that, Sir.

Rog. Sure 'tis impoſſible, I'll run and fetch a Glaſs, Sir.

(*Offers to go.*

L. *Fan.* Oh ſtay, I wou'd not for the world he ſhould ſee what a Monſter he is, ——and is like to be before to Morrow. (*Aſide.*

Rog. I'll fit him with a Glaſs--I'll warrant ye it ſhall advance our deſign.

Enter Maundy *with the Cloaths, ſhe ſtarts.*

Maun. Good Heaven, what ails you, Sir?

Sir Pat. Oh—oh—'tis ſo.

Maun. Lord

Maun. Lord how he's ſwoln? See how his Stomach ſtruts?

Sir Pat. Ah 'tis true, though I perceive it not.

Maun. Not perceive it, Sir! put on your Cloaths and be convinc't—try 'em, Sir. (*She pulls off his Gown and puts on his Doublet and Coat, which come not near by a handfull or more.*

Sir Pat. Ah it needs not,—mercy upon me— (*Falls back.* I'm loſt, I'm gone, Oh man what art thou, but a Flower? I am Poyſon'd, this talking Lady's breath's infectious; methought I felt the Contagion ſteal into my heart; ſend for my Phyſicians, and if I die I'll ſwear ſhe's my Murtherer, oh ſee, ſee, how my trembling encreaſes, oh hold my limbs, I die ———

Enter Roger *with a Magniſying Glaſs, ſhews him the Glaſs; he looks in it.*

Rog. I'll warrant I'll ſhow his Face as big as a Buſhel. [*Aſide.*

Sir Pat. Oh, oh, —— I'm a dead man, have me to bed, I die away, undreſs me inſtantly, ſend for my Phyſicians, I'm Poyſon'd my Bowels burn, I have within an *Ætna*, (*They carry him* My Brains run round, Nature within me reels. *out in a Chair.*

Witt. And all the drunken Univerſe does run on wheels. ha, ha, ha.

Ah my dear Creature, how finely thou haſt brought him to his Journies end!

L. *Fan.* There was no other way but this to have ſecur'd my happineſs with thee, there needs no more than that you come anon to the Garden back-gate, where you ſhall find admittance, —Sir *Patient* is like to lie alone to night.

Witt. 'Till then 'twill be a thouſand Ages.

L. *Fan.* At Games of love Husbands to cheat is fair,
'Tis the Gallant we play with on the ſquare.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT. III.

SCENE I.

Scene draws off and diſcoveers Lady Knowell, Iſabella, Lucretia, Lodwick, Leander, Wittmore, *Sir* Credulous, *Other Men and Women, as going to Dance.*

L. Kno. COme, one Dance more, and then I think we ſhall have ſufficiently teaz'd the Alderman, and 'twill be time to part——Sir *Credulous*, where's your Miſtreſs?

Sir Cred. Within a mile of an Oak, dear Madam, I'll warrant you,—well, I proteſt and vow, ſweet Lady, you dance moſt Nobly.——Why, you Dance—— like—— like a—— like a haſty Pudding before *Jove*. (*They Dance ſome Antick, or Ruſtick-Antick.* Lodwick *ſpeaking to* Iſabella.

SONG Made by a Gent.

SItting by yonder River ſide
Parthenia *thus to* Cloe *cry'd,*
Whilſt from the fair Nymphs Eyes apace
Another ſtream o're flow'd her beauteous Face.
Ah happy Nymph, ſaid ſhe, that can
So little value that falſe Creature man.

Oft the perfidious things will cry,
Alas they burn, they bleed, they die;
But if they're abſent half a day,
Nay, let 'em be but one poor hour away,
No more they die, no more complain,
But like unconſtant wretches live again.

Lod. Well, have you conſider'd of that buſineſs yet, *Iſabella*?

Iſab. What

Isab. What buſineſs?

Lod. Of giving me admittance to night.

Isab. And may I truſt your honeſty?

Lod. Oh doubt me not, my Mother's reſolv'd it ſhall be a match between you and I, and that very conſideration will ſecure thee, beſides, who would firſt ſully the Linnen they mean to put on?

Isab. Away, here's my Mother.

Enter Lady Fancy.

L. *Fan.* Madam, I beg your pardon for my abſence, the effects of my Obedience, not Will; but Sir *Patient* is taken very ill o'th' ſuddain, and I muſt humbly intreat your Ladiſhip to retire, for reſt is only eſſential to his recovery.

L. *Kno.* Congrouſly ſpoken, upon my Honour. Oh the impudence of this Fellow your Ladiſhips Husband, to eſpouſe ſo fair a perſon only to make a Nurſe of!

L. *Fan.* Alas, Madam!———

L. *Kno.* A ſlave, a very Houſhold drudge,—Oh faugh, come, never grieve,—for, Madam, his Diſeaſe is nothing but imagination, a Melancholly which ariſes from the Liver, Spleen, and Membrane call'd *Meſenterium*, the *Arabians* name the diſtemper *Myrathial*, and we here in *England Hypochondriacal Melancholly*; I cou'd preſcribe a moſt potent Remedy, but that I am loath to ſtir the Envy of the Colledge.

L. *Fan.* Really Madam I believe———

L. *Kno.* But as you ſay, Madam, we'll leave him to his repoſe, pray do not grieve too much.

Lod. Death! wou'd I had the conſoling her, 'tis a charming Woman!

L. *Kno.* Mr. *Fancy* your hand; Madam, your moſt faithful Servant,—*Lucretia*, come *Lucretia*—your Servant Ladies and Gentlemen.———

L. *Fan.* A Devil on her, wou'd the nimbleneſs of her Ladiſhips Tongue were in her heals, ſhe wou'd make more haſt away, oh I long for the bleſt minute.———

Lod. Iſabella, ſhall I find admittance anon?

Iſab. On fair Conditions.

Lod. Truſt my Generoſity—Madam, your Slave.— (*Exit.*

(*To* L. Fan. *gazing on her, goes out.*

Sir Cred. Madam, I would ſay ſomething of your Charms and Celeſtial Graces, but that all praiſes are as far below you, as the Moon in her Oppoſition is below the Sun,—and ſo, luſcious Lady, I am yours, now for my Serenade,— [*Exeunt all but* L. Fan. *and* Maundy.

L. Fan. Maundy, have you commanded all the Servants to Bed?

Maun. Yes, Madam, not a Mouſe ſhall ſtir, and I have made ready the Chamber next the Garden for your Ladiſhip.

L. Fan. Then there needs no more but that you wait for *Wittmore*'s coming to the Garden Gate, and take care no lights be in the Houſe for fear of Eyes.

Maun. Madam I underſtand lovers are beſt by dark, and ſhall be diligent, the Doctor has ſecur'd Sir *Patient* by a ſleeping Pill, and you are only to expect your approaching happineſs.

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Lady* Knowell's *Chamber.*

Enter Lady Knowell *and* Leander.

L. Kno. Leander raiſe your Soul above that little trifle *Lucretia*,——cannot you gueſs what better Fate attends you?—fie,——how dull you are!—muſt I inſtruct you in plain right-down terms?—and tell you—that I propoſe you maſter of my fortune.——Now poſſibly you underſtand me.

Enter Lucretia *and peeps.*

Lean. I wiſh I did not, Madam,
Unleſs I'd vertue to deſerve the bounty;
I have a Thouſand hidden faults Diſſimulation hides,
Inconſiſtant, wild, debauch'd as Youth can make me.

Lucr. All that will not do your buſineſs—— (*Aſide*)

L. Kno. Yet you wou'd have my Daughter take you with all theſe faults, they're vertues there, but to the name of Mother, they all turn retrograde, I can endure a man
As wild and as inconſtant as ſhe can,
I have a Fortune too that can ſupport that humour,
That of *Lucretia* does depend on me,
And when I pleaſe is nothing;
I'm far from Age or Wrinkles, can be Courted
By Men as gay and youthful as a new Summer's morn,
Beauteous as the firſt Bloſſoms of the Spring
Before the common Sun has kiſs'd their ſweets away,
If with ſalacious appetites I lov'd.

Lean. Faith Madam I cou'd wiſh,——

L. Kno. That

L. Kno. That I were but Fifteen? but——
If there be inequality in years,
There is so too in Fortunes, that might add
A lustre to my Eyes, charms to my Person,
And make me fair as *Venus*, young as *Hebe*.

Lean. Madam, you have enough to engage any unconquer'd heart, but 'twas, I thought, with your allowance I dispos'd of mine, and 'tis a heart that knows not how to change.

L. Kno. Then 'tis a foolish unambitious heart, unworthy of the Elevation it has not glorious Pride enough to aim at:—— Farewell, Sir,———when you are wiser, you may find admittance. [*Goes out.*

Lean. Stay, Madam.———

Enter Lucretia.

Lucr. For what? to hear your Penitence? Forgive me, Madam, I will be a Villain, forget my Vows of love, made to *Lucretia*,
And Sacrifice both her, and those to interest.
Oh how I hate this whining and dissembling!

Lean. Do, Triumph o're a wretched man, *Lucretia*.

Lucr. How! Wretched in loving me so intirely, or that you cannot marry my Mother, and be Master of her mighty Fortune? 'Tis a Temptation indeed so between Love and Interest, hang me if ever I saw so simple a look as you put on when my Mother made love to you.

Lean. You may easily gues the confusion of a Man in my Circumstances, to be languishing for the lov'd Daughter, and pursu'd by the hated Mother, whom if I refuse will ruin all my hopes of thee.

Lucr. Refuse her! I hope you have more wit?

Lean. Lucretia, cou'd she make a Monarch of me, I cou'd not marry her.

Lucr. And you wou'd be so wise to tell her so?

Lean. I wou'd no more abuse her, than I cou'd love her.

Lucr. Yet that last must be done.

Lean. How!

Lucr. Dost believe me so wicked to think I mean in earnest? No, tell her a fine story of love, and lisking, gaze on her, kiss her hands, and sigh, commend her face and shape, swear she's the miracle of the Age for Wit, cry up her Learning, vow you were an Ass not to be sensible of her perfections all this while, what a Coxcomb, to doat upon the Daughter when such charms were so visible in the Mother? Faith she'll believe all this.

Lean. It

Lean. It may be ſo, but what will all this ſerve for?

Lucr. To give us time and opportunity to deceive her, or I'm miſtaken.

Lean. I cannot teach my Tongue ſo much deceit.

Lucr. You may be a Fool and cry. Indeed forſooth I cannot love, for alas I have loſt my heart, and am unworthy of your proffer'd bleſſings—do, and ſee her marry me in ſpight to this Fop *Eaſie*, this Knight of Nonſence; no, no, diſſemble me handſomely and like a Gentleman, and then expect your good fortune.

Enter Antick.

Ant. Madam, your Mother's coming.

Lucr. Away then, ſhe muſt not ſee us together, ſhe thinks you gone.

Lean. But muſt I carry off no comfort with me?

Lucr. Will you expoſe me to the incens'd jealouſie of a Parent? go, or I ſhall hate ye,—— [*Thruſts him out.*

SCENE. *A Garden.*

Enter Maundy *by dark: Opens the Garden door.*

Maun. Now am I return'd to my old trade again, fetch and carry my Ladies lovers, I was afraid when ſhe had been married theſe night-works wou'd have ended, but to ſay truth, there's a Conſcience to be uſed in all things, and there's no reaſon ſhe ſhou'd languiſh with an old man when a young man may be had.——The door opens, he's come,—— (*Enter* Lodwick. I ſee you're a punctual lover, Sir, pray follow me as ſoftly as you can.

Lod. This is ſome one whom I perceive *Iſabella* has made the Confident to our Amours.—— (*Exeunt.*

SCENE *draws off, and diſcovers* L. Fancy, *in her Night-gown, in a Chamber as by the dark.*

L. *Fan.* Oh the agreeable confuſion of a lover high with expectation of the approaching bliſs! What tremblings between joy and fear poſſeſs me? All my whole Soul is taken up with *Wittmore*, I've no Idea's, no thoughts but of *Wittmore*, and ſure

ſure my tongue can ſpeak no other language, but his name.—Who's there?

Enter Maundy *leading* Lodwick.

Maun. Madam, 'tis I, and your expected lover, here—I put him into your hands, and will wait your commands in the next Chamber. (*Exit* Maun.

Lod. Where are you, my deareſt Creature?

L. *Fan.* Here——give me your hand, I'll lead you to thoſe joys we both ſo long have fight for.

Lod. Hah! to joys; ſure ſhe doth but dally with me,—— (*Aſide.*

L. *Fan.* Why come you not on, my dear?

Lod. And yet, why this admiſſion? and i'th' dark too, if ſhe deſign'd me none but vertuous Favours?———What damn'd temptation's this?

L. *Fan.* Are you bewitch'd? what is't that frights you?

Lod. I'm fixt, Death, was ever ſuch a lover?
Juſt ready for the higheſt Joys of love,
And like a baſhful Girl reſtrain'd by fear
Of an inſuing infamy,—I hate to Cuckold my own Expectations.

L, *Fan.* Heaven's! what can you mean?

Lod. Death, what's this,—ſure 'tis not vertue in me,—Pray Heaven it be not impotence!——Where got I this damn'd honeſty which I never found my ſelf maſter of till now?——why ſhou'd it ſeize me when I had leaſt need on't?

L. *Fan.* What ails you? are you mad?——we are ſafe, and free as Winds let looſe to ruffle all the Groves, what is't delays you then? Soft.

Lod. Pox o' this thought of Wife, the very name deſtroys my appetite,
Oh with what vigor I could deal my love
To ſome fair lewd, unknown,
To whom I'd never made a ſerious Vow?

L. *Fan.* Tell me the myſtery of this ſuddain coldneſs? have I kept my Husband in Town for this? Nay, perſwaded him to be very ſick to ſerve our purpoſe, and am I thus rewarded!—ungrateful man!

Lod. Hah,——'tis not *Iſabella*'s voice,———your Husband ſay you?———

[*Takes hold greedily of her hand.*

L. *Fan.* Is

L. *Fan.* Is safe, from any fear of interrupting us.
Come ——— these delays do ill consist with love
And our desires; at least if they are equal.
Lod. Death, 'tis the charming Mother!
What lucky Star directed me to night?
O my fair dear dissembler, let us haste
To pay the mighty Tributes due to love.
L. Fan. Follow me then with careful silence,—for *Isabella's* Chamber joins to this, and she may hear us.
Lod. Not Flowers grow, nor smooth streams glide away,
Not absent lovers sigh, nor breaks the day
More silently than I'll those joys receive,
Which love and darkness do conspire to give. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Changes again to a Garden. Enter* Isabella *and* Fanny *in their Night-gowns.*

Isab. Well, I have no mind to let this dear mad Devil *Lodwick* in to night.
Fan. Why, Sister, this is not the first venture you have made of this kind, at this hour, and in this place, these Arbours were they tell-tales, could discover many pretty stories of your loves, and do you think they'll be less faithful now? Pray trust 'em once again. Oh I do so love to hear Mr. *Lodwick* protest, and vow, and swear, and dissemble, and when you don't believe him, rail at you, ——— avads 'tis the prettiest Man ———
Isab. I have a strange apprehension of being surpriz'd to night.
Fan. I'll warrant you, I'll sit on yon' Bank of Pinks, and when I hear a noise I'll come and tell you, so *Lodwick* may slip out at the back Gate, and we may be walking up and down as if we meant no harm.
Isab. You'll grow very expert in the arts of love, *Fanny?*
Fan. When I am big enough I shall do my endeavour, for I have heard you say, Women were born to no other end than to love: And 'tis fit I should learn to live and die in my calling, —Come open the Gate or you'll repent it, we shall have my Father marry you within a day or two to that ugly man that speaks hard words, —— avads I can't abide him.
Isab. What noise is that?
Fan. Why 'tis Mr. *Lodwick*, at the Garden door,—let him in whilst I'll to my Flowery Bank and stand Centinel.———
[*Runs off.* Isabella *opens the Gate.*
Enter

Enter Wittmore.

Witt. Who's there?

Iſab. Speak low, who ſhou'd it be but the kind fool her ſelf who can deny you nothing but what you dare not take?

Witt. Not take! what's that? haſt thou reſerves in ſtore?
—Oh come and let me lead thee to thy Bed,
Or ſeat thee on ſome Bank of ſofter Flowers,
Where I may rifle all thy unknown ſtore.

Iſab. How! ſurely you're not in earneſt?——Do you love me?

Witt. Love thee! by thy dear ſelf all that my Soul adores,
I'm all impatient flame! all over love!
—You do not uſe to doubt, but ſince you do,
Come, and I'll ſatisfie thy obliging fears,
And give thee proofs how much my Soul is thine,
I'll breath it all a-new into thy boſom,———
Oh thou art fit for the tranſporting play,
All looſe and wanton, like the Queen of love
When ſhe deſcends to meet the Youth in ſhades.

Iſab. And are you Sir in earneſt? can it be?

Witt. That queſtion was ſevere, what means my love!
What pretty art is this to blow my flame,
Are you not mine? did we not meet t' enjoy?
I came not with more vigorous eager haſt.
When our firſt ſacrifice to love we paid,
Than to perform that Ceremony now.
Come do not let the Sacred Fire burn out
Which only was prepar'd for love's rich Altar,
And this is the Divine, dark, ſilent Minute.———

[*Goes to lead her off.*

Iſab. Hold, Raviſher, and know this ſawcy Paſſion
Has render'd back your intereſt. Now I hate ye,
And my Obedience to my Father's will
Shall marry me to *Fain-love*, and I'll deſpiſe ye,

[*Flings from him.*

Witt. Hah! *Iſabella*! Death I have made ſweet work,—ſtay gentle maid,——ſhe'll ruin all if ſhe go — ſtay——ſhe knew me, and cunningly drew me to this diſcovery; I'll after her and undeceive her.

[*Runs after her.*

A con-

A confus'd noiſe of the Serenade, the Scene draws off to Lady Fancy's *Anti-chamber.*

Enter Iſabella *groping as in the dark.*

Iſab. Pray Heaven I get undiſcover'd to my Chamber, where I'll make Vows againſt this perjur'd Man; hah, ſure he follows ſtill; no Wood Nymph ever fled before a Satyr, with half that trembling haſte I flew from *Lodwick*,——oh he has loſt his Vertue and has undone me. [*Goes out groping, and the noiſe of Serenade again.*

Scene changes to Lady Fancy's *Bed-chamber, diſcovers her as before*; Lodwick *as juſt riſen in diſorder from the Bed: Buttoning himſelf and ſetting himſelf in order; and noiſe at the door of unlatching it.*

Enter Iſabella *groping*, *Sir* Patient *without.*

L. *Fan.* It is this Door that open'd, and which I thought I had ſecur'd.

Sir Pat. Oh inſupportable, abominable, and not to be indur'd!

Iſab. Hah my Father! I'm diſcover'd and purſu'd,—grant me to find the Bed.

L. *Fan.* Heavens 'twas my Husband's voice, ſure we're betrayed. It muſt be ſo, for what Devil but that of Jealouſie, cou'd raiſe him at this late hour?

Iſab. Hah, where am I, and who is't that ſpeaks.—— [*To her ſelf.*

Lod. So, he muſt know that I have made a Cuckold of him. [*Aſide.*

Sir Pat. Within, call up my Men, the Coachman, Groom, and Butler; the Footmen, Cook and Gardener, bid 'em all riſe and arm, with long Staff, Spade and Pitchfork, and ſally out upon the wicked.

Lod. Short! what a death ſhall I die,—is there no place of ſafety hereabouts——for there is no reſiſting theſe unmerciful Weapons.

Iſab. A Mans Voice!

L. *Fan.* I know of none, nor how to prevent your diſcovery.

Enter

Enter Sir Patient.

Sir Pat. Oh, oh, lead me forward, I'll lie here on the Garden ſide, out of the hearing of this Helliſh noiſe.

L. Fan. Hah, noiſe —— what means he?

Lod. Nay, I know not, is there no eſcaping?——

Iſab. Who can they be that talk thus? ſure I have miſtook my Chamber.

L. Fan. Oh he's coming in—I'm ruin'd, what ſhall we do? here—get into the Bed—and cover your ſelf with the Cloaths —— quickly —— oh my Confuſion will betray me.

[Lodwick *gets into the Bed,* Iſabella *hides behind the Curtain very near to him.*

Enter Sir Patient *led by* Nurſe *and* Maundy *with lights.*

Maun. Pray go back, Sir, my poor Lady will be frighted out of her wits, at this danger you put your ſelf into, the noiſe ſhall be ſtill'd.

L. Fan. Oh what's the matter with my love, what, do you mean to murder him? oh lead him inſtantly back to his Bed.

Sir Pat. Oh, oh, no, I'll lie here—put me to Bed, oh I faint, —my Chamber's poſſeſt with twenty thouſand Evil Spirits.

L. Fan. Poſſeſt! what ſickly Fancy's this?

Sir Pat. Ah the Houſe is beſet, ſurrounded and confounded with profane tinkling, with Popiſh Horn-Pipes, and Jeſuitical Cymbals, more Antichriſtian and Abominable than Organs, or Anthems.

Nurſ. Yea verily, and ſurely it is the ſpawn of Cathedral Inſtruments plaid on by Babyloniſh Minſtrels, only to diſturb the Brethren.

Sir Pat. Ay, 'tis ſo, call up my Servants, and let them be firſt chaſtiz'd and then hang'd, accuſe 'em for *French* Papiſhes, that had a deſign to fire the City, or any thing—oh I ſhall die —lead me gently to this Bed.

L. Fan. To hinder him will diſcover all——ſtay, Sir.——

Sir Pat. Hah, my Lady turn'd Rebellious! [*throws himſelf forward to the Bed.*
—put me to Bed I ſay, hah—what's here— what art thou—a Man—hah, a Man, Treaſon! betray'd! my Bed's defil'd, my Lady Polluted, and I am Cornuted, oh thou Vile Serpent of my Boſom!

[*She ſtands with her face towards the Stage in ſigns of fear.*

Iſab. A Man, and in my Vertuous Lady Mothers Chamber! how fortunate was I to light on this diſcovery!

L. Fan. Well, Sir, ſince you have ſeen him, I beſeech you, for my ſake, Dear, Pardon him this one time. [*Cokeſing him.*

Sir Pat. Thou beg his Pardon? Oh was ever heard ſuch impudence!

L. Fan. Indeed my love he is to blame, but we that are judicious ſhould bear with the frailties of Youth.

Sir Pat. Oh inſupportable Audacity!—what canſt thou ſay falſe Woman?

L. Fan. Truly not much in his defence, my dear.

Iſab. Oh cunning Devil.——

L. Fan. But, Sir, to hide the weakneſs of your Daughter, I have a little ſtrain'd my Modeſty.——

Iſab. Heavens! what ſays ſhe?——

L. Fan. 'Tis *Iſabella*'s lover, Sir, whom I've conceal'd.

Lod. A good hint to ſave both our credits.

Sir Pat. How Mr. *Fain-love* mean you?

[Lodwick *riſes and comes a little more forward*, Iſabella *does the like, till both meet at the feet of the Bed and ſtart*, Lodwick *looking ſimply.*

L. *Fan.* Ay, my dear, Mr. *Fain-love.*

Lod. Iſabella here! muſt ſhe know too what a fine inconſtant Dog I am?——

Iſab. Lodwick! and in my Mothers Chamber! may I believe my Eyes?

Sir Pat. But how got he hither—tell me that? oh Youth, Youth, to what degree of wickedneſs art thou arriv'd?

L. *Fan.* She appointed him to come this night, Sir, and he going to her Chamber, by miſtake came into mine, it being the next to her's.

Maun. But, Lord, Sir, had you heard how my Lady ſchool'd him, whilſt I ran down to fetch a light!

Lod. Now does my Conſcience tell me, I am a damn'd Villain.—— [*Aſide, looking pittifully on* Iſabella.

L. *Fan.* But the poor man preſently perceiv'd his miſtake, and beg'd my pardon in ſuch feeling terms—that I vow I had not the heart to deny it him.

Iſab. Oh Traytor! wou'd thou hadſt been that Raviſher I took thee for, rather than ſuch a Villain—falſe! and with my Mother too!

L. *Fan.* And juſt then, Sir, you came to the door, and leſt you ſhou'd ſee him, intreated me to hide him from your Anger, —the offence is not ſo hainous, Sir, conſidering he's ſo ſoon to marry her.

Sir Pat.

Sir Pat.—Well, Sir, and what have you to ſay in your defence?—hah—how, Mr. *Knowell*!—worſe and worſe——why how came you hither, Sir? hah,——

L. *Fan.* Not *Wittmore*! oh I am ruin'd and betray'd.

[*faints almoſt in a ſound.*

Sir Pat. Hah, *Iſabella* here too!——

Iſab. Yes. Sir, to juſtifie her Innocence.——

Sir Pat. Hah! Innocence! and Juſtifie! take her away, go out of my ſight thou limb of Satan,——take her away I ſay, I'll talk with you to morrow, Lady fine tricks——I will——

Iſab. —And I'll know before I ſleep, the myſtery of all this, and who 'twas this faithleſs Man ſent in his room to deceive me in the Garden.—— [*Goes out.*

Lod. A plague of all ill-luck——how the Devil came ſhe hithither? I muſt follow and reconcile her.—— [*Going out,*

Sir Patient *ſtays him.*

Sir Pat. Nay, Sir, we muſt not part ſo till I have known the truth of this buſineſs, I take it.

Lod. Truth, Sir, oh all that your fair Lady has ſaid, Sir, I muſt confeſs, her Eyes have wounded me enough with Anger, you need not add more to my ſhame.——

L. *Fan.* Some little comfort yet, that he prov'd indeed to be *Iſabella*'s lover: Oh that I ſhould miſtake ſo unluckily!

[*Aſide.*

Sir Pat. Why, I thought it had been Mr. *Fain-love*.

L. *Fan.* By all that's good and ſo did I.

Lod. I know you did, Madam, or you had not been ſo kind to me: Your Servant, dear Madam.—— [*Going Sir*

Patient *ſtays him.*

L. *Fan.* Pray Sir let him go oh how I abominate the ſight of a Man that cou'd be ſo wicked as he has been!

Sir Pat. Ha, —good Lady, excellent woman, well, Sir, for my Ladies ſake I'll let you paſs with this, but if I catch you here again, I ſhall ſpoil your Intrigues, Sir, marry ſhall I, and ſo reſt ye ſatisfied, Sir.——

Lod. At this time, I am, Sir—Madam a thouſand bleſſings on you for this goodneſs.——

L. *Fan.* Ten thouſand curſes upon thee,——go, boaſt the ruin you have made. [*Aſide to* Lod.

Sir Pat. Come, no more anger now my Lady; the Gentleman's ſorry you ſee, I'll marry my pert Hutwife to morrow for this,—*Maundy* ſee the Gentleman ſafe out.——ah—put me to Bed, ah—this nights work will kill me, ah, ah——

Exit Lodwick *and* Maundy. *The Scene draws over Sir* Patient *and Lady: draws again and discovers the Garden,* Wittmore, Fanny *and* Isabella.

Isab. How, Mr. *Fain-love*, it cannot be?—

Fan. Indeed Sister 'tis the same for all he talks so, and he told me his coming was but to try your vertue only.

Enter Lodwick *and* Maundy *as passing over, but stand.*

Isab. That *Fain-love*, whom I am so soon to marry! and but this day courted me in another Dialect!

Witt. That was my Policy Madam, to pass upon your Father with. But I'm a Man that knows the value of the fair, and saw charms of Beauty and of wit in you, that taught me to know the way to your heart was to appear my self, which now I do. Why did you leave me so unkindly but now?

Lod. Hah, what's this? whilst I was grafting horns on another's head, some kind friend was doing that good office for me.

Maun. Sure 'tis *Wittmore*!—oh that dissembler—this was his Plot upon my Lady, to gain time with *Isabella*. (*Aside.*

Witt. And being so near my happiness, can you blame me, if I made a tryal whether your Vertue were agreeable to your Beauty, great, and to be equally ador'd?

Lod. Death, I've heard enough to forfeit all my patience—Draw, Sir, and make a tryal of your Courage too——

Witt. Hah, what desperate Fool art thou? (*Draws.*

Lod. One that will see thee fairly damn'd e're yield his Interest up in *Isabella*——oh thou false Woman!

(*They fight out,* Isabella *and* Maundy *run off.*

SCENE *Changes to the long Street, a Pageant of an* Elephant *coming from the farther end with Sir* Credulous *on it, and several others playing on strange confused Instruments.*

Sir Cred. This sure is extraordinary, or the Devil's in't, and I'll ne're trust Serenade more. (*Come forward and all play again.*

——Hold, hold, now for the

Song,

Song, which becauſe I wou'd have moſt Deliciouſly and Melodiouſly ſung, I'll ſing my ſelf: look ye,——hum——hum.——

Sir *Credulous* ſhould have ſung.

THou grief of my heart, and thou Pearl of my Eyes,
D'on on Flannel Petticoat quickly, and riſe:
And from thy reſplendent window diſcover
A face that wou'd mortifie any young lover:
For I like great Jove *Transformed do wooe,*
And am Amorous Owl, To wit to wooe, to wit to wooe.

A lover, Ads Zoz, is a ſort of a tool
That of all things you beſt may compare to an Owl:
For in ſome dark ſhades he delights ſtill to ſit,
And all the night long he crys Wo to wit.
Then riſe my bright Cloris *and d'on on ſlip-ſhoe:*
And hear thy Amorous Owl chant, Wit to wooe, wit to wooe.

—Well, this won't do, for I perceive no Window open, nor Lady-bright appear, to talk obligingly,—— perhaps the Song does not pleaſe her, you Ballad-ſingers, have you no good Songs of another faſhion?

1 *Man.* Yes, Sir, ſeveral, *Robin——Hark how the Waters fall, fall, fall,*——

Sir Cred. How Man! Zoz, remove us farther off, for fear of witting.

1 *Man.* No, no, Sir, I only gave my fellow a hint of an excellent Ballad that begins——*Ill wodded joys how quickly do you fade.* (Sings.

Sir Cred. Ay, ay, that, we'll have that,—*Ill wodded joys how quickly do you fade,*—(*Sings*) That's excellent! Oh now the Windows open, now, now ſhow your capering tricks. (*Valting.*

(*They all play again.*

Enter a company of fellows as out of Sir Patient's *houſe, led on by a preciſe Clerk, all armed with odd weapons.*

Abel. Verily, verily, here be theſe Babes of Perdition, theſe Children of Iniquity.

Rog. A pox of your Babes and Children, they are Men and Sons of Whores whom we muſt bang confoundedly, for not letting honeſt godly People reſt quietly in their Beds at Midnight.

Sir Cred. Who's there?

Rog. There with a Pox to you, cannot a Right-worſhipful Knight that has been ſick theſe Twenty Years with taking Phyſick, ſleep quietly in his own Houſe for you, and muſt we be rais'd out of our Beds to quiet your Hell-pipes in the Devil's name?

Abel. Down with *Gog* and *Magog*, there, there's the rotten Bell-weather that leads the reſt aſtray, and defiles the whole flock.

Rog. Hang your Preaching and let's come to him, we'll maul him. (*Beat Sir* Cred.

Sir Cred. Oh Quarter, Quarter, Murther, Help, Murther, Murther.

Enter Lodwick.

Lod. Damn theſe Raſcals, who e're they were, that ſo unluckily redeem'd a Rival from my fury,—hah, they are here,—Egad I'll have one touch more with 'em,—the dogs are ſpoiling my deſign'd Serenade too—have amongſt ye, [*Fights and beats 'em off.*
——— Sir *Credulous* how is't?

Sir Cred. Who's there, *Lodwick!* Oh dear Lad, is't thou that haſt redeem'd me from the inchanted Cudgels that demoliſh'd my triumphant Pageant, and confounded my Serenade? Zoz, I'm half kill'd man,——I have never a whole Bone about me ſure.

Lod. Come in with me——a plague upon the Raſcal that eſcap'd me. [*Exeunt.*

Tha End of the Third Act.

ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Lady* Knowell's *Houſe.*

Enter Lucretia *follow'd by Sir* Credulous.

Lucr. MArry'd to morrow! and leave my Mother the poſſeſſion of *Leander*? I'll die a thouſand Deaths firſt, —How the Fool haunts me! (*Aſide.*

Sir Cred. Nay, delicious Lady, you may ſay your Pleaſure, but I will juſtifie the Serenade to be as high a piece of Gallantry as was ever practiſed in our Age, tho' not comparable to your Charms and Celeſtial Graces, which ſhou'd I praiſe as I ought, 'twou'd require more time than the Sun employs in his Natural Motion between the Tropicks; that is to ſay, a whole Year, (for by the way, I am no *Copernican*) for, Dear Madam, you muſt know, my Rhetorick Maſter, ——I ſay, my Rhetorick Maſter, who was ——————

Lucr. As great a Coxcomb as your ſelf,—pray leave me, I am ſerious—I muſt go ſeek out *Lodwick.*

Sir Cred. Leave ye! I thank you for that i'faith, before I have ſpoke out my Speech, therefore I ſay Divine Lady—becauſe my Rhetorick Maſter commanded the frequent uſe of *Hypallages*, *Allegories*, and the richeſt Figures of that beauteous Art,——becauſe my Rhetorick, ——————

Lucr. I muſt leave the Fool, follow if you dare, for I have no leaſure to attend your Nonſence. [*Goes out.*

Enter Lady Knowell.

L. Kno. What, alone, Sir *Credulous*? I left you with *Lucretia.*

Sir Cred. Lucretia! I'm ſure ſhe makes a very *Tarquinius Sextus* of me, and all about this Serenade,—I proteſt and vow, incomparable Lady, I had begun the ſweeteſt ſpeech to her—tho I ſay't, ſuch Flowers of Rhetorick—'twou'd have been the very Noſegay of Eloquence, ſo it wou'd; and like an ungrateful illiterate Woman as ſhe is, ſhe left me in the very middle on't, ſo ſnuffy I'll warran.

L. Kno. Be not diſcourag'd, Sir, I'll adapt her to a reconciliation, Lovers muſt ſometimes expect theſe little *Belli-fugaces*, the *Grecians* therefore truly named love *Glucupicros Eros.*

Sir Cred. Nay, bright Lady, I am as little diſcourag'd as another, but I'm ſorry I gave ſo extraordinary a Serenade to ſo little purpoſe.

L. Kno. Name it no more, 'twas only a Gallantry miſtaken, but I'll accelerate your felicity, and to morrow ſhall conclude the great diſpute, ſince there is ſuch Volubility and Viciſſitude in Mundan affairs. ——— (*Goes out.*

Enter Lodwick, *ſtays Sir* Credulous *as he is going out the other way.*

Lod. Sir *Credulous*, whither away ſo faſt?

Sir Cred. Zoz, what a Queſtions there, doſt not know I am to unty the Virgin Zone to morrow, that is, barter Maidenheads with thy Siſter, that is, to be married to her man, and I muſt to *Lincolns-Inn* to my Counſel about it?

Lod. My Siſter juſt now told me of it, but, Sir, you muſt not ſtir.

Sir Cred. Why, what's the matter?

Lod. Have you made your Will?

Sir Cred. My Will! no, why my Will, Man?

Lod. Then for the good of your Friends and Poſterity ſtir not from this place.

Sir Cred. Good Lord, *Lodwick*, thou art the ſtrangeſt Man, —what do you mean to fright a body thus?

Lod. You remember the Serenade laſt night?

Sir Cred. Remember it! Zoz, I think I do, here be the marks on't ſure.—— [*Pulls off his Peruke and ſhews his head broke.*

Lod. Ads me, your head's broke.

Sir Cred. My head broke, why 'twas a hundred to one but my neck had been broke.

Lod. Faith, not unlikely,——— you know the next Houſe is Sir *Patient Fancy*'s; *Iſabella* too you know is his Daughter?

Sir Cred. Yes, yes, ſhe was by when I made my dumb Oration.

Lod. The ſame,——this Lady has a Lover, a mad, furious, fighting, killing Hector, (as you know there are enough about this Town) this Monſieur ſuppoſing you to be a Rival, and that your Serenade was addreſt to her ———

Sir Cred. E-

Sir Cred. Enough, I underſtand you, ſet thoſe Rogues on to murder me.

Lod. Wou'd 'twere no worſe.

Sir Cred. Worſe! Zoz man what the Devil can be worſe?

Lod. Why he has vow'd to kill you himſelf where-ever he meets you, and now waits below to that purpoſe.

Sir Cred. Sha, ſha, if that be all, I'll to him immediately and mak *Affidavit* I never had any ſuch deſign. Madam *Iſabella*? ha, ha, alas, poor man, I have ſome body elſe to think on.

Lod. Affidavit! why he'll not believe you ſhould you ſwear your heart out. ſome body has poſſeſt him that you are a damn'd Fool, and a moſt egregious Coward, a fellow that to ſave your life will ſwear any thing.

Sir Cred. What curſed luck's this! —— why, how came he to know I liv'd here?

Lod. I believe he might have it from *Leander* who is his friend.

Sir Cred. Leander, I muſt confeſs I never lik'd that *Leander*, ſince yeſterday.

Lod. He has deceiv'd us all, that's the truth on't, for I have lately found out too, that he's your Rival, and has a kind of a ——

Sir Cred. Smattering to my Miſtreſs, hah, and therefore wou'd not be wanting to give me a lift out of this World, but I ſhall give him ſuch a go-by——my Lady *Knowell*, underſtands the difference between three thouſand a year and—prethee what's his Eſtate?

Lod. Shaw—not ſufficient to pay Surgeons Bills.

Sir Cred. Alas poor Ratt, how does he live then?

Lod. Hang him, the Ladies keep him, 'tis a good handſome fellow, and has a pretty Town Wit.

Sir Cred. He a Wit! what, I'll warrant he writes Lampoons, rails at Plays, curſes all Poetry but his own, and mimicks the Players——ha.

Lod. Some ſuch common Notions he has that deceive the Ignorant Rable, amongſt whom he paſſes for a very ſmart Fellow,—'slife he's here.

Enter Leander.

Sir Cred. Why—what ſhall I do, he will not affront me before company? hah!

Lod. Not in our houſe, Sir,—bear up and take no notice on't. [Lod. *whiſpers* Lean.

Sir Cred. No notice, quoth he? why my very fears will betray me.

Lean. Let me alone—*Lodwick*, I met juſt now with an *Italian* Merchant, who has made me ſuch a Preſent!

Lod. What is't prethee?

Lean. A ſort of Specifick Poyſon for all the Senſes, eſpecially for that of ſmelling, ſo that had I a Rival, and I ſhou'd ſee him at any reaſonable diſtance, I could direct a little of this Scent up to his Brain ſo ſubtlely, that it ſhall not fail of Exetion in a day or two.

Sir Cred. How—Poyſon! [*Shewing great ſigns of fear and holding his noſe.*

Lean. Nay ſhould I ſee him in the midſt of a thouſand People, I can ſo direct it that it ſhall aſſault my Enemies Noſtrils only, without any effects on the reſt of the Company.

Sir Cred. Oh,—I'm a dead man!

Lod. Is't poſſible?

Lean. Perhaps ſome little ſneezing or ſo, no harm; but my Enemy's a dead man, Sir, kill'd.

Sir Cred. Why, this is the moſt damn'd *Italian* trick I ever heard of; why this out-does the famous Poyſoner Madam *Brenvilliers*, well, here's no jeſting, I perceive that, *Lodwick.*

Lod. Fear nothing, I'll ſecure you. (*Aſide to him.*

Enter Wittmore.

—*Wittmore*! how is't friend! thou lookeſt cloudy.

Witt. You'll hardly blame me Gentlemen, when you ſhall know what a damn'd unfortune Raſcal I am.

Lod. Prethee what's the matter?

Witt. —Why I am to be marry'd Gentlemen, marry'd to day.

Lod. How, Marry'd! nay, Gad then thou'ſt reaſon,—but to whom prethee?

Witt. There's the Devil o'nt again, to a fine young, fair, brisk Woman that has all the temptations Heaven can give her.

Lod. What pity 'tis they ſhou'd be beſtow'd to ſo wicked an end! Is this your intrigue that has been ſo long conceal'd from your Friends?

Lean. We thought 't had been ſome kind Amour, ſomething of Love and Honour.

Lod. Is ſhe rich? if ſhe be wondrous rich, we'll excuſe thee.

Witt. Her

Witt. Her Fortune will be ſuitable to the Joynture I ſhall make her.

Lod. Nay then 'tis like to prove a hopeful Match,—what a Pox can provoke thee to this, doſt love her?

Witt. No, there's another Plague, I am curſedly in love elſe where, and this was but a falſe addreſs to hide that real one.

Lod. How, love another? in what quality and manner?

Witt. As a Man ought to love, with a good ſubſtantial Paſſion, without any deſign but that of right-down honeſt Injoyment.

Lod. Ay, now we underſtand thee, this is ſomething! ah friend! I had ſuch an Adventure laſt night—you may talk of your intrigues and ſubſtantial Pleaſures, but if any of you can match mine,——Egad I'll forſwear womankind.

Lean. An Adventure! prethee where?

Sir Cred. What, laſt night, when you reſcued me from the Bilbo blades? indeed ye look'd a little furiouſly.

Lod. I had reaſon, I was juſt then come out of a Garden from fighting with a man whom I found with my Miſtreſs, and I had at leaſt known who't had been but for the coming of thoſe Raſcals that let on you, who parted us, whilſt he made his eſcape in the crowd.

Witt. Death! that was I, who for fear of being known got away, was't he then that I fought with, and whom I learnt lov'd *Iſabella*? (*Aſide.*

Lod. You muſt know Gentlemen, I have a ſort of a Matrimonial kindneſs for a very pretty woman, ſhe whom I tell you I diſturb'd in the Garden, and laſt night ſhe made me an aſſignation in her Chamber: when I came to the Garden door by which I was to have admittance, I found a kind of Neceſſary call'd a Bawdy waiting Woman, whom I follow'd, and thought ſhe wou'd have conducted me to the right Woman; but I was luckily and in the dark led into a Ladies Chamber, who took me for a Lover ſhe expected,—I found my happy miſtake, and wou'd not undeceive her.

Witt. This cou'd be none but *Lucia* (*Aſide.*
—Well, Sir, and what did you do there?

Lod. Do? why what doſt think? all that a man inſpir'd by love cou'd do, I followed all the dictates of Nature, Youth and Vigor!

Witt. Oh hold my heart——or I ſhall kill the Traytor. (*Aſide.*

Sir Cred. Follow'd all the Dictates of Nature, Youth and Vigor, prtehee what's that?

Lod. I

Lod. I kiſt a thouſand times her balmy lips, and greedily took in the nimble ſighs ſhe breath'd into my Soul!

Witt. Oh I can ſcarce contain my ſelf. (*Aſide.*

Sir Cred. Pſhaw, is that all, man?

Lod. I claſpt her lovely Body in my Arms,
And laid my Boſom to her panting Breaſt.
Trembling ſhe ſeem'd all love and ſoft deſire,
And I all burnings in a youthful fire.

Sir Cred. Bleſs us, the Man's in a Rapture.

Witt. Damnation on them both.

Sir Cred. Well, to the point, man; what didſt do all this while?

Lean. Faith I fancy he did not ſleep, Sir *Credulous.*

Lod. No, friend, ſhe had too many Charms to keep me waking.

Sir Cred. Had ſhe ſo? I ſhou'd have beg'd her Charms pardon, I tell her that though.

Witt. Curſe on my ſloath, oh how ſhall I diſſemble? (*Aſide.*

Lean. Thy Adventure was pretty lucky—but *Wittmore* thou doſt not reliſh it.

Witt. My Mind's upon my Marriage, Sir,—if I thought he lov'd *Iſabella*, I wou'd marry her to be reveng'd on him, at leaſt I'll vex his Soul, as he has tortur'd mine,——well Gentlemen, you'll dine with me,———and give me your opinion of my Wife.

Lod. Where doſt thou keep the Ceremony?

Witt. At Sir *Patient Fancy*'s my Father-in-Law.

Lod. How! Sir *Patient Fancy* to be your Father-in-law?

Lean. My Uncle?

Witt. He's fir'd,—'tis his Daughter, Sir, I am to marry.——

Lod. Iſabella! *Leander*, can it be?—can ſhe conſent to this? and can ſhe love you?

Witt. Why, Sir, what do you ſee in me, ſhou'd render me unfit to be belov'd? (*Angry.*

Lod. Marry'd to day! by Heaven it muſt not be, Sir. (*draws him aſide.*

Witt. Why, Sir, I hope this is not the kind Lady who was ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet and charming laſt night.

Lod. Hold, Sir,—we yet are friends.——

Witt. And might have ſtill been ſo, had'ſt thou not baſely rob'd me of my Intereſt.

Lod. Death, do you ſpeak my language? (*Ready to draw.*

Witt. No

Witt. No, take a ſecret from my angry heart, which all its Friendſhip to thee cou'd not make me utter,—it was my Miſtreſs you ſurpriz'd laſt night.

Lod. Hah, my Lady *Fancy* his Miſtreſs? Curſe on my prating Tongue. —— (*Aſide.*

Sir Cred. What a Devil's all this, hard words, heart-burnings, reſentments and all that?

Lean. You are not quarrelling I hope, my friends?

Lod. All this, Sir, we ſuſpected, and ſmok'd your borrowing Money laſt night, and what I ſaid was to gain the mighty ſecret that had been ſo long kept from your Friends—but thou haſt done a baſeneſs. —— (*lays his hand on his ſword.*

Lean. Hold, what's the matter?

Witt. Did you not rob me of the Victory then I've been ſo long a toyling for?

Lod. If I had 'twou'd not have made her guilty, nor me a Criminal, ſhe taking me for one ſhe lov'd, and I her for one that had no intereſt in my friend, and who the Devil wou'd have refus'd ſo fine a woman? nor had I, but that I was prevented by her Husband,—but *Iſabella*, Sir, you muſt reſign.

Witt. I will, Provided that our Friendſhip's ſafe; I am this day to marry her, and if you can find a means to do't in my room, I ſhall reſign my Intereſt to my Friend, for 'tis the lovely Mother I adore!

Lod. And was it you I fought with in the Garden?

Witt. Yes, and thereby hangs a tale of a miſtake almoſt equal to thine, which I'll at leaſure tell you.

(*Talks to* Lod. *and* Lean.

Sir *Cred.* I'm glad they are friends, Zoz. here was like to have been a pretty buſineſs, what damnable work this ſame womankind makes in a Nation of Fools that are lovers?

Witt. Look ye, I'm a damn'd dull Fellow at invention, I'll therefore leave you to contrive matters by your ſelves, whilſt I'll go try how kind fortune will be to me this Morning, and ſee in what readineſs my Bride is; what you do muſt be thought on ſuddainly, I'll wait on you anon, and let you know how matters go —— I'm as impatient to know the truth of this, as for an opportunity to injoy *Lucia*. (*Goes out.*

Lod. Leander, what ſhall I do?

Lean. You were beſt—conſult your Mother and Siſter, Women are beſt at Intrigues of this kind: But what becomes of me?

Lod. Let me alone to diſpatch this fool, I long to have him out of the way, he begins to grow troubleſome—but now my Mother expects you. ——

Lean. Pre-

Lean. Prethee be careful of me.—— (*Exit* Leander.

Sir *Cred.* What was this long whiſper, ſomething about me?

Lod. Why, yes, faith, I was perſwading him to ſpeak to his Friend about this buſineſs, but he ſwears there's no hopes of a reconciliation, you are a dead man unleſs ſome cleanly conveyance of you be ſoon thought on.

Sir *Cred.* Why, I'll keep within doors and defie malice and foul weather.

Lod. O he means to get a Warrant and ſearch for ſtolen Goods, prohibited Commodities or Conventicles, there's a thouſand civil pretences in this Town to commit out-rages—let me ſee.—— (*They both pauſe a while.*

Sir *Cred.* Well, I have thought,—and of ſuch a buſineſs, that the Devil's in't if you don't ſay I am a man of intrigue.

Lod. What is t?

Sir *Cred.* Ha, ha, ha, I muſt have leave to laugh to think how neatly I ſhall defeat this ſon of a whore of a thunder thumping Hector.

Lod. Be ſerious, Sir, this is no laughing matter, if I might adviſe, you ſhould ſteal into the Country, for two or three days till the buſineſs be blown over.

Sir *Cred.* Lord, thou art ſo haſty and conceited of thy own invention, thou wilt not give a man leave to think in thy company, why theſe were my very thoughts, nay more, I have found a way to get off clever, though he watch me as narrowly as an inrag'd Serjeant upon an eſcape.

Lod. That indeed wou'd be a Maſter-piece.

Sir *Cred.* Why, look ye, do ye ſee that great Basket there?

Lod. I do,—— this you mean.—— (*Pulls in a Basket.*

Sir *Cred.* Very well, put me into this Basket, and cord me down, ſend for a couple of Porters, hoiſt me away with a Direction, to an old Uncle of mine, one Sir *Anthony Bubleton* at *Bubleton-Hall* in *Eſſex*, and then whip ſlap daſh, as *Nokes* ſays in the Play, I'm gone, and who's the wiſer.

Lod. I like it well.

Sir *Cred.* Nay loſe no time in applauding, I'll in, the Carrier goes this morning, farewel, *Lodwick*.— (*Goes into the Basket.*

I'll be hear again on *Thurſday*. (Lod. *writes a Direction.*

Enter Boy.

Lod. By all means, Sir,——Who's there,—call a couple of Porters. (*Exit Boy.*

Sir *Cred.*

Sir Cred. One word more, the Carrier lies at the *Bell* in *Friday-ſtreet*, pray take care they ſet me not on my head.——— [*Pops in again.*

Enter Boy and two Porters.

Lod. Come hither, cord up this Basket, and carry it where he ſhall direct—*Leander* will never think he's free from a Rival till he have him in his poſſeſſion,—To Mr. *Leander Fancy*'s at the next door; ſay 'tis things for him out of the Country. ——— Write a Direction to him on the Basket lid. (*Aſide to the Boy.*

[*Porters going to carry off the Basket on a long Pole between 'em.*

Enter Lady Knowel.

L. *Kno.* What's this? whether goes this Basket?

Sir Cred. Ah Lord! they are come with the Warrant. [*Peeps out of the Basket.*

Lod. Only Books, Madam, offer'd me to buy, but they do not pleaſe me.

L. *Kno.* Books? nay then ſet down the Basket, Fellows, and let me peruſe 'em, who were their Authors, and what their language?

Sir Cred. A pox of all learning, I ſay,—'tis my Mother-in-law. [*Porters going to ſet down the Basket.*

Lod. Hold, hold, Madam, they are only *Engliſh* and ſome law-*French*.

L. *Kno.* Oh faugh, how I hate that vile ſort of reading! up with 'em again fellows, and away. [*The Porters take up and go out.*

Lod. God a mercy law-*French*. (*Aſide.*

L. *Kno.* Law-*French*! out upon't, I cou'd find in my heart to have the Porters bring it back, and have it burnt for a Hereſie to learning.

Lod. Or thrown into the *Thames*, that it may flow back to *Normandy* to have the language new modell'd.

L. *Kno.* You ſay well, but what's all this *ad Iphicli bonis*, where's Sir *Credulous* all this while? his affairs expect him.

Lod. So does *Leander* your Ladiſhip within.

L. *Kno.* *Leander*! *Hymen Hymenæe*, I'll wait on him, *Lodwick*, I am reſolv'd you ſhall marry *Iſabella* too, I have a deſign in my head that cannot fail to give you the poſſeſſion of her within this two or three hours.

Lod. Scuh

Lod. Such an Indulgence will make me the happieſt of men, and I have ſomething to ſay to your Ladiſhip that will oblige you to haſten the deſign.———

L. *Kno.* Come in and let me know it. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Table and Chairs.*

Enter Lady Fancy *in a Morning dreſs,* Maundy *with Pen, Ink, and Paper.*

L. *Fan. Wittmore* in the Garden ſayſt thou with *Iſabella*! Oh Perjur'd man! it was by his contrivance then I was betray'd laſt night.

Maun. I thought ſo too at firſt, Madam, till going to conduct Mr. *Knowel* through the Garden, he finding Mr. *Wittmore* there with *Iſabella*, drew on him, and they both fought out of the Garden, what miſchief's done, I know not,—but, Madam, I hope Mr. *Knowell* was not uncivil to your Ladiſhip: I had no time to ask what paſt between you.

L. *Fan.* Oh name it not! I gave him all I had reſerv'd for *Wittmore*! I was ſo poſſeſt with the thoughts of that dear falſe one, I had no ſenſe free to perceive the cheat,—but I will be reveng'd,—come let me end my Letter, we are ſafe from interruption.

Maun. Yes, Madam, Sir *Patient* is not yet up, the Doctors have been with him, and tell him he is not ſo bad as we perſwaded him.

L. *Fan.*—And was he ſoft and kind?——By all that's good ſhe loves him, and they contriv'd this meeting,—my Pen and Ink—I am impatient to unload my Soul of this great weight of jealouſie.——— [*Sits down and writes.*

Enter Sir Patient *looking over her ſhoulder a tip-toe.*

Maun. Heaven! here's Sir *Patient*, Madam.

L. *Fan.* Hah,—and 'tis too late to hide the Paper,—I was juſt going to ſubſcribe my name.

Sir Pat. Good morrow my Lady *Fancy*, your Ladiſhip is well imploy'd, I ſee.

L. *Fan.* Indeed I was, and pleaſantly too, I am writing a Love-letter, Sir,—but my dear, what makes you ſo ſoon up?

Sir *Pat.* A Love-letter!—let me ſee't. [*Goes to take it.*

L. *Fan.* I'll read it to you, Sir.

Maun. What mean you Madam? [*Aſide.*

Lady

Lady Fancy *Reads.*

It was but yesterday you swore you lov'd me, and I poor easie fool believed, but your last nights Infidelity has undeceived my heart, and rendred you the falsest Man that ever Woman sight for. Tell me, how durst you, when I had prepared all things for our enjoyment, be so great a Devil to deceive my languishing expectations? And in your room send one that has undone ———

Your ———

Maun. Sure she's mad to read this to him.

Sir Pat. Hum,—I profess ingeniously——I think it is indeed a Love-letter,—— my Lady *Fancy* what means all this? as I take it here are Riddles and Mysteries in this business.

L. *Fan.* Which thus, Sir, I'll unfold. ———

[*Takes the Pen and writes* Isabella.

Sir Pat. How! undone ——— your——*Isabella*, meaning my Daughter?

L. *Fan.* Yes, my dear, going this morning into her Chamber, she not being there, I took up a Letter that lay open on her Table, and out of curiosity read it, as near as I can remember 'twas to this purpose, I writ it out now because I had a mind thou shou'd'st see't; for I can hide nothing from thee.

Sir Pat. A very good Lady I profess, to whom is it directed?

L. *Fan.* Why, —Sir——What shall I say, I cannot lay it now on *Lodwick* ——— (*Aside.*

I believe she meant it to Mr. *Fain-love*, for whom else cou'd it be design'd? she being so soon to marry him.

Sir Pat. Hah,——Mr. *Fain-love*! so soon so fond and amorous!

L. *Fan.* Alas, 'tis the excusable fault of all young Women, thou knowest I was just such another fool to thee, so fond—— and so in love. ———

Sir Pat. Ha,——thou wert indeed my Lady *Fancy*, indeed thou wert,——but I will keep the Letter however, that this idle Baggage may know I understand her tricks and intrigues.

[*Puts up the Letter.*

L. *Fan.* Nay then 'twill out: No I beseech you, Sir, give me the Letter, I wou'd not for the World *Isabella* shou'd know of my theft, 'twou'd appear malicious in me,—besides, Sir, it does

not

not bent your Gravity to be concern'd in the little quarrels of lovers.

Sir Pat. Lovers! Tell me not of lovers, my Lady *Fancy*; with Reverence to your good Ladiſhip, I value not whether there be love between 'em or not, Pious Wedlock is my buſineſs,—nay, I will let him know his own too, that I will, with your Ladiſhip's permiſſion.

L. *Fan.* How unlucky I am!—Sir, as to his Chaſtiſement, uſe your own diſcretion, in which you do abound moſt plentifully,—but pray let not *Iſabella* hear of it, for as I wou'd preſerve my duty to thee, by communicating all things to thee, ſo I wou'd conſerve my good opinion with her.

Sir Pat. Ah, what a bleſſing I poſſeſs in ſo excellent a Wife! and in regard I am every day deſcending to my Grave,—ah—I will no longer hide from thee the proviſion I have made for thee, in caſe I die. ——

L. *Fan.* This is the Muſick that I long'd to hear.—Die!—Oh that fatal word will kill me— [*Weeps.*] Name it no more if you'd preſerve my life. ——

Sir Pat. Hah,—now cannot I refrain joining with her in affectionate tears—no but do not weep for me my excellent Lady—for I have made a pretty competent Eſtate for thee, Eight thouſand Pounds, which I have conceal'd in my Study behind the Wainſcot on the left hand as you come in.

L. *Fan.* Oh tell me not of tranſitory wealth, for I'm reſolv'd not to ſurvive thee, Eight thouſand Pounds ſay you? —— Oh I cannot indure the thoughts on't. [*Weeps.*

Sir Pat. Eight thouſand Pounds juſt, my deareſt Lady.

L. *Fan.* Oh you'll make me deſperate in naming it,—is it in Gold or Silver?

Sir Pat. In Gold my deareſt the moſt-part, the reſt in Silver.

L. *Fan.* Good Heavens! why ſhould you take ſuch pleaſure in afflicting me. [*Weeps.*] —— Behind the Wainſcot ſay you?

Sir Pat. Behind the Wainſcot, prethee be pacifi'd.——thou makeſt me loſe my greateſt vertue Moderation, to ſee thee thus, alas, we're all born to die. ——

L. *Fan.* Again of dying! Uncharitable Man, why do you delight in tormenting me? —on the left hand ſay you as you go in?

Sir Pat. On the left hand my love, had ever Man ſuch a Wife?

L. *Fan.* Oh

L. *Fan.* Oh my Spirits fail me,——lead me, or I ſhall faint,—lead me to the Study, and ſhew me where 'tis,—for I am able to hear no more of it.

Sir Pat. I will, if you will promiſe indeed and indeed, not to grieve too much. (*Going to lead her out.*

Enter Wittmore.

Witt. Heaven grant me ſome kind opportunity to ſpeak with *Lucia*! hah, ſhe's here,——— and with her the fond Cuckold her Husband,——Death, he has ſpy'd me, there's no avoiding him. ———

Sir Pat. Oh, are you there, Sir?—*Maundy* look to my Lady,—I take it, Sir, you have not dealt well with a Perſon of my Authority and Gravity. (*Gropes for the Letter in his Pocket.*

Witt. So, this can be nothing leſs than my being found out to be no *Yorkſhire* Eſq; a Pox of my *Geneva* breeding, it muſt be ſo, what the Devil ſhall I ſay now?

Sir Pat. And this diſingenious dealing does ill become the perſon you have repreſented, I take it.

Witt. Repreſented! ay, there 'tis, wou'd I were handſomely off o' this buſineſs; neither *Lucia* nor *Maundy* have any intelligence in their demure looks that can inſtruct a man,—why, faith, Sir, ——I muſt confeſs, ——— I am to blame—and that I have—a—

L. *Fan.* Oh, *Maundy*, he'll diſcover all, what ſhall we do?

Sir Pat. Have, what, Sir?

Witt. From my violent paſſion for your Daughter. ———

L. *Fan.* Oh, I'm all confuſion. ———

Witt. Egad I am i'th wrong, I ſee by *Lucia*'s looks.

Sir Pat. That you have, Sir, you wou'd ſay, made a ſport and May-game of the ingagement of your word; I take it Mr. *Fain-love*, 'tis not like the ſtock you came from.

Witt. Yes, I was like to have ſpoil'd all, 'ſheart what fine work I had made——but moſt certainly he has diſcover'd my paſſion for his Wife, ——— well, Impudence aſſiſt me——I made Sir, a trifle of my word, Sir; from whom have you this intelligence?

Sir Pat. From whom ſhou'd I, Sir, but from my Daughter *Iſabella*?

Witt. *Iſabella*! The malicious Baggage underſtood to whom my firſt Courtſhip was addreſs'd laſt night, and has betray'd me.

Sir Pat. And, Sir, to let you see I utter nothing without precaution, pray read that Letter.

Witt. Hah——a Letter! what can this mean,——'tis *Lucia*'s hand, with *Isabella*'s name to't.—Oh the dear cunning Creature to make her Husband the messenger too. [*He Reads.*]—How, I send one in my room?

L. *Fan.* Yes, Sir, you think we do not know of the appointment you made last night, but having other affairs in hand than to keep your promise, you sent Mr. *Knowel* in your room,—false Man.

Witt. I send him, Madam! I wou'd have sooner died.

Sir Pat. Sir, as I take it, he cou'd not have known of your Designs and Rendezvous without your information,—were not you to have met my Daughter here to night, Sir?

Witt. Yes, Sir, and I hope 'tis no such great crime, to desire a little conversation with the fair person one loves, and is so soon to marry, which I was hinder'd from doing by the greatest and most unlucky misfortune that ever arriv'd: but for my sending him, Madam, credit me, there's nothing so much amazes me and afflicts me, as to know he was here.

Sir Pat. He speaks well, ingenuously he does,—well, Sir, for your Father's sake, whose memory I reverence, I will for once forgive you, but let's have no more night-works, no more Gambals I beseech you good Mr. *Fain-love*.

Witt. I humbly thank ye, Sir, and do beseech you to tell the dear Creature that writ this, that I love her more than life or fortune, and that I wou'd sooner have kill'd the man that usurp'd my place last night than have assisted him.

L. *Fan.* Were you not false then? —Now hang me if I do not credit him. [*Aside.*

Sir Pat. Alas, good Lady! how she's concern'd for my Interest, she's even jealous for my Daughter. [*Aside.*

Witt. False! charge me not with unprofitable sins; wou'd I refuse a Blessing, or blaspheme a Power that might undo me? wou'd I die in my full vigorous health, or live in constant pain? All this I cou'd, sooner than be untrue.

Sir Pat. Ingenuously, my Lady *Fancy*, he speaks discreetly, and to purpose.

L. *Fan.* Indeed my dear he does, and like an honest Gentleman, and I shou'd think my self very unreasonable not to believe him,——and Sir, I'll undertake your peace shall be made with your Mistress.

Sir Pat. Well, I am the most fortunate man in a Wife that ever had the blessing of a good one.

Witt. Mo-

Witt. Madam, let me fall at your feet, and thank you for this Bounty. [*kneels.*] — Make it your own caſe, and then conſider what returns ought to be made to the moſt paſſionate and faithful of lovers.

Sir Pat. I profeſs a wonderful good natur'd youth this, riſe, Sir, my Lady *Fancy* ſhall do you all the kind Offices ſhe can, o' my word ſhe ſhall.

L. *Fan.* I'm all obedience, Sir, and doubtleſs ſhall obey you.

Sir Pat. You muſt, indeed you muſt, and Sir, I'll defer your Happineſs no longer, this day you ſhall be marry'd.

Witt. This day, Sir! ——— why, the Writings are not made.

Sir Pat. No, matter, Mr. *Fain-love*, her Portion ſhall be equivalent to the Jointure you ſhall make her, I take it, that's ſufficient.

Witt. A Jointure quoth he! it muſt be in New *Eutopian* land then, ——and muſt I depart thus, without a kind word, a look, or a billet, to ſignifie what I am to expect?

(*looking on her ſtily.*

Sir Pat. Come, my Lady *Fancy*, ſhall I wait on you down to Prayer? Sir, you will go get your ſelf in order for your Marriage the great affair of human life, I muſt to my mornings Devotion: Come, Madam. [*She endeavours to make ſigns to* Wittmore.

L. *Fan.* Alas, Sir, the ſad diſcourſe you lately made me, has ſo diſorder'd me, and given me ſuch a pain in my head, I am not able to endure the Pſalm ſinging.

Sir Pat. This comes of your weeping—but we'll omit that part of th' exerciſe, and have no Pſalm ſung.

L. *Fan.* Oh by no means, Sir, 'twill ſcandalize the Brethren, for you know a Pſalm is not ſung ſo much out of Devotion as 'tis to give notice of our Zeal and Pious intentions, 'tis a kind of Proclamation to the Neighbour-hood, and cannot be omitted, —Oh how my head aches!

Witt. He were a damn'd dull lover that cou'd not gueſs what ſhe meant by this. (*Aſide.*

Sir Pat. Well, my Lady *Fancy*, your Ladiſhip ſhall be obey'd, ——— come, Sir, we'll leave her to her Women.

[*Exit Sir* Pat.

[*As* Wittmore *goes out he bows and looks on her, ſhe gives him a ſign.*

Witt. That kind look is a ſufficient invitation.

L. *Fan.* *Maundy* follow 'em down, and bring *Wittmore* back again,— [*Exit* Maun.] There's now a neceſſity of our contriving to avoid this marriage handſomly,——— and we ſhall at leaſt make two hours our own, I never wiſh'd well to long Prayers till this minute.

Enter Wittmore.

Witt. Oh my dear *Lucia*!

L. *Fan.* Oh *Wittmore*! I long to tell thee what a fatal miſtake had like to have happened laſt night.

Witt. My friend has told me all, and how he was prevented by the coming of your Husband from robbing me of thoſe ſacred delights I languiſh for, oh let us not loſe ineſtimable time in dull talking, but haſte to give each other the only confirmation we can give, how little we are our own.

L. *Fan.* I ſee *Todwick*'s a Man of Honour, and deſerves a heart if I had one to give him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Hall.*

Enter Sir Patient *and* Roger.

Sir Pat. *Roger*, is prayer ready, *Roger*?

Rog. Truly nay, Sir, for Mr. *Gogle* hath taken too much of the Creature this morning, and is not in caſe, Sir.

Sir Pat. How mean you, Sirrah, that Mr, *Gogle* is overtaken with Drink?

Rog. Nay, Sir, he hath over-eaten himſelf at Breakfaſt only.

Sir Pat. Alas, and that's ſoon done, for he hath a ſickly ſtomach as well as I, poor Man—where is *Bartholomew* the Clerk, he muſt hold forth then to day.

Rog. Verily he is alſo diſabled, for going forth laſt night by your commandment to ſmite the wicked, he received a blow over the *Pericranium.* ———

Sir Pat. Why how now, Sirrah, Latin! the language of the Beaſt! hah—and what then, Sir?

Rog. Which blow I doubt, Sir, hath ſpoiled both his Praying and his Eating.

Sir Pat. Hah! what a Family's here? no prayer to day!

Enter

Enter Nurſe *and* Fanny.

Nurſ. Nay verily it ſhall all out, I will be no more the dark lanthorn to the deeds of darkneſs.

Sir Pat. What's the matter here?

Nurſ. Sir, this young Sinner has long been privy to all the daily and nightly meetings between Mr. *Lodwick* and *Iſabella*, and juſt now I took her tying a Letter to a ſtring in the Garden which he drew up to his Window, and I have born it till my Conſcience will bear it no longer.

Sir Pat. Hah, ſo young a Bawd!—tell me, Minion—private meeting! tell me truth I charge ye, when? where? how? and how often? oh ſhe's debauch't!—her reputation's ruin'd, and ſhe'll need a double Portion. Come, tell me truth, for this little finger here has told me all.

Fan. Oh Geminy, Sir, then that little finger's the hougeſeſt great lyer as ever was.

Sir Pat. Huzy, huzy—I will have thee whip'd moſt unmercifully: Nurſe fetch me the Rod.

Fan. Oh pardon me, Sir, this one time and I'll tell all. [*Kneels.*

——Sir——I have ſeen him in the Garden, but not very often.

Sir Pat. Often! oh, my Family's diſhonoured, tell me truly what he us'd to do there—or I will have thee whipt without ceſſation, oh I'm in a cold ſweat, there's my fine Maid, was he with her long?

Fan. Long enough.

Sir Pat. Long enough!——oh 'tis ſo, long enough——for what, hah? my dainty Miſs, 'tell me, and didſt thou leave 'em?

Fan. They us'd to ſend me to gather flowers to make Noſegays, Sir.

Sir Pat. Ah, demonſtration, 'tis evident if they were left alone that they were naught, I know't,—and where were they the while? in the cloſe Arbour?—Ay, ay—I will have it cut down, it is the Pent-houſe of Iniquity, the very Coverlid of Sin.

Fan. No, Sir, they ſat on the Pimroſe Bank.

Sir Pat. What, did they ſit all the while, or ſtand—or—lie—or—oh how was't?

Fan. They only ſat indeed, Sir Father.

Sir Pat. And thou didſt not hear a word they ſaid all the while?

Fan. Yes, I did, Sir, and the Man talkt a great deal of this, and of that, and of t'other, and all the while threw Jeſmine in her boſom.

Sir Pat. Well ſaid, and did he nothing elſe?

Fan. No, indeed Sir Father, nothing.

Sir Pat. But what did ſhe ſay to the Man again?

Fan. She ſaid, let me ſee,—Ay, ſhe ſaid, Lord you'll forget your ſelf, and ſtay till ſomebody catch us.

Sir Pat. Ah, very fine,—then what ſaid he?

Fan. Then he ſaid, well if I muſt be gone, let me leave thee with this hearty curſe, A pox take thee all over for making me love thee ſo confoundedly.

Sir Pat. Oh horrible!

Fan. —Oh I cou'd live here for ever,—that was when he kiſt her—her hand only, are you not a damn'd woman for making ſo fond a Puppey of me?

Sir Pat. Oh unheard of wickedneſs!

Fan. Wou'd the Devil had thee and all thy Family, e're I had ſeen thy curſed face.

Sir *Pat.* Oh, I'll hear no more—I'll hear no more——why what a Blaſphemous wretch is this?

Fan. Pray, Sir Father, do not tell my Siſter of this, ſhe'll be horribly angry with me.

Sir *Pat.* No, no, get you gone,—oh I am heart ſick—I'll up and conſult with my Lady what's fit to be done in this affair, oh never was the like heard of. ——— (*Goes out,* Fanny *goes the other way.*

SCENE *the Lady* Fancy's *Bed-chamber, ſhe's diſcover'd with* Wittmore *in diſorder. A Table, Sword, and Hat.*

Maun. O Madam, Sir *Patient*'s coming up.

L. *Fan.* Coming up ſay you!

Maun. He's almoſt on the top of the ſtairs, Madam.

Witt. What ſhall I do?

L. *Fan.* Oh damn him, I know not, if he ſee thee here after my pretended illneſs, he muſt needs diſcover why I feign'd,—I have no excuſe ready,—this Chamber's unlucky, there's no avoiding him, here —— ſtep behind the Bed, perhaps he has only forgot his Pſalm Book, and will not ſtay long.

[Wittmore *runs behind the Bed.*

Enter

Enter Sir Patient.

Sir *Pat.* Oh, oh, pardon this interruption; my Lady *Fancy*, —— Oh I am half killed, my Daughter, my Honour—my Daughter, my Reputation.

L. *Fan.* Good Heavens, Sir, is she dead?

Sir *Pat.* I wou'd she were, her Portion and her Honour would then be sav'd, but oh, I'm sick at heart, *Maundy* fetch me the Bottle of *Mirabilis* in the Closet,—she's wanton—— unchast,

Enter Maundy *with the Bottle.*

Oh I cannot speak it, oh the Bottle——(*Drinks*) she has lost her Fame, ——her Shame, ——her Name—— oh (*Drinks*) this is not the right Bottle ——that with the red Cork (*Drinks*) [*Exit* Maundy.] ——and is grown a very t'other end of the Town Creature, a very Apple of *Sodom*, fair without and filthy within, what shall we

Enter Maundy.

do with her? she's lost, undone; (*Drinks*) hah—let me see, (*Drinks*) this is—(*Drinks*) not as I take it—(*Drinks*) —no—'tis not the right—she's naught,—she's lewd, —— (*Drinks*)—oh how you vex me —— (*Drinks*) this is not the right Bottle yet,——(*Drinks*) no, no—— here.

(*Gives her the Bottle.*

Maun. You said that with the red Cork, Sir. (*Goes out.*

Sir *Pat.* I meant the Blew,—I know not what I say,——in fine my Lady let's marry her out of hand, for she is fall'n, fall'n to Perdition; she understands more wickedness than had she been bred in a profane Nunnery—a Court, or a Play-house,

Enter Maundy.

(*Drinks*) —therefore let's marry her instantly—out of hand (*Drinks*) Misfortune on Misfortune, (*Drinks*) —but Patience is a wonderful Vertue, (*Drinks*)—ha—this is very comfortable, —very consoling—I profess if it were not for these Creatures ravishing Comforts, sometimes, a Man were a very odd sort of an Animal (*Drinks*) but ah—see how all things were ordain'd for the use and comfort of man (*Drinks*)

L. *Fan.* I like this well; Ah, Sir, 'tis very true, therefore receive it plentifully and thankfully.

Sir Pat. (*Drinks*) Ingeniouſly——it hath made me marvellous lightſome,——I profeſs it hath a very notable Faculty,——very knaviſh—and as——it were——waggiſh,——but——hah——what have we there on the Table? a Sword and Hat? (*ſees* Wittmore's *Sword and Hat on the Table, which he had forgot.*

L. *Fan.* Curſe on my dulneſs,——oh——theſe Sir, they are Mr. *Fain-love*'s——he being ſo ſoon to be marry'd, and being ſtraitned for time, ſent theſe to *Maundy* to be new trim'd with Ribbon, Sir—that's all,—take 'em away you naughty Baggage, muſt I have Mens things ſeen in my Chamber?

Sir Pat. Nay, nay, be not angry, my little Rogue, I like the young Man's frugality well,——go, go your ways,——get you gone—and finely your knacks, and tranghams, and do your buſineſs——go. —— (*ſmiling on* Maundy, *gently beating her with his hand: ſhe goes out, he bolts the door after her, and ſits down on the Beds feet.*

L. *Fan.* Heavens, what means he!

Sir Pat. Come hither to me my little Apes face,——come,—come I ſay——what muſt I come fetch you?——Catch her, catch her, catch her—catch her, catch her, catch her. [*Running after her.*

L. *Fan.* Oh Sir, I am ſo ill I can hardly ſtir.

Sir Pat. I'll make ye well, come hither ye Monky face, did it, did it, did it? alas for it, a poor ſilly fools face, dive it a blow and I'll beat it.

L. *Fan.* You neglect your Devotion, Sir.

Sir Pat. No, no, no Prayer to day my little Raſcal,—no Prayer to day—poor *Gogle*'s ſick——come hither——why you Reffactory Baggage you, come or I ſhall touze you, ingenuouſly I ſhall, tom, tom, or I'll whip it.

L. *Fan.* Have you forgot your Daughter Sir? and your diſgrace?

Sir Pat. A fiddle on my Daughter, ſhe's o Chick of the old Cock I profeſs, I was juſt ſuch another wag when young,—but ſhe ſhall be marry'd to morrow, a good Cloak for her knavery; therefore come your ways, ye wag, we'll take a nap together, good faith my liittle Harlot I mean thee no harm.

L. *Fan.* No o' my Conſcience.——

Sir Pat. Why then, why then you little Mungrel?

L. *Fan.* His preciſe worſhip is as it were diſguis'd, the outward man is overtaken——pray, Sir, lye down, and I'll come to you preſently.

Sir Pat. A-

Sir *Pat.* Away you wag, will you? will you—catch her there, catch her.

L. *Fan.* I will indeed—death there's no getting from him, —pray lie down——and I'll cover thee close enough I ll warrant thee——— (*Aside.* *He lies down, she covers him.* Had ever Lovers such spightful luck? hah—surely he sleeps, bless the mistaken Bottle—Ay, he sleeps,—whist, *Wittmore.*—

[*He coming out falls: pulls the Chair down, Sir* Patient *flings open the Curtain.*

Witt. Plague of my over care, what shall I do?

Sir *Pat.* What's that, what noise is that? let me see, we are not safe, lock up the doors, what's the matter, what Thunder Clap was that? [Wittmore *runs under the Bed: she runs to Sir* Patient *and holds him in his Bed.*

L. *Fan.* Pray Sir lie still, 'twas I was only going to sit down, and a sudden giddiness took me in my head which made me fall and with me the Chair, there is no danger near ye, Sir—I was just coming to sleep by you.

Sir *Pat.* Go, you're a flattering Huswife, go, catch her, catch her—catch her.—— (*Lies down, she covers him.*

L. *Fan.* Oh how I tremble at the dismal apprehension of being discovered, had I secur'd my self of the Eight thousand Pound, I wou'd not value *Wittmore*'s being seen, but now to be found out wou'd call my Wit in question, for 'tis the fortunate alone are wise—— [Wittmore *peeps from under the Bed: she goes softly to the door to open it.*

Witt. Was ever man so Plagu'd?——hah——what's this? —confound my tell-tale Watch, the Larum goes, and there's no getting to't to silence it;——— Damn'd Misfortune!

[*Sir* Patient *rises, and flings open the Curtains.*

Sir *Pat.* Hah, what's that!

L. *Fan.* Heavens! what's the matter? we are destin'd to discovery. [*She runs to Sir* Patient, *and leaves the door still fast.*

Sir *Pat.* What's that I say, what's that? let me see, let me see, what ringing's that, oh let me see what 'tis.

[*strives to get up, she holds him down.*

L. *Fan.* Oh, now I see my fate's inevitable, alas that ever I was born to see't. (*weeps.*

Witt. Death she'll tell him I am here! nay he must know't, a Pox of all Invention and Mechanicks, and he were damn'd that first contriv'd a Watch.

Sir Pat. Hah, dost weep,———why dost weep? I say what noise is that? what ringing? hah.———

L. *Fan.* 'Tis

L. *Fan.* 'Tis that, 'tis that my dear that makes me weep, alas I never hear this fatal Noiſe but ſome dear friend dies.

Sir *Pat.* Hah, dies! ch that muſt be I, ay, ay, oh.

L. *Fan.* I've heard it, Sir, this two days, but wou'd not tell you of it.

Sir *Pat.* Hah! heard it theſe two days? oh, what is't, a death-watch?—hah.—

L. *Fan.* Ay, Sir, a death-watch, a certain larum death-watch, a thing that has warn'd our Family this hundred years, oh—I'm the moſt undone Woman.

Witt. A bleſſing on her for a dear diſſembling Jilt—death and the Devil, will it never ceaſe?

Sir *Pat.* A death-watch? ah, 'tis ſo, I've often heard of theſe things—methinks it ſounds as if 'twere under the Bed. ——— [*Offers to look, ſhe holds him.*

L. *Fan.* You think ſo, Sir, but that 'tis about the Bed is my grief, it therefore threatens you: Oh wretched Woman!

Sir *Pat.* Ay, ay, I'm too happpy in a wife to live long: Well, I will ſettle my Houſe at *Hogſdown* with the land about it, which is 500 *l.* a year upon thee, live or die,—do not grieve.— [*lays himſelf down.*

L. *Fan.* Oh I never had more cauſe, come try to ſleep, your fate may be diverted——whilſt I'll to prayers for your dear health,——I have almoſt run [*Covers him, draws the Curtains.* out all my ſtock of Hypocriſie, and that hated Art now fails me,—oh all ye Powers that favours diſtreſt lovers, aſſiſt us now, and I'll provide againſt your future Malice. (*ſhe makes ſigns to* Wittmore, *he peeps.*

Witt. I'm impatient of Freedom, yet ſo much happineſs as I but now injoy'd without this part of Suffering had made me too bleſt,——Death and Damnation! what curſt luck have I? [*Makes ſigns to her to open the door: whilſt he creeps ſoftly from under the Bed to the Table, by which going to raiſe himſelf, he pulls down all the Dreſſing things: at the ſame inſtant Sir* Patient *leaps from the Bed, and ſhe returns from the door and ſits on* Wittmore's *back as he lies on his hands and knees, and makes as if ſhe ſwounded.*

Sir *Pat.* What's the matter! what's the matter! has Satan broke his everlaſting Chain and got looſe abroad to Plague poor Mortals? hah—what's the matter? (*Runs to his Lady.*

L. *Fan.* Oh help, I die,—I faint—run down and call for help.

Sir *Pat.* My

Sir Pat. My Lady dying? oh she's gone, she faints,——what ho, who waits? (*Cries and bauls.*

L. *Fan.* Oh, go down and bring me help, the door is lockt, —— they cannot hear ye —— oh—I go——I die. ——— (*He opens the door and calls help, help.*

Witt. Damn him! there's no escaping without I kill the dog. (*from under her peeping.*

L. *Fan.* Lie still or we are undone. ———

Sir Patient *returns with* Maundy.

Maun. Hah, discover'd!

Sir Pat. Help, help my Lady dies. ———

Maun. Oh I perceive how 'tis ——— Alas she's dead, quite gone, oh rub her Temples, Sir.

Sir Pat. Oh I'm undone then,— [*Weeps*] oh my dear, my Vertuous Lady? ———

L. *Fan.* Oh where's my Husband, my dearest Husband—oh bring him near me.

Sir Pat. I'm here, my excellent Lady. ———

[*She takes him about the neck, and raises her self up, gives* Wittmore *a little kick behind.*

Witt. Oh the dear lovely Hypocrite, was ever Man so near discovery? ——— (*Goes out.*

Sir Pat. Oh how hard she presses my head to her Bosom!

Maun. Ah, that grasping hard Sir, is a very bad sign.

Sir Pat. How does my good, my dearest Lady *Fancy?*

L. Fan. Something better now, give me more Air,——that dismal larum Death-watch had almost kill'd me.

Sir Pat. Ah Precious Creature, how she afflicts her self for me,—come let's walk into the dining room, 'tis more Airy, from thence into my Study, and make thy self Mistress of that Fortune I have design'd thee, thou best of Women. (*Exeunt, leading her.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Table, and Six Chairs.*

Enter Iſabella *Reading a Letter,* Betty *tricking her.*

Iſab. HOw came you by this Letter!

Bet. Miſs *Fanny* receiv'd it by a ſtring from his Window, by which he took up that you writ to him this morning.

Iſab. What means this nicety? forbear I ſay.——— [*Puts* Betty *from her.*

Bet. You cannot be too fine upon your Wedding-day.

Iſab Thou art miſtaken, leave me,——whatever he ſays here to ſatisfie my Jealouſie, I am confirm'd that he was falſe, yet this aſſurance to free me from this intended marriage, makes me reſolve to pardon him however guilty.——

Enter Wittmore.

How now! what means this Inſolence? How dare you, having ſo lately made your guilty approaches, venture again into my preſence?

Witt. Why? Is there any danger, but what's ſo viſible, in thoſe fair eyes?

Iſab. And there may lie enough, Sir, when they're angry. By what Authority do you make this ſawcy viſit?

Witt. That of a Husband, Madam, I come to congratulate the mighty joy this day will bring you.

Iſab. Thou darſt not marry me, there will be danger in't.

Witt. Why ſure you do not carry death in your embraces, I find no terror in that lovely ſhape, no daggers in that pretty ſcornful look; that breath that utters ſo much anger now, laſt night was ſweet as new-blown Roſes are,—— and ſpoke ſuch words, ſo tender and ſo kind.

Iſab. And

Iſab. And canſt thou think they were addreſs'd to thee?

Witt. No, nor cou'd the ſhade of night hide the confuſion which diſorder'd you, at the diſcovery that I was not he, the bleſſed he you look'd for.

Iſab. Leave me, thou hated object of my Soul.

Witt. This will not ſerve your turn, for I muſt marry you.

Iſab. Then thou art a Fool, and draweſt thy ruin on; why I will hate thee,——— hate thee moſt extreamly.

VVitt. That will not anger me.

Iſab. Why, I will never let thee touch me, not kiſs my hand, not come into my ſight.

VVitt. Are there no other Women, kind, fair, and to be purchas'd? he cannot ſtarve for beauty in this Age, that has a ſtock to buy.

Iſab. Why, I will Cuckold thee, look to't; I will moſt damnably.

VVit. So wou'd you, had you lov'd me, in a year or two; therefore like a kind Civil Husband I've made proviſion for you, a friend, and one I dare truſt my Honour with,—'tis Mr. *Knowell*, Madam.

Iſab. Lodwick! What Devil brought that name to his knowledge?——canſt thou know him, and yet dare hope to marry me?

VVitt. We have agreed it, and on theſe conditions.

Iſab. Thou baſely injureſt him, he cannot do a deed he ought to bluſh for: *Lodwick* do this! Oh do not credit it,——prethee be juſt and kind for thy own Honours ſake, be quickly ſo, the haſty minutes fly, and will anon make up the fatal hour that will undo me.

VVitt. 'Tis true, within an hour you muſt ſubmit to *Hymen*, there's no avoiding it.

Iſab. Nay then be gone my poor ſubmiſſive prayers, and all that dull Obedience cuſtom has made us ſlaves to,——do, Sacrifice me, lead me to the Altar, and ſee if all the holy myſtick words can Conjure from me the conſenting ſyllable: No, I will not add one word to make the Charm compleat, but ſtand as ſilent in the inchanting Circle, as if the Prieſts were raiſing devils there.

Enter Lodwick.

Lod. Enough, enough, my charming *Iſabella*, I am confirm'd.

Iſab. Lodwick! what good Angel conducted thee hither?

Lod. Even honeſt *Charles VVittmore* here, thy friend and mine, no Bug-bear lover he;

Iſab. VVitt.

Isab. Wittmore! that friend I've often heard thee name? now some kind mischief on him, he has so frighted me, I scarce can bring my sense to so much order, to thank him that he loves me not.

Lod. Thou shalt defer that payment to more leisure, we're men of business now. My Mother knowing of a Consultation of Physicians which your Father has this day appointed to meet at his House, has brib'd Monsieur *Turboone* his *French* Doctor in Pension, to admit of a Doctor or two of her recommending, who shall amuse him with discourse tell we get our selves married; and to make it the more ridiculous I will release Sir *Credulous* from the Basket, I saw it in the Hall as I came through, we shall have need of the fool. [*Exit* Witt.

Enter Wittmore *pulling in the Basket.*

Witt. 'Twill do well.

Lod. Sir *Credulous*, how is't man? (*Opens the Basket.*

Sir Cred. What, am I not at the Carriers yet?—Oh *Lodwick* thy hand, I'm almost poyson'd ——— this Basket wants airing extreamly, it smells like an old Ladies Wedding-Gown of my acquaintance, —— but what's the danger past, man?

Lod. No, but there's a necessity of your being for some time disguis'd to act a Physician.

Sir Cred. How! a Physician! that I can easily do, for I understand Simples.

Lod. That's not material, so you can but Banter well, be very Grave, and put on a starch'd Countenance.

Sir Cred. Banter, what's that, man?

Lod. Why, Sir, talking very much, and meaning just nothing; be full of words without any connexion, sence or conclusion: Come in with me, and I'll instruct you farther.

Sir Cred. Pshaw, is that all, say no more on't, I'll do't, let me alone for Bantering,—but this same damn'd Rival?——

Lod. He's now watching for you without, and means to souce upon you, but trust to me for your security, come away, I have your habit ready. (*Goes out.*) —This day shall make thee mine, dear *Isabella.* ——— (*Ex.* Lod. *and* Witt.

Enter Sir Patient, *and* Leander, *and* Roger.

Sir Pat. Marry *Lucretia*! is there no Woman in the City fit for you, but the Daughter of the most notorious fantastical Lady within the Wall?

Lean. Yet

Lean. Yet that fantaſtical Lady you thought fit for a Wife for me, Sir.

Sir Pat. Yes, Sir, Foppery with Money had been ſomething, but a poor Fop, hang't tis abominable.

Lean. Pray hear me, Sir.

Sir Pat. Sirrah, Sirrah, you're a Jackanapes, ingenuouſly you are Sir, Marry *Lucretia* quoth he!

Lean. If it were ſo, Sir, where's her fault?

Sir Pat. Why Mr. Coxcomb all over. Did I with ſo much care endeavour to marry thee to the Mother, only to give thee opportunity with *Lucretia*?

Enter Lady Knowel.

Lean. This anger ſhews your great concern for me.

Sir Pat. For my name I am, but 'twere no matter if thou wert hang'd, and thou deſerveſt it for thy lewd Cavaliering Opinion,——they ſay thou art a Papiſt too, or at leaſt a Church of *England* Man, I profeſs there's not a Pin to chuſe,——Marry *Lucretia*!

L. *Kno.* Were I querimonious, I ſhou'd reſent the Affront this *Balatroon* hes offer'd me.

Iſab. Dear Madam, for my ſake do not anger him now.

(*Aſide to her.*

L. *Kno.* Upon my Honour you are very free with my Daughter, Sir.

Sir Pat. How! ſhe here! now for a Peal from her eternal Clapper, I had rather be confin'd to an Iron-mill.

L. *Kno.* Sure *Lucretia* merits a Husband of as much worth as your Nephew, Sir.

Sir Pat. A better, Madam, for he's the lewdeſt Hector in the Town, he has all the Vices of youth, Whoring, Swearing, Drinking, Damning, Fighting,—and a Thouſand more, numberleſs and nameleſs.

L. *Kno.* Time, Sir, may make him more abſtemious.

Sir Pat. Oh never, Madam! 'tis in's Nature, he was born with it, he's given over to Reprobation, 'tis bred i'th' bone,—he's loſt.

Lean. This is the firſt good office that ever he did me.

L. *Kno.* What think you, Sir, if in defiance of your Inurbanity, I take him with all theſe faults my ſelf?

Sir Pat. How, Madam!

L. *Kno.* Without more Ambages, Sir, I have conſider'd your former deſires, and have conſented to marry him, notwithſtanding your exprobrations.

Sir Pat. May

Sir Pat. May I believe this, Madam, and has your Ladiſhip that goodneſs!—and haſt thou my Boy ſo much Wit? Why this is ſomething now,—well, he was ever the beſt and ſweeteſt natur'd youth,—why, what a notable wag's this? and is it true my Boy, hah?

Lean. Yes, Sir, I had told you ſo before had you permitted me to ſpeak.

Sir Pat. Well, Madam, he is only fit for your excellent Ladiſhip, he is the prettieſt civilleſt Lad!——well, go thy ways; I ſhall never ſee the like of thee, no—Ingenuouſly the Boy's made for ever, Two thouſand Pound a year, beſides Money, Plate and Jewels, made for ever—Well, Madam, the ſatisfaction I take in this Alliance, has made me reſolve to give him immediately my Writings of all my land in *Berkſhire*, Five hundred pounds a year, Madam, and I wou'd have you married this Morning with my Daughter, ſo one dinner and one rejoycing will ſerve both.

L. *Kno.* That Sir, we have already agreed upon.

Sir Pat. Well, I'll fetch the Writings. Come, *Iſabella*, I'll not truſt you out of my ſight to day.

[*Exit Sir* Pat. *and* Iſab.

Lean. Well then, Madam, you are reſolv'd upon this buſineſs of Matrimony.

L. *Kno.* Was it not concluded between us, Sir, this morning? and at the near approach do you begin to fear?

Lean. Nothing, Madam, ſince I'm convinc'd of your goodneſs.

L. *Kno.* You flatter, Sir, this is meer Adulation.

Lean. No, I am that wild Extravagant my Uncle render'd me, and cannot live confin'd.

L. *Kno.* To one Woman you mean? I ſhall not ſtand with you for a Miſtreſs or two, I hate a dull moroſe unfaſhionable Blockhead to my Husband, nor ſhall I be the firſt example of a ſuffering Wife, Sir; Women were created poor obedient things.

Lean. And can you be content to ſpare me five or ſix nights in a week?

L. *Kno.* Oh you're too reaſonable.

Lean. And for the reſt, if I get drunk, perhaps I'll give to you: yet in my drink I'm damn'd ill natur'd too, and may neglect my duty, perhaps ſhall be ſo wicked to call you cunning, deceitful, jilting, baſe, and ſwear you have undone me, ſwear you have raviſh'd from my faithful heart, all that cou'd make it bleſt or happy.

Enter

Enter Lucretia *weeping*.

L. *Fan*. How now, *Lucretia*?

Lucr. Oh Madam, give me leave to kneel before, and tell you if you purſue the Cruelty I hear you're going to commit, I am the moſt loſt, moſt wretched Maid that breaths; we two have plighted faiths, and ſhou'd you marry him, twere ſo to ſin as Heaven wou'd never pardon.

L. *Kno*. Riſe Fool.

Lucr. Never till you have given me back *Leander*, or leave to live no more,———pray kill me Madam; and the ſame Flowers that deck your Nuptial Bed,
Shall ſerve to ſtrow my Herſe, when I ſhall lie
A dead cold witneſs of your Tyranny.

L. *Kno*. Riſe, I ſtill deſign'd him yours.—I ſaw with pleaſure, Sir, your reclination from my addreſſes,—I have prov'd both your Paſſions, and 'twere unkind not to Crown 'em with the due *præmium* of each others merits. (*Gives her to* Lean.

Lean. Can Heaven and you agree to be ſo bountiful?

L. *Kno*. Be not amaz'd at this turn, *Rotat omne fatum*——— but no more,———keep ſtill that maſk of love we muſt put on, till you have gain'd the Writings, for I have no joy beyond cheating that filthy Uncle of thine,—*Lucretia* wipe you eyes, and prepare for *Hymen*, the hour draws near. *Thalaſſio. Thalaſſio*! as the *Romans* cry'd,

Lucr. May you ſtill be admir'd as you deſerve!

Enter Sir Patient *with Writings, and* Iſabella.

Sir Pat. How Madam *Lucretia*, and in tears!

L. *Kno*. A little diſguſted, Sir, with her Father-in law, Sir.

Sir Pat. Oh is that all, hold up thy head, Sweet heart, thy turn's next, ——— here, Madam, I ſurrender my Tittle, with theſe Writings, and with 'em my joy, my life, my darling, my *Leander*, ——— now let's away, where's Mr. *Lain-love*?

Iſab. He's but ſtept into *Cheapſide* to fit the Ring, Sir, and I will be here immediately.

Sir *Pat*. I have buſineſs anon about Eleven of the Clock, a Conſultation of Phyſicians, to conſer about this Carkaſe of mine.

Lean. Phyſicians, Sir, what to do?

Sir Pat. To do! why to take their advice, Sir, and to follow it.

Lean. For what I beſeech you, Sir?

Sir Pat. Why, Sir, for my health.

Lean. I believe you are not ſick, Sir, —— unleſs they make you ſo.

Sir Pat. They make me ſo!—do you hear him, Madam, —— am not I ſick, Sir? not I, Sir *Patient Fancy* ſick?

L. *Kno.* He'll deſtroy my deſign, ——— how, Mr. *Fancy*, not Sir *Patient* ſick? or muſt he be incinerated before you'll credit it?

Sir Pat. Ay, Madam, I want but dying to undeceive him, and yet I am not ſick!

Lean. Sir I love your life, and wou'd not have you die with Fancy and Conceit. ———

Sir Pat. Fancy and Conceit! do but obſerve him, Madam, —what do ye mean, Sir, by Fancy and Conceit?

L. *Kno.* He'll ruin all,—why, Sir, ——— he means ——

Sir Pat. Nay, let him alone, let him alone, (with your Ladiſhips pardon)——come, Sir,—Fancy and Conceit, I take it, was the Queſtion in debate. ———

Lean. I cannot prove this to you, Sir, by force of Argument, but by demonſtration I will, if you will baniſh all your couzening Quacks, and take my wholeſome advice.

Sir Pat. Do but hear him, Madam, not prove it.

L. *Kno.* Sir he means nothing,—not ſick! alas, Sir, you're very ſick.

Sir Pat. Ay, ay, your Ladiſhip is a Lady of profound knowledge ——why have I not had the advice of all the Doctors in *England*, and have I not been in continual Phyſick this Twenty years,—and yet I am not ſick! ask my dear Lady, Sir, how ſick I am, ſhe can inform you. (L. Kno. *goes and talks to* Iſab:

Lean. She does her endeavour, Sir, to keep up the humour.

Sir Pat. How, Sir!

Lean. She wiſhes you dead, Sir.

Sir Pat. What ſaid the Raſcal? wiſhes me dead!

Lean. Sir, ſhe hates you.

Sir Pat. How! hate me! what my Lady hate me?

Lean. She abuſes your love, plays tricks with ye, and cheats ye, Sir.

Sir Pat. Was ever ſo prophane a wretch! What, you will not prove this neither?

Lean. Yes, by demonſtration too.

Sir Pat. Why

Sir Pat. Why thou ſawcy Varlet, Sirrah, Sirrah, thank my Lady here I do not cudgel thee,—— well, I will ſettle the reſt of my Eſtate upon her to morrow. I will, Sir,—and thank God you have what you have, Sir, make much on't.

Lean. Pardon me, Sir, 'tis not my ſingle opinion, but the whole City takes notice on't, that I tell it you, Sir, is the effects of my Duty not Intereſt, pray give me leave to prove this to you, Sir.

Sir Pat. What you are at your Demonſtration again?—— come ——— let's hear?

Lean. Why, Sir——give her frequent opportunities, —and then ſurpriſe her,—or,—by pretending to ſettle all upon her, ——give her your Power, and ſee if ſhe do not turn you out of doors,—or——by feigning you are ſick to death——or indeed by dying.

Sir *Pat.* I thank you, Sir,——this indeed is Demonſtration, I take it.——— *(pulls off his Hat.*

Lean. I mean but feigning, Sir, and be a witneſs your ſelf of her ſorrow, or contempt.

Sir *Pat.* *pauſes*] Hah—hum,—why ingeniouſly this may be a very pretty project,——well, Sir, ſuppoſe I follow your advice?—nay, I profeſs I will do ſo, not to try her Faith, but to have the pleaſure to hear her Conjugal lamentations, feel her Tears bedew my Face, and her ſweet Mouth kiſſing my Cheeks a thouſand times, verily a wonderful comfort,——and then, Sir, what becomes of your Demonſtration. ———

Enter Wittmore *with the Ring.*

Oh——Mr. *Fain-love*, come, come, you're tardy, let's away to Church.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Sir, here is Doctor *Turboon*, and thoſe other Doctors your Worſhip expected.

Enter Lady Fancy.

Sir *Pat.* The Doctors already!——well bring 'em up, come, Madam, we have waited for your Ladiſhip,——bring up the Doctors, *Roger*.

L. *Fan. Wittmore*, I have now brought that deſign to happy concluſion for which I married this formal Aſs, I'll tell thee more anon,—we are obſerv'd.

L. Kno. Oh *Lodwick*'s came.

Enter Lodwick, *Monſieur* Turboon, *Fat Doctor*, Amſterdam, Leyden, Sir Credulous.

Sir *Pat.* Doctor *Turboon* your Servant, I expected you not this two hours.

Turb. Nor had ee com Sir, bot for deſe wordy Gentelmen, whos affairs wode not permit dem to com at your hour.

Sir *Pat.* Are they *Engliſh* pray?

Turb. Dis is, Sir—(*pointing to* Lod.) an admirable Phyſician, and a rare Aſtrologer.—Dis ſpeaks good *Engliſh*, bot a *Collender* born. (*points to* Sir Cred.

Sir *Cred.* What a Pox does the Fellow call me a Cullender?

Lod. He means a *High-Dutch-man* of the Town of *Collen*, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Sir, I have heard of your fame, —— Doctor pray entertain theſe Gentlemen till my return, I'll be with you preſently.

Lod. Sir I hope you go not forth to day? (*Gazing on his Face.*

Sir *Pat.* Not far, Sir.

Lod. There is a certain Star has rul'd this two days, Sir, of a very malignant influence to perſons of your Complexion and conſtitution,——let me ſee—within this two hours and ſix minutes, its malice will be ſpent, till then it will be fatal.

Sir *Pat.* Hum, reign'd this two days?—I profeſs and things have gone very croſs with me this two days,——a notable man this.

L. *Kno.* Oh, a very Profound Aſtrologer, Sir, upon my Honour I know him.

Sir *Pat.* But this is an affair of that importance, Sir. ——

Lod. If it be more than health or life, I beg your pardon, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Nay, no offence, Sir, I beſeech you, I'll ſtay, Sir.

L. *Kno.* How! Sir *Patient* not ſee us married?

Sir *Pat.* You ſhall excuſe me, Madam.

L. *Fan.* This was lucky, oh, Madam, wou'd you have my dear venture out, when a malignant ſtar reigns! not for the World.

Sir Pat. No, I'll not ſtir, had it been any Star but a malignant Star, I had waited on your Ladiſhip. But theſe malignant Stars are very Pernicious Stars. Nephew, take my Lady *Knowell*; Mr. *Fain-love* my Daughter, and *Bartholomew* do you conduct my Lady, the Parſon ſtays for you, and the Coaches

Coaches are at the door. (*Exeunt Lady* Knowell, Leander, Wittmore *and* Isab. *Lady* Fancy *and* Bartholomew.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lady has sent for you.

Lod. Sir, I'll be with you presently, Sir *Credulous* be sure you lug him by the Ears, with any sort of Stuff till my return, I'll send you a friend to keep you in Countenance.

Sir *Pat.* Please you to sit, Gentlemen?

Amst. Please you, Sir. [*To Sir* Cred. *who bows and runs back.*

Sir *Cred.* Oh Lord, sweet Sir, I hope you do not take me—Nay, I beseech you, Noble Sir——Reverend Sir. (*Turning from one to vother.*

Leyd. By no means, Sir, a stranger.

Sir *Cred.* I beseech you——*Scavamissimi Doctores*,—incomparable, Sir,——and you——or you.

Fat D. Introth, Sir, these Compliments are needless, I am something corpulent, and love my ease. (*sits.*

Sir *Cred.* Generous, Sir, you say well, therefore *Conlicentia*, as the *Grecians* have it, (*sits.*

Amst. ——Brother.——

Leyd. Nay, good Brother,——Sir *Patient*.——

Sir *Pat.* Ingeniously, not before you, Mr. Doctor.

Leyd. Excuse me, Sir, an Alderman, and a Knight.——

Sir *Pat.* Both below the least of the learned Society.

Leyd. Since you will have it so. (*All sit and cry hum,—and look gravely.*

Sir *Cred.* Hum—hum, most Worthy, and most Renowned—*Medicinæ Professores, qui hic assemblati estis; & vos alia Mesioris*, I am now going to make a Motion for the Publick good of us all, but will do nothing without your Doctorships Approbation.

Sir *Pat.* Judiciously concluded.

Sir *Cred.* The question then is, *Reverentissimi Doctores*, whether—for mark me, I come to the matter in hand, having long Circumstances of words; there being no necessity as our learned Brother *Rabalis* observes in that most notorious Treatise of his call'd *Garagantua*, there is, says he, no necessity of going over the Hedge when the Path lies fair before ye; therefore as I said before, I now say again, coming to my Question, for as that admirable *Welch* Divine says in that so famous Sermon of his, upon her Creat Cranfather Hadam and her Creat Cranmother Heeve concerning the Happell,—and her will warrant her, her will

keep to her Text ſtill,—ſo I ſtick cloſe to my queſtion, which is *Illuſtriſſimi Doctores*, whether it be not neceſſary to the Affair in hand —— to take —— a Bottle, and if your Doctorſhips are of my opinion ———— hold up your Thumbs.

[*All hold up their Thumbs.*

—Look Sir, you obſerve the Votes of the Learned *Cabaliſts*.

Sir Pat. Which ſhall be put in Act forthwith——I like this man well, he does nothing without mature deliberation.

(*Goes out.*

Enter Brunſwick.

Brun. By your leaves Gentlemen,—Sir *Credulous*—(*whiſpers.*

Sir Cred. Oh—'tis *Lodwick*'s Friend, the Raſcal's dreſt like *Vanderbergen* in the *Strand*:—Sir *Patient*—pray know this glorious Doctor, Sir.

Sir Pat. A Doctor, Sir?

Sir Cred. A Doctor, Sir. yes, and as Eloquent a Doctor, Sir, as ever ſet Bill to Poſt why tis—he incomparable—*Brunſwick*, high *Dutch* Doctor.

Sir Pat. You're welcome, Sir,—Pray ſit; ah—well, Sir, you are come to viſit a very crazy ſickly Perſon, Sir.

Brun. Pray let me feel your Pulſe, Sir,——what think you Gentlemen, is he not very far gone? ————

[*Feels his Pulſe, they all feel.*

Sir Cred. Ah, far, far,—Pray, Sir, have you not a certain wambling pain in your ſtomach, Sir, as it were, Sir, a—a pain, Sir.

Sir Pat. Oh very great, Sir eſpecially in a Morning Faſting.

Sir Cred. I knew it by your ſtinking breath, Sir,——and are you not troubled with a pain in your head, Sir?

Sir Pat. In my head, Sir?

Sir Cred. I mean a—kind of a—Pain,—a kind of a—*Vertigo* as the *Latins* call it, and a *Whirligigouſtiphon* as the *Greeks* have it, which ſignifies in *Engliſh*, Sir, a Dizzie-ſwimming kind—of a de ye ſee—a thing—that—a—you underſtand me.

Sir Pat. Oh intolerable, intolerable,——why this is a rare man.

Fat D. Your reaſon, Sir, for that? (*To Sir* Cred.

Sir Cred. My reaſon, Sir? why, my reaſon, Sir, is this, *Italy* the *Moors*, and *Rabbie Iſack* and ſome thouſands more of learned *Dutchmen* obſerve your dull wall Eye and your Whir—*Whirligigouſtiphon*, to be inſeparable.

Brun. A

Brun. A moſt learned reaſon.

Fat D. Oh Sir, inſeparable.

Sir Cred. And have you not a kind of a ——— ſomething ———de ye mark me, when you make Water, a kind of a ſtopping ——— and ——— a ———de ye conceive me, I have forgot the *Engliſh* term, Sir, but in *Latin* 'tis a *Strongullionibus*.

Sir Pat. Oh, Sir, moſt extreamly, 'tis that which makes me deſperate, Sir.

Sir Cred. Your ugly face is an infallible ſign, your *Dyſurie* as the *Arabicks* call it, and your Ill-favour'd Countenance, are conſtant Relatives.

All. Conſtant, conſtant.

Sir Cred. Pray how do you eat, Sir?

Sir Pat. Ah, Sir, there's my diſtraction. Alas, Sir, I have the weakeſt ſtomach—I do not make above four Meals a day, and then indeed I eat heartily—but alas what's that to eating to live, —nothing, Sir, nothing. ———

Sir Cred. Poor heart I pitty him.

Sir Pat. And between meals, good Wine, Sweet-meats, Caudles, ———Cordials and Mirabiliſes, to keep up my fainting Spirits.

Sir Cred. A Pox of his Aldermanſhip: an the whole Bench were ſuch notable ſwingers, 'twou'd famiſh the City ſooner than a Siege.

Amſt. Brothers, what do you think of this Man?

Leyd. Think, Sir? I think his Caſe is deſperate.

Sir Cred. Shaw, Sir, we ſhall ſoon rectifie the quiblets and quillities of his Blood, if he obſerves our directions and diet, which is to eat but once in four or five days.

Sir Pat. How, Sir, eat but once in four or five days! ſuch a diet, Sir, wou'd kill me, alas, Sir. kill me.

Sir Cred. Oh no, Sir, no, for look ye Sir, the Caſe is thus, do ye mind me ———ſo that the buſineſs lying ſo obvious de ye ſee, there is a certain method do ye mark me ——— in a ———Now, Sir, when a man goes about to alter the courſe of Nature, ———the caſe is very plain, you may as well arreſt the Chariot of the Sun, or alter the Eclipſes of the Moon, for, Sir, this being of another Nature, the Nature of it is to be unnatural, you conceive me, Sir?——therefore we muſt crave your abſence, Sir, for a few Minutes, till we have debated this great affair.

Sir Pat. With all my heart, Sir, ſince my caſe is ſo deſperate, a few hours were not too much. (*Ex. Sir* Patient.

Sir *Cred.* Now, Sir, my ſervice to you. (*Drinks.*

Enter Fanny.

Fan. Oh living heart! what do all theſe men do in our houſe? ſure they are a ſort of New-faſhion'd *Conventiclers*:—I'll hear 'em preach. (*They drink round the while.*

Amſt. Sir, my ſervice to you, and to your good Lady, Sir.

Leyd. Again to you, Sir, not forgetting your Daughters: they are fine Women, Sir, let ſcandal do its worſt. (*Drinks.*

Turb. To our better trading, Sir.

Brun. Faith it goes but baldly on, I had the weekly Bill and 'twas a very thin Mortality, ſome of the better ſort die indeed that have good round fees to give.

Turb. Verily, I have not kill'd above my five or ſix this week.

Brun. How, Sir, kill'd?

Turb. Kil'd, Sir! ever whilſt you live, eſpecially thoſe who have the grand *Verole*, for 'tis not for a man's Credit to let the Patient want an Eye or a Noſe, or ſome other ting, I have kill'd ye my five or ſix dozen a week——but times are hard.

Brun. I grant ye, Sir, your Poor for Experiments and improvement of Knowledge, and to ſay truth, there ought to be ſuch Scavengers as we to ſweep away the Rubbiſh of the Nation. (*Sir* Cred. *and* Fat. *ſeeming in diſcourſe.*

Sir *Cred.* Nay, an you talk of a beaſt; my ſervice to you, Sir—— (*Drinks.*) Ay, I loſt the fineſt Beaſt of a Mare in all *Devonſhire.*

Fat D. And I the fineſt Spaniel, Sir.

(*Here they all talk together till you come to* —— purpoſe, Sir.

Turb. Pray what News is there ſtirring?

Brun. Faith, Sir, I am one of thoſe Fools that never regard whether *Lewis* or *Philip* have the better or the worſt.

Turb. Peace is a great bleſſing, Sir, a very great bleſſing.

Brun. You are i'th' right, Sir, and ſo my ſervice to you, Sir.

Leyd. Well, Sir, *Stetin* held out Nobly, though the Gazetts are various.

Amſt. There's a world of men kill'd they ſay, why what a ſhame 'tis ſo many thouſands ſhould die without the help of a Phyſician.

Leyd. Hang

Leyd. Hang 'em they were poor Rogues, and not worth our killing, my ſervice to you, Sir, they'll ſerve to fill up Trenches.

Sir *Cred.* Spaniel, Sir! no man breathing underſtands Dogs and Horſes better than my ſelf.

Fat D. Your pardon for that, Sir.

Sir *Cred.* For look ye, Sir, I'll tell you the Nature of Dogs and Horſes.

Fat D. So can my Groom and Dog-keeper, but what's this to th' purpoſe, Sir? (*Here they leave off.*

Sir *Cred.* To th' purpoſe, Sir, good Mr. *Hedleburgh* do you underſtand what's to th' purpoſe? you're a *Dutch* Butter-ferkin, a Kilderkin, a Double Jugg.

Fat D. You're an ignorant Blockhead, Sir.

Sir *Cred.* You lie, Sir, and there I was with you again.

Amſt. What, quarrelling, Men of your gravity and Profeſſion!

Sir *Cred.* That is to ſay Fools and Knaves, pray how long is't ſince you left Toping and Naping, for Quacking, good Brother Cater-tray, – but let that paſs, for I'll have my Humour, and therefore will quarrel with no man, and ſo I drink.—— (*Goes to fill again.*

Brun. —But, what's all this to the Patient, Gentleman?

Sir *Cred.* Ay,—the Wines all out,—and quarrels apart Gentlemen as you ſay, what do you think of our Patient, for ſomething I conceive neceſſary to be ſaid for our Fees.

Fat D. I think that unleſs he follows our Preſcriptions he's a dead man.

Sir Cred. Ay, Sir, a dead man.

Fat D. Pleaſe you to write, Sir, you ſeem the youngeſt Doctor. (*To* Amſt.

Amſt. Your pardon, Sir, I conceive there may be younger Doctors than I at the board.

Sir Cred. A fine Punctilio this, when a man lies a dy- [*Aſide.*
ing ——— Sir you ſhall excuſe me, I have been a Doctor this 7 years.

[*They ſhove the pen and paper from one to the other.*

Amſt. I Commenc'd at *Paris* twenty years ago.

Leyd. And I at *Leyden*, almoſt as long ſince.

Fat D. And I at *Bercelona* thirty.

Sir *Cred.* And I at *Padua*, Sir.

Fat D. You at *Padua*?

Sir *Cred.* Yes, Sir, I at *Padua*, why what a Pox do ye think I never was beyond-ſea?

Brun. How-

Brun. However, Sir, you are the youngeſt Doctor, and muſt write.

Sir Cred. I will not loſe an Inch of my Dignity.

Fat D. Nor I. *Amſt.* Nor I. *Leyd.* Nor I.

[*put the paper from each other.*

Brun. Death, what Raſcals are theſe?

Sir Cred. Give me the Pen ——— here's adoe about your *Paduas* and Punctilioes. (*ſets himſelf to write.*

Amſt. Every Morning a Doſe of my Pills *Merda quecruſticon*, or the Amicable Pill.

Sir Cred. Faſting?

Leyd. Every hour ſixſcore drops of *Adminicula Vitæ.*

Sir Cred. —Faſting too? *Sir* Cred. *writes ſtill.*

Fat D. At Night twelve Cordial Pills, *Gallimofritticus.*

Turb. Let blood once a week, a Gliſter once a day.

Brun. Cry Mercy, Sir, you're a *French* man ——— After his firſt ſleep, threeſcore reſtorative Pills call'd *Cheatus Redivivus.*

Sir Cred. —And laſtly, fifteen ſpoonfuls of my *Aqua Tetrachymagogon*, as often as 'tis neceſſary, little or no Breakfaſt, leſs Dinner, and go ſupperleſs to Bed.

Fat D. Hum, your *Aqua Tetrachymagogon*?

Sir Cred. Yes, Sir, my *Tetrachymagogon*, for look ye do ye ſee Sir, I cur'd the Arch-Duke of *Strumbulo*, of a *Gondileero*, of which he dy'd, with this very *Aqua Tetrachymagogon.*

Enter Sir Patient.

Sir Pat. Well, Gentlemen, am I not an intruder?

Fat D. Sir, we have duly conſider'd the ſtate of your Body: And are now about the Order and Method you are to obſerve.

Brun. Ay, this diſtemper will be the occaſion of his death.

Sir Cred. Hold, Brothers, I do not ſay the occaſion of his death: But the occaſional cauſe of his death.

(*Sir* Pat. *reads the Bill.*

Sir Pat. Why, here's no time allow'd for eating Gentlemen.

Amſt. Sir, we'll juſtifie this Preſcription to the whole College.

Leyd. If he will not follow it, let him die.

All. Ay, let him die.

Enter

Enter Lodwick *and* Leander.

Lod. What have you conſulted without me, Gentlemen?

(Lod. *reads the Bill,*

Sir Pat. Yes, Sir, and find it abſolutely neceſſary for my health, Sir, I ſhou'd be ſtarv'd: and yet you ſay I am not ſick, Sir. (*To* Lean.

Lod. Very well, very well.

Sir Pat. No Breakfaſt, no Dinner, no Supper?

Sir Cred. Little or none, but none's beſt.

Sir Pat. But Gentlemen conſider, no ſmall thing?

All. Nothing, nothing.

Sir Cred. Sir, you muſt write for your Fee. (*To* Lod.

Lod. Now I think on't, Sir, you may eat, [*Writes*] a Roſted Pippin cold upon a Vine leaf, at night.

Lean. Do you ſee, Sir, what damn'd canting Raſcals theſe Doctors are?

Sir Pat. Ay, ay, if all Doctors were ſuch, ingeniouſly I ſhou'd ſoon be weary of Phyſick.

Lean. Give 'em their Fees, Sir, and ſend 'em to the Devil for a company of Cheats.

Sir Pat. Truth is, there is no faith in 'em, —— well, I thank you for your care and pains. (*Gives 'em Fees.*

Sir Cred. Sir, if you have any occaſion for me, I live at the Red colour'd Lanthorn, with Eleven Candles in't, in the *Strand*; where you may come in privately, and need not be aſhamed, I having no Creature in my Houſe but my ſelf, and my whole Family —————— [*Exeunt.*

Ick quam Van Neder Landt te ſpreken
End helpen Van Pocken end ander gebreken.

That's a top of my Bill, ſweet, Sir.

Fan. Lord, Sir Father, why do you give 'em Money?

Lean. For talking nonſence this hour or two upon his diſemper.

Fan. Oh lemini. Sir, they did not talk one word of you, but of Dogs and Horſes, and of killing folks, and of their Wives and Daughters; and when the Wine was all out, they ſaid they wou'd ſay ſomething for their Fees.

Sir Pat. Say you ſo? ———— Knaves, Rogues Cheats, Murderers! I'll be reveng'd on 'em all, I'll ne'er be ſick again —— or if I be, I'll die honeſtly of my ſelf without the aſſiſtance of ſuch Raſcals,—— go, get you gone. ——

(*To* Fan. *who goes out.*

Lean. A happy reſolution, wou'd you wou'd be ſo kind to your ſelf as to make a trial of your Lady too, and if ſhe prove true, 'twill make ſome kind of amends for your ſo long being couzen'd this way.

Sir Pat. I'll about it, this very minute about it,—give me a Chair.———— (*He ſits.*

Lean. So, ſettle your ſelf well, diſorder your Hair——— throw away your Cain, Hat and Gloves,———— ſtare, and rowl your Eyes, ſqueez your Face into Convulſions, ——— clutch your hands,———— make your Stomach heave,———ſo, very well,———now let me alone for the reſt——— Oh, help, help my Lady, my Aunt, for Heavens ſake help,——come all and ſee him die. (*Weeps.*

Enter Wittmore, *Lady* Fancy, Iſabella, Lucretia, *Lady* Knowell *and* Roger.

Witt. Leander, what's the matter?

Lean. See, Madam, ſee my Uncle in the Agonies of Death.

L. *Fan.* My deareſt Husband dying, Oh! (*weeps.*

Lean. How hard he ſtruggles with departing life!

Iſab. Father, dear Father, muſt I in one day receive a bleſſing with ſo great a curſe? Oh,—he's juſt going, Madam.— (*Weeps.*

L. *Fan.* Let me o'retake him in the ſhades below, why do you hold me, can I live without him?—do I diſſemble well?— (*Aſide to* Witt.

Sir Pat. Not live without me!———do you hear that Sirrah? (*Aſide to* Lean.

Lean. Pray Mark the end on't, Sir,——feign,——feign,—

L. *Kno.* We left him well, how came he thus o'th' ſuddain?

Lean. I fear 'tis an Apoplexy, Madam.

L. *Fan.* Run, run for his Phyſician! but do not ſtir a foot. (*Aſide to* Roger.

Look up and ſpeak but one kind word to me.

Sir Pat. What crys are theſe that ſtop me on my way?

L. *Fan.* They're mine,——your Ladies,———— oh ſurely he'll recover. (*Aſide.*

Your moſt obedient Wife's.

Sir Pat. My Wife's, my Heir, my ſole Executrix.

L. *Fan.* Hah,

L. *Fan.* Hah, is he in's ſenſes? [*Aſide to* Witt.] Oh my dear Love, my Life, my Joy, my all, [*Crys*] oh, let me go; I will not live without him. [*ſeems to faint in* Wittmore's *Arms.*

All run about her.

Sir Pat. Do ye hear that, Sirrah?

Lean. Have yet a little patience, die away,—very well—— Oh he's gone,——quite gone. [L. Fan. *ſwounds.*

L. *Kno.* Look to my Lady there, [*ſwounds again.*]—ſure ſhe can but counterfeit. [*Aſide.*

[*They all go about her.*

Sir Pat. Hah, my Lady dying!

Lean. Sir I beſeech you wait the event! Death! the cunning Devil will diſſemble too long and ſpoil all,——here——carry the dead Corps of my deareſt Uncle to his Chamber. Nurſe, to your care I commit him now.

[*Exeunt with Sir* Pat. *in a Chair.*

[*All follow but* Wittmore; *who going the other way, meet Sir* Credulous *and* Lodwick, *as before.*

Witt. Lodwick! the ſtrangeſt unexpected News, Sir *Patient's* dead!

Sir Cred. How, dead! we have play'd the Phyſicians to good purpoſe i'faith, and kill'd the man before we adminiſtred our Phyſick.

Witt. Egad I fear ſo indeed.

Lod. Dead!

Witt. As a Herring, and 'twill be dangerous to keep theſe habits longer.

Sir Cred. Dangerous! Zoz man we ſhall all be hang'd, why our very Bill diſpatch'd him, and our Hands are to't,——oh, I'll confeſs all.—— (*Offers to go.*

Lod. Death, Sir, I'll cut your Throat if you ſtir.

Sir Cred. Wou'd you have me hang'd for Company Gentlemen? Oh where ſhall I hide my ſelf, or how come at my Cloaths?

Lod. We have no time for that, go get you into your Basket again, and lie ſnug, till I have convey'd you ſafe away,——or I'll abandon you.—[*Aſide to him.*] 'Tis not neceſſary he ſhou'd be ſeen yet, he may ſpoil *Leander's* Plot. (*Aſide.*

Sir Cred. Oh thank ye, dear *Lodwick*,——let me eſcape this bout, and if ever the Fool turn Phyſician again, may he be choak'd with his own *Tetrachymagogon.*

Witt. Go,

Witt. Go, haſt and undreſs you, whilſt I'll to *Lucia.*
(*Exit* Lod.

As Wittmore *is going out at one door, Enter Sir* Patient *and* Leander *at the other door.*

Lean. Hah, *Wittmore* there! he muſt not ſee my Uncle yet.
[*puts Sir* Pat. *back. Exit* Witt.

Sir Pat. Nay, Sir, never detain me, I'll to my Lady, is this your demonſtration?——was ever ſo vertuous a Lady?——Well, I'll to her, and conſole her poor heart, ah the joy 'twill bring her to ſee my Reſurrection!——I long to ſurprize her.
[*Going off croſs the ſtage.*

Lean. Hold, Sir, I think ſhe's coming,——bleſt ſight, and with her *Wittmore*! [*puts Sir* Pat. *back to the door.*

Enter Lady Fancy *and* Wittmore.

Sir Pat. Hah, what's this?

L. *Fan.* Now, my dear *Wittmore*, claim thy Rites of Love without controll, without the contradiction of wretched Poverty or Jealouſie: Now undiſguis'd thou mayſt approach my Bed, and reign o're all my Pleaſures and my Fortunes, of which this minute I create thee Lord.
And thus begin my Homage.—— (*Kiſſes him.*

Sir Pat. Sure 'tis ſome Fiend! this cannot be my Lady!

Lean. 'Tis ſomething uncivil before your face, Sir, to do this.

Witt. Thou wondrous kind, and wondrous Beautiful, that Power that made thee with ſo many Charms, gave me a Soul fit only to adore em; nor wert thou deſtin'd to anothers Arms, but to be render'd ſtill more fit for mine.

Sir Pat. Hah, is not that *Fain-love*, *Iſabella*'s Husband? Oh Villain! Villain! I will renounce my Sence and my Religion.
(*Aſide.*

L. *Fan.* Another's Arms! Oh call not thoſe hated thoughts to my remembrance,
Leſt it deſtroy that kindly Heat within me,
Which thou canſt only raiſe and ſtill maintain.

Sir Pat. Oh Woman! Woman! damn'd diſſembling Woman! [*Aſide.*

L. *Fan.* Come, let me lead thee to that Maſs of Gold he gave me to be deſpis'd;
And which I render thee, my lovely Conqueror,
As the firſt Tribute of my Glorious Servitude,——Draw in the

the Basket which I told you of, and is amongst the Rubbish in the Hall, [*Exit* Wittmore.] That which the Slave so many years was toiling for, I in one moment barter for a Kiss, as Earnest of our future Joys.

Sir Pat. Was ever so Prodigal a Harlot? was this the Saint? was this the most tender comfort that ever Man had?

Leam. No, in good faith, Sir.

Enter Wittmore *pulling in the Basket.*

L. *Fan.* This is it, with a direction on't to thee, whither I design'd to send it.

Witt. Good morrow to the day, and next the Gold, open the Shrine, that I may see my Saint ——— hail the World's Soul ——— [*Opens the Basket, Sir* Cred. *starts up.*

L. *Fan.* O Heavens! what thing art thou?

Sir Cred. O Pardon, Pardon sweet Lady, I confess I had a hand in't.

L. *Fan.* In what, thou slave?——

Sir *Cred.* Killing the good believing Alderman,—but 'twas against my Will.

L. *Fan.* Then I'm not so much oblig'd to thee,———but where's the Money, the 8000 *l.* the Plate and Jewel's, Sirrah?

Witt. Death, the Dog has eat it.

Sir *Cred.* Eat it! Oh Lord, eat 8000 *l.* wou'd I might never come out of this Basket alive, if ever I made such a meal in my life.

Witt. Ye Dog you have eat it, and I'll make ye swallow all the Doses you writ in your Bill, but I'll have it upward or downward. (*Aside.*

Sir *Pat.* Hah, one of the Rogues my Doctors.

Sir *Cred.* Oh, dear Sir, hang me out of the way rather.

Enter Maundy.

Maun. Madam, I have sent away the Basket to Mr. *Wittmore*'s Lodgings.

L. *Fan.* You might have sav'd your self that labour, I now having no more to do, but to bury the stinking Corps of my quondam Cuckold, dismiss his Daughters, and give thee quiet possession of all. [*To* Witt.

Sir *Pat.*

Sir Pat. Fair Lady, you'll take me along with you? [*ſnaps.*
(*pulls off his Hat and comes up to her.*

L. Fan. My Husband!——I'm betray'd——

Sir *Pat.* Husband! I do defie thee, Satan, thou greater Whore than ſhe of *Babylon*: Thou ſhame, thou abomination to thy Sex.

L. Fan. Rail on, whilſt I diſpoſe my ſelf to laugh at thee.

Sir *Pat. Leander*, call all the Houſe in to be a witneſs of our Divorce. (*Exit* Leander.

L. Fan. Do, and all the World; and let 'em know the Reaſon.

Sir *Pat.* Methinks I find an inclination to ſwear,———to curſe my ſelf and thee, that I cou'd no better diſcern thee; nay, I'm ſo chang'd from what I was, that I think I cou'd even approve of Monarchy and Church Diſcipline, I'm ſo truly convinc'd I have been a Beaſt and an Aſs all my life.

Enter Lady Knowell, Iſabella, Lucretia, Leander, Lodwick, Fanny, *&c.*

L. Kno. Hah, Sir *Patient* not dead?

Sir *Pat.* Ladies and Gentlemen, take notice that I am a Cuckold, a Crop-ear'd ſnivelling Cuckold.

Sir *Cred.* A Cuckold! ſweet Sir, ſhaw that's a ſmall matter in a man of your Quality.

Sir *Pat.* And I beg your pardon, Madam, for being angry that you call'd me ſo. [*To L.* Kno.] And yours, dear *Iſabella*, for deſiring you to marry my good Friend there [*points to* Witt.] whoſe name I perceive I was miſtaken in:——And yours *Leander*, that I wou'd not take your Advice long ſince: And yours fair Lady, for believing you honeſt,——'twas done like a credulous Coxcomb:———And yours, Sir, for taking any of your Tribe for Wife, Learn'd or Honeſt. (*To Sir* Credulous.

Witt. Faith Sir, I deceiv'd ye only to ſerve my Friend, and Sir, your Daughter is married to Mr. *Knowell*; your Wife had all my ſtock of love before, Sir.

[Lod. *and* Iſab. *kneel.*

Sir *Pat.* Why God-a-mercy———ſome comfort that,——God bleſs ye,———I ſhall love diſobedience while I live ort't.

Lod. I'm

Lod. I am glad on't, Sir, for then I hope you will forgive *Leander*, who has married my Sister, and not my Mother.

Sir Pat. How! has he ſerv'd me ſo,—I'll make him my Heir for't; thou haſt made a Man of me my Boy, and faith we will be merry,——fair Lady, you may depart in peace, fair Lady, reſtoring my Money, my Plate, my Jewels and my Writings, fair Lady.——

L. *Fan.* You gave me no Money, Sir, prove it if you can, and for your Land, 'twas not ſettled with this Proviſo, If ſhe be Honeſt?

Sir Pat. 'Tis well thou doſt confeſs I am a Cuckold, for I wou'd have it known, fair Lady.

L. *Fan.* 'Twas to that End I married you, good Alderman.

Sir Pat. I'faith I think thou didſt, ſweet-heart, i faith I think thou didſt.

Witt. Right, Sir, for we have long been lovers, but want of Fortune made us contrive how to marry her to your good Worſhip. Many a wealthy Citizen, Sir, has contributed to the maintenance of a younger Brother's Miſtreſs, and you are not the firſt Man in Office that has been a Cuckold, Sir.

Sir Pat. Some comfort that too, the Brethren of the Chain cannot laugh at me.

Sir Cred. A very pleaſant old fellow this, faith I cou'd be very merry with him now but that I am damnable ſad,—Madam, I ſhall deſire to lay the Saddle on the right Horſe.

(*To L.* Know.

L. Kno. What mean you, Sir?

Sir Cred. Only Madam, if I were as ſome men are, I ſhould not be as I am.

L. Kno. It may be ſo, Sir.

Sir Cred. I ſay no more, but matters are not carried ſo ſwimmingly, but I can dive into the meaning on't.

(*Sir* Patient *talks this while to* Lodwick.

L. Kno. I hate this Hypothetical way of arguing, anſwer me Categorically.

Sir Cred. Hypothetical and Categorical! what does ſhe mean now? [*Aſide.*] ——Madam, in plain *Engliſh*, I am made a *John A-Nokes* of, *Jack-hold-my-ſtaff*, a *Merry Andrew* Doctor to give *Leander* time to marry your Daughter, and 'twas therefore I was hoiſted up in the Basket,——but as the Play ſays, 'tis well 'tis no worſe: I'd rather loſe my Miſtreſs than my life.

Sir Pat. But how came this Rascal *Turboon* to admit you?

Lod. For the lucre of our Fees, Sir, which was his recompence.

Sir Pat. I forgive it you, and will turn Spark, they live the merriest lives——keep some City Mistress, go to Court, and hate all Conventicles.

You see what a fine City Wife can do
Of the true breed: Instruct her Husband too:
I wish all civil Cuckolds in the Nation,
Would take example by my Reformation.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

HEaven ſave ye Gallants: and this hopeful Age,
Y'are welcome to the downfall of the Stage:
The Fools have labour'd long in their Vocation;
And Vice (the Manufacture of the Nation)
Ov're-ſtocks the Town ſo much, and thrives ſo well,
That Fops and Knaves grow Drugs and will not ſell.
In vain our Wares on Theatres are ſhown,
When each has a Plantation of his own.
His Cauſe ne'er fails; for whatſoe're he ſpends,
There's ſtill Gods plenty for himſelf and Friends.
Should Men be rated by Poetick Rules,
Lord what a Pole would there be rais'd from Fools!
Mean time poor Wit prohibited muſt lie,
As if 'twere made ſome French *Commodity.*
Fools you will have, and rais'd at vaſt expence,
And yet as ſoon as ſeen, they give offence.
Time was, when none would cry that Oaf was me,
But now you ſtrive about your Predigree:
Bawble and Cap no ſooner are thrown down,
But there's a Muſs of more than half the Town.
Each one will challenge a Child's part at leaſt,
A ſign the Family is well increas'd
Of Forreign Cattle! there's no longer need,
When we're ſupply'd ſo faſt with Engliſh *breed.*
Well! Flouriſh, Countrymen; drink ſwear and roar,
Let every free-born Subject keep his Whore;
And wandring in the Wilderneſs about,
At end of 40 years not wear her out.
But when you ſee theſe Pictures let none dare
To own beyond a Limb or ſingle ſhare:
For where the Punk is common; he's a Sot,
Who needs will Father what the Pariſh got.

EPILOGUE.

GAllants you have so long been absent hence,
That you have almost cool'd your diligence,
For while we study or revive a Play,
You like good Husbands in the Country stay,
There frugally wear out your Summer suit,
And in Frize Jerkin after Beagles Toot,
Or in Mountero Caps at field fares shoot,
Nay, some are so obdurate in their sin,
That they swear never to come up again.
But all their charge of Cloaths and Treat Retrench,
To Gloves and Stockings for some Country Wench.
Even they who in the Summer had mishaps,
Send up to Town for Physick for their Claps.
The Ladies too are resolv'd as they,
And having debts unknown to them, they stay,
And with the gain of Cheese and Poultry pay.
Even in their Visits, they from Banquets fall,
To entertain with Nuts and Bottle Ale.
And in discourse with secresie report
Stale-News that past a Twelve-month since at Court.
Those of them who are most refin'd and gay,
Now learn the Songs of the last Summers Play:
While the young Daughter does in private Mourn,
Her Loves in Town, and hopes not to return.
These Country Grievances too great appear;
But, cruel Ladies, we have greater here;
You come not sharp as you were wont to Plays;
But only on the first and second days:
This made our Poet in his visits look
What new strange courses, for your time you took.
And to his great regret he found too soon,
Basset *and* Umbre, *spent the afternoon:*
So that we cannot hope to see you here
Before the little Net-work Purse be clear.
Suppose you should have luck; ——————
Yet sitting up so late as I am told,
You'll loose in Beauty what you win in Gold:
And what each Lady of another says,
Will make you new Lampoons, and us new Plays.

Dram-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Mr. Bowman — Indian King *called* Cavarnio.
Mr. Williams — Bacon —— *General of the* Engliſh.
Mr. Freeman — *Colonel* Wellman *Deputy Governour.*
Mr. Harris — *Colonel* Downright *a Loyal Honeſt Count.*
Mr. Alexander — Hazard } *Two Friends known to one another many years in* England.
Mr. Powell — Friendly }
Mr. Sandford — Dareing } *Lieutenant Generals to* Bacon.
Mr. Cudworth — Fearleſs }
Mr. Bright — Dullman *A Captain.*
Mr. Underhill — Timerous Cornet } *Juſtices of the Peace, and very great Cowards.*
Mr. Treſuſe — Whimſey }
Mr. Bowen — Whiff }
Mr. Barns. — Boozer }
Brag *A Captain.*
Grubb — *One complain'd on by Capt.* Whiff, *for calling his Wife Whore.*
Mr. Blunt — *A Petitioner againſt* Brag.
Mr. Baker — *Parſon* Dunce, *formerly a Farrier fled from* England, *and Chaplain to the Governour.*
Clerk.
Boy.

Mrs. Bracegirdle — In'ian Queen, *call'd* Semernia, *belov'd by* Bacon.
Mrs. Knight. — *Madam* Surelove: *belov'd by* Hazard.
Mrs. Jordon. — *Mrs.* Criſante, *Daughter to Col.* Downright.
Mrs. Currer — Widdow Ranter *in Love with* Daring.
Mr. Cory. — *Mrs.* Flirt.
Mrs. Whimſey, *Mrs.* Whiff, 2 Maids.
Prieſts, Indians, Coachman, Soldiers, *with other* Attendants.

SCENE *Virginia* in *Bacon*'s Camp.

THE Widdow Ranter, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Room with ſeveral Tables.*

Enter Hazard *in a Travelling Habit, and a* Sea-Boy, *carrying his Portmantle.*

Haz. WHat Town's this Boy?

Boy. James-Town, Maſter.

Haz. Take care my Trunk be brought aſhore to night, and there's for your pains.

Boy. God Bleſs you, Maſter.

Haz. What do you call this Houſe?

Boy. Mrs. *Flirts*, Maſter, the beſt Houſe for Commendation in all *Virginia.*

Haz. That's well, has ſhe any handſome Ladies, Sirrah?

Boy. Oh! ſhe's woundly handſome her ſelf, Maſter, and the kindeſt Gentlewoman ——— look here ſhe comes, Maſter ——— God bleſs you, Miſtreſs, I have brought you a young Gentleman here.

Flirt. That's

Flirt. That's well, honeſt *Jack*,—Sir, you are moſt heartily Welcome.

Haz. Madam your ſervant. (*ſalutes her.*

Flirt. Pleaſe you to walk into a Chamber, Sir.

Haz. By and by, Madam, but I'll repoſe here a while for the coolneſs of the Air.

Flirt. This is a Publick Room, Sir, but 'tis at your ſervice.

Haz. Madam, you oblige me.

Flirt. A fine ſpoken Perſon—a Gentleman I'll warrant him, come, *Jack*, I'll give thee a Cogue of Brandy for old acquaintance. (*Exeunt Landlady and Boy.*

Hazard *pulls out Pen, Ink and Paper, and goes to write.*

Enter Friendly.

Friend. Here, *Nell*, a Tankard of cool drink, quickly.

Nell. You ſhall have it, Sir.

Friend, Hah! who's that ſtranger? he ſeems to be a Gentleman.

Haz. If I ſhould give Credit to my Eyes, that ſhould be *Friendly.*

Friend. Sir, you ſeem a ſtranger, may I take the Liberty to preſent my ſervice to you?

Haz. If I am not miſtaken, Sir, you are the only Man in the World whom I would ſooneſt Pledge, you'll credit me if three years abſence has not made you forget *Hazard.*

Friend. *Hazard*, my Friend! come to my Arms and Heart.

Haz. This unexpected happineſs o're joys me. Who could have imagin'd to have found thee in *Virginia?* I thought thou hadſt been in *Spain* with thy Brother.

Friend. I was ſo till Ten Months ſince, when my Uncle Colonel *Friendly* dying here, left me a conſiderable Plantation; and faith I find Diverſions not altogether to be deſpis'd; the God of Love reigns here, with as much power, as in Courts or Popular Cities; but prethee what Chance, (Fortunate to me) drove thee to this part of the New World?

Haz. Why (faith) Ill Company, and that Common Vice of the Town, Gaming, ſoon run out my Younger Brothers Fortune, for, imagining, like ſome of the luckier Gameſters, to improve my ſtock at the Groom-Porter's; ventur'd on, and loſt all—My Elder Brother, an Errant Jew, had neither Friendſhip nor Honour enough to ſupport me, but at laſt was mollified by perſwaſions, and the hopes of being for ever rid of me, ſent me hither with a ſmall Cargo to ſeek my Fortune.——

Friend. And begin the World withall.

Haz. I thought this a better Venture than to turn sharping Bully, Cully in Prentices and Country-Squires, with my Pocket full of false Dice, your high and low Flats and Bars, or turn Broker to young Heirs; take up Goods to pay tenfold at the Death of their Fathers, and take Fees on both sides; or sit up all night at the Groom-Porters, begging his Honour to go a Guinney the better of the lay. No, *Friendly*, I had rather starve abroad, than live pitti'd and dispis'd at home.

Friend. Thou art in the right, and art come just in the nick of time to make thy Fortune ——— Wilt thou follow my advice?

Haz. Thou art too honest to Command any thing that I shall refuse.

Friend. You must know then, there is about a Mile from *James-Town* a Young Gentlewoman——No matter for her Birth, her Breeding's the best this World affords, she is married to one of the Richest Merchants here, he is Old and Sick, and now gone into *England* for the recovery of his Health, where he'll e'en give up the Ghost; he has writ her word he finds no Amendment, and resolves to stay another Year, the Letter I accidentally took up and have about me; 'tis easily Counterfeited, and will be of great use to us.

Haz. Now do I fancy I conceive thee.

Friend. Well, hear me first, you shall get another Letter writ like this Character which shall say, you are his Kinsman, that is come to Traffick in this Country, and 'tis his will you should be received into his house as such.

Haz. Well, and what will come of this?

Friend. Why, thou art young and handsom; she young and desiring; 'twere ease to make her love thee, and if the Old Gentleman chance to die, you guess the rest, you are no Fool.

Haz. Av, but if he shou'd return ———

Friend. If——Why if she love you, that other will be but a slender Bar to thy happiness; for if thou canst not marry her, thou maist lie with her, (and Gad) a younger Brother may pick out a pretty livelihood here that way, as well as in *England*—Or if this fail, thou wilt find a perpetual Visiter the Widow *Ranter*, a Woman bought from the ship by Old Colonel *Ranter*; she serv'd him half a year, and then marry'd her, and dying in a year more, left her worth Fifty thousand Pounds Sterling, besides Plate and Jewels: She's a great Gallant, but assuming the humour of the Country Gentry,

her

her Extravagancy is very Pleasant, she retains something of her Primitive Quality still, but is good-natur'd and generous.

Haz. I like all this well.

Friend. But I have a further End in this matter, you must know there is in the same House a Young Heiress, one Col. *Downright*'s Daughter, whom I love, I think not in vain, her Father indeed has an Implacable hatred to me, for which reason I can but seldom visit her, and in this affair I have need of a Friend in that House.

Haz. Me you're sure of.

Friend. And thus you'll have an opportunity to manage both our Amours: Here you will find occasion to shew your Courage as well as express your Love; for at this time the *Indians*, by our ill Management of Trade, whom we have Armed against our selves, very frequently make War upon us with our own Weapons, tho' often coming by the worst, are forced to make Peace with us again, but so, as upon every turn they fall to Massacring us wherever we lie exposed to them.

Haz. I heard the News of this in *England*, which hastens the new Governour's arrival here, who brings you fresh Supplies.

Friend. Would he were Landed, we hear he is a Noble Gentleman.

Haz. He has all the Qualities of a Gallant Man, besides, he is Nobly born.

Friend. This Country wants nothing but to be Peopled with a well-born Race to make it one of the best Colonies in the World, but for want of a Governour we are ruled by a Council, some of which have been perhaps transported Criminals, who having acquired great Estates, are now become your Honour and Right Worshipful, and possess all Places of Authority; there are amongst them some honest Gentlemen who now begin to take upon 'em, and manage affairs as they ought to be.

Haz. *Bacon* I think was one of the Council.

Friend. Now you have named a Man indeed above the common Rank, by nature Generous, Brave, Resolv'd and Daring; who studying the lives of the *Romans* and great Men, that have raised themselves to the most elevated Fortunes, fancies it easie for Ambitious Men to aim at any pitch of Glory, I've heard him often say, why cannot I Conquer the Universe as well as *Alexander*? or like another *Romulous* form a new *Rome*, and make my self ador'd?

Haz. Why

Haz. Why might he not? great Souls are born in common Men ſometimes, as well as Princes.

Friend. This thirſt of Glory cheriſh'd by ſullen Melancholly, I believe was the firſt motive that made him in Love with the young *Indian* Queen, fancying no Hero ought to be without his Princeſs. And this was the reaſon why he ſo earneſtly preſt for a Commiſſion, to be made General againſt the *Indians*, which long was promis'd him, but they fearing his Ambition, ſtill put him off, till the Grievances grew ſo high, that the whole Country flock'd to him, and beg'd he would redreſs them, ——— he took the opportunity, and led them forth to fight, and vanquiſhing brought the Enemy to fair terms, but now inſtead of receiving him as a Conqueror, we treat him as a Traytor.

Haz. Then it ſeems all the Crime this brave Fellow has committed, is ſerving his Country without Authority.

Friend. 'Tis ſo, and however I admire the Man, I am reſolv'd to be of the contrary Party, that I may make an Intereſt in our new Governour; thus ſtands affairs, ſo that after you have ſeen Madam *Sure-love*, I'll preſent you to the Council for a Commiſſion.

Haz. But my Kinſman's Character ———

Friend. He was a *Leſter-ſhire* younger Brother, came over with a ſmall Fortune, which his Induſtry has increas'd to a thouſand pound a year, and he is now Col. *John Sure-love*, and one of the Council.

Haz. Enough.

Friend. About it then, Madam *Flirt* to direct you.

Haz. You are full of your Madams here.

Friend. Oh! 'tis the greateſt Affront imaginable to call a Woman Miſtreſs, though but a retale Brandy-munger. ——— Adieu!——one thing more, to morrow is our Country Court, pray do not fail to be there, for the rarity of the Entertainment: but I ſhall ſee you anon at *Sure-love*'s, where I'll ſalute thee as my firſt meeting, and as an old acquaintance in *England* —here's Company, farewel. (*Exit* Friend.

Enter Dullman, Timerous *and* Boozer.
Hazard *ſits at a Table and writes.*

Dull. Here, *Nell*—Well, Lieutenant *Boozer*, what are you for?

Enter Nell.

Booz. I am for cooling *Nants*, Major.

Dull. Here

Dull. Here, *Nell*, a quart of *Nants*, and ſome Pipes and ſmoak.

Tim. And do ye here, *Nell*, bid your Miſtreſs come in to Joke a little with us, for adzoors I was damnable drunk laſt night, and I am better at the Petticoat than the Bottle to day.

Dull. Drunk laſt night and ſick to day, how comes that about, Mr. Juſtice? you uſe to bear your Brandy well enough.

Tim. Ay, your ſhier Brandy I'll grant you, but I was drunk at Col. *Downright*'s with your high Burgundy Claret.

Dull. A Pox of that Paulter Liquor, your *Engliſh French* Wine, I wonder how the Gentlemen do to drink it.

Tim. Ay, ſo do I, 'tis for want of a little *Virginia* Breeding: how much more like a Gentleman 'tis, to drink as we do, brave Edifying Punch and Brandy,——— but they ſay the young Noble-men now and Sparks in *England* begin to reform, and take it for their Mornings draught, get drunk by noon, and deſpiſe the lowſie Juice of the Grape.

Enter Mrs. Flirt.

Dull. Come, Landlady, come, you are ſo taken up with Parſon *Dunce*, that your old Friends can't drink a Dram with you, ——— what no ſmutty Catch now, no Gibe or Joke to make the Punch go down merrily, and advance Trading? Nay, they ſay, Gad forgive ye, you never miſs going to Church when Mr. *Dunce* Preaches,——but here's to you. [*drinks.*

Flirt. Lords, your Honours are pleas'd to be merry —but my ſervice to your Honour. [*drinks.*

Haz. Honours, who the Devil have we here? ſome of the wiſe Council at leaſt, I'd ſooner take 'em for Hoggerds. (*Aſide.*

Flirt. Say what you pleaſe of the Doctor, but I'll ſwear he's a fine Gentleman, he makes the prettieſt Sonnets, nay, and ſings 'em himſelf to the rareſt Tunes.

Tim. Nay, the Man will ſerve for both Soul and Body, for they ſay he was a Farrier in *England*, but breaking turn'd Life-guard man, and his Horſe dying —he counterfeited a Deputation from the Biſhop, and came over here a ſubſtantial Orthodox: But come, where ſtands the Cup?—here, my ſervice to you, Major.

Flirt. Your Honour's are pleas'd—— but methinks Doctor *Dunce* is a very Edifying Perſon, and a Gentleman, and I pretend to know a Gentleman, —— For I my ſelf am a Gentlewoman; my Father was a Barronet, but undone in the

the late Rebellion—and I am fain to keep an Ordinary now, Heaven help me.

Tim. Good lack, why ſee how Virtue may be bely'd——we heard your Father was a Taylor, but truſting for old *Oliver*'s Funeral, Broke, and ſo came hither to hide his head,——but my ſervice to you; what, you are never the worſe?

Flirt. Your Honours knows this is a ſcaudalous place, for they ſay your Honour was but a broken Exciſe Man, who ſpent the King's Money to buy your Wife fine Petticoats, and at laſt not worth a Groat, you came over a poor Servant, though now a Juſtice of the Peace, and of the Honourable Council.

Tim. Adz zoors, if I knew who 'twas ſaid ſo, I'd ſue him for *Scandalum Magnatum*.

Dull. Hang 'em Scoundrels, hang 'em, they live upon ſcandal, and we are ſcandal proof,——they ſay too, that I was a Tinker, and running the Country, robb'd a Gentleman's Houſe there, was put into *Newgate*, got a Reprieve after Condemnation, and was Tranſported hither,—and that you *Boozer*, was a common Pick-pocket, and being often flogg'd at the Carts-tale, afterwards turn'd Evidence, and when the times grew honeſt was fain to flie.

Booz. Ay, ay, Major, if ſcandal would have broke our hearts, we had not arriv'd to the honour of being Privy-Councellors—but come, Mrs. *Flirt*, what never a Song to Entertain us?

Flirt. Yes, and a ſinger too newly come aſhore.

Tim. Adz zoors, let's have it then. [*Enter a Girl who ſings, they bear a Bob.*

Haz. Here, Maid, a Tankard of your drink.

Flirt. Quickly, *Nell*, wait upon the Gentleman.

Dull. Pleaſe you, Sir, to taſte of our Liquor——My ſervice to you: I ſee you are a ſtranger, and alone, pleaſe you to come to our Table? [*He riſes and comes.*

Flirt. Come, Sir, pray ſit down here, theſe are very honourable Perſons I aſſure you,—this is Major *Dullman*, Major of his Excellencies own Regiment, when he arrives, this Mr. *Timerous*, Juſtice a Peace in *Corum*, this Captain *Boozer*, all of the honourable Council.

Haz. With your leave, Gentlemen. (*Sits.*

Tim. My ſervice to you, Sir, (*drinks.*
What, have you brought over any Cargo, Sir, I'll be your Cuſtomer.

Booz.

Booz. Ay, and cheat him too, I'll warrant him. (*Aside.*

Haz. I was not bred to Merchandizing, Sir, nor do intend to follow the drudgery of Trading.

Dull. Men of Fortune ſeldom travel hither, Sir, to ſee faſhions.

Tim. Why, Brother, it may be the Gentleman has a mind to be a Planter, will you hire your ſelf to make a Crop of Tobacco this year?

Haz. I was not born to work, Sir.

Tim. Not work, Sir, zoors, your betters have workt, Sir, I have workt my ſelf, Sir, both ſet and ſtript Tobacco, for all I am of the Honourable Council, not work quoth a——I ſuppoſe, Sir, you wear your fortune upon your Back, Sir?

Haz. Is it your Cuſtom here, Sir, to affront ſtrangers? I ſhall expect ſatisfaction. [*Riſes.*

Tim. Why, does any body here owe you any thing?

Dull. No, unleſs he means to be paid for drinking with us,——ha, ha, ha.

Haz. No, Sir, I have Money to pay for what I drink: here's my Club——my Guinia, (*Flings down a Guinia.*
I ſcorn to be oblig'd to ſuch Scoundrels.

Booz. Hum——call Men of honour Scoundrels.
[*Riſe in huff.*

Tim. Let him alone, let him alone, Brother, how ſhould he learn manners, he never was in *Virginia* before.

Dull. He's ſome Covent-Garden Bully.

Tim. Or ſome broken Citizen turn'd Factor.

Haz. Sir you lie, and you're a Raſcal.
[*Flings the Brandy in's face.*

Tim. Adz zoors he has ſpill'd all the Brandy.
[Tim. *runs behind the door* Dull. *and* Booz. *ſtrike* Hazard.

Haz. I underſtand no Cudgel play, but wear a ſword to right my ſelf. [*Draws, they run off.*

Flirt. Good Heavens, what, quarrelling in my houſe?

Haz. Do the Perſons of Quality in this Country treat ſtrangers thus?

Flirt. Alas, Sir, 'tis a familier way they have, Sir.

Haz. I'm glad I know it,—Pray Madam, can you inform one how I may be furniſh'd with a Horſe and a guide to Madam *Sure-loves?*

Flirt. A moſt accompliſht Lady, and my very good friend, you ſhall be Immediately—— (*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Wellman, Downright, Dunce, Whimsey, Whiff, *and Others.*

Well. Come, Mr. *Dunce*, tho' you are no Councellor, yet your Council may be good in time of necessity, as now.

Dun. If I may be worthy advice, I do not look upon our danger to be so great from the *Indians*, as from young *Bacon*, whom the People have nick-nam'd *Fright-all.*

Whim. Ay, ay, that same *Bacon*, I would he were well hang'd, I am afraid that under pretence of killing all the *Indians* he means to Murder us, lie with our Wives, and hang up our little Children, and make himself Lord and King.

Whiff. Brother *Whimsey*, not so hot, with leave of the Honourable Board, my Wife is of opinion that *Bacon* came seasonably to our aid, and what he has done was for our defence, the *Indians* came down upon us, and ravish'd us all, Men, Women and Children.

Well. If these Grievances were not redrest, we had our reasons for it, it was not that we were insensible Captain *Whiff* of what we suffer'd from the Insolence of the *Indians*: But all knew what we must expect from *Bacon*, if that by lawful Authority he had arriv'd to so great a Command as General, nor would we be hust out of our Commissions.

Down. 'Tis most certain that *Bacon* did not demand a Commission out of a design of serving us, but to satisfie his Ambition and his Love, it being no secret that he passionately admires the *Indian* Queen, and under the pretext of a War, intends to kill the King her Hasband, establish himself in her heart, and on all occasions have himself a more formidable Enemy than the *Indians* are.

Whim. Nay, nay, I ever foresaw he would prove a Villain.

Whiff. Nay, and he be thereabout, my *Nancy* shall have no more to do with him.

Well. But Gentlemen, the People daily flock to him, so that his Army is too considerable for us to oppose by any thing but Policy.

Down. We are sensible Gentlemen, that our Fortunes, our Honours and our Lives are at stake, and therefore you are call'd together to consult what's to be done in this Grand Affair, till our Governour and Forces arrive from *England*; the truce he made with the *Indians* will be out to morrow.

Whiff.

Whiff. Ay, and then he intends to have another bout with the *Indians*. Let's have patience, I ſay, till he has thrum'd their Jackets, and then to work with your Politicks as ſoon as you pleaſe.

Down. Colonel *Wellman* has anſwer'd that point, good Captain *Whiff*, 'tis the Event of this Battle we ought to dread, and if won or loſt, will be equally fatal for us, either from the *Indians* or from *Bacon*.

Dunce. With the permiſſion of the Honourable Board, I think I have hit upon an expedient that may prevent this Battle, your Honours ſhall write a Letter to *Bacon*, where you ſhall acknowledge his Services, invite him kindly home, and offer him a Commiſſion for General—

Whiff. Juſt my *Nancy*'s Counſel—Dr. *Dunce* has ſpoken like a Cherubin, he ſhall have my voice for General, what ſay you, Brother *Whimſey*?

Dunce. I ſay he is a noble Fellow, and fit for a General.

Dun. But conceive me right, Gentlemen, as ſoon as he ſhall have render'd himſelf, ſeize him and ſtrike off his head at the Fort.

Whiff. Hum! his head——Brother.

Whim. Ay, ay, Dr. *Dunce* ſpeaks like a Cherubin.

Well. Mr. *Dunce*, your Counſel in extremity, I confeſs, is not amiſs, but I ſhould be loath to deal diſhonourably with any Man.

Down. His Crimes deſerve death, his life is forfeited by Law, but ſhall never be taken by my conſent by Treachery: If by any ſtratagem we could take him a-live, and either ſend him for *England* to receive there his Puniſhment, or keep him Priſoner here till the Governour arrive, I ſhould agree to't, but I queſtion his coming in upon our Invitation.

Dun. Leave that to me.

Whim. Come, I'll warrant him, the Rogue's as ſtout as Hector, he fears neither heaven nor hell.

Down. He's too Brave and Bold to refuſe our Summons, and I am for ſending him for *England*, and leaving him to the Kings Mercy.

Dun. In that you'll find more difficulty, Sir, to take him off here will be more quick and ſudden: For the people worſhip him.

Well. I'll never yield to ſo ungenerous an expedient. The ſeizing him I am content in the extremity wherein we are, to follow. What ſay you, Colonel *Downright*? ſhall we ſend him a Letter now, while this two days Truce laſts, between him and the *Indians*.

Down. I

Down. I approve it.

All. And I, and I, and I.

Dun. If your Honours pleaſe to make me the Meſſenger, I'll uſe ſome arguments of my own to prevail with him.

Well. You ſay well, Mr. *Dunce*, and we'll diſpatch you preſently. (*Exit* Well. Down. *and all but* Whim. Whiff *and* Dunce.

Whiff. Ah, Dr. if you could but have perſwaded Colonel *Wellman* and Colonel *Downright* to have hanged him—

Whiff. Why, Brother *Whiff*, you were for making him a General but now.

Whim. The Counſels of Wiſe States-men, Brother *Whimſey* muſt change as cauſes do, d'ye ſee.

Dun. Your Honours are in the right, and whatever thoſe two leading Councellors ſay, they would be glad if *Bacon* were diſpatch'd, but the punctilio of Honour is ſuch a thing.

Whim. Honour, a Pox on't, what is that honour that keeps ſuch a buſtle in the World, yet never did good as I heard of.

Dun. Why, 'tis a fooliſh word only, taken up by great Men, but rarely practic'd,—but if you would be great Men indeed ———.

Whiff. If we would Dr. name, name the way.

Dun. Why, you command each of you a Company—when *Bacon* comes from the Camp, as I am ſure he will, (and full of this ſilly thing call'd honour will come unguarded too,) lay ſome of your Men in Ambuſh along thoſe Ditches by the *Sevana*, about a mile from the Town, and as he comes by, ſeize him, and hang him upon the next Tree.

Whiff. Hum——hang him! a rare Plot.

Whim. Hang him—we'll do't, we'll do't, Sir, and I doubt not but to be made General for the Action—I'll take it all upon my ſelf. (*Aſide.*

Dun. If you reſolve upon this, you muſt about inſtantly—Thus I ſhall at once ſerve my Country, and revenge my ſelf on the Raſcal for affronting my Dignity once at the Council-Table, by calling me Farrier. (*Exit* Dr.

Whiff. Do you know Brother what we are to do?

Whim. To do, yes, to hang a General, Brother, that's all.

Whiff. All, but is it lawful to hang any General?

Whim. Lawful, yes, that 'tis Lawful to hang any General that fights againſt Law.

Whiff. But

Whiff. But in what he has done, he has ſerv'd the King and our Country, and preſerv'd our Lives and Fortunes.

Whim. That's all one, Brother, If there be but a Quirk in the Law offended in this Caſe, tho' he fought like *Alexander*, and preſerv'd the whole World from Perdition, yet if he did it againſt Law, 'tis Lawful to hang him; why what Brother, is it fit that every impudent fellow that pretends to a little Honour, Loyalty and Courage, ſhould ſerve his King and Country againſt the Law? no, no, Brother, theſe things are not to be ſuffered in a Civil Government by Law Eſtabliſh'd, ——— wherefore let's about it ——— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Surelove's *Houſe.*

Enter Ranter *and her Coachman.*

Ran. Here, *Jefery*, ye drunken Dog, ſet your Coach and Horſes up, I'll not go till the cool of the Evening, I love to ride in *Freſco*. [*Enter a Boy.*

Coach. Yes, after hard drinking,— (*Aſide.*) it ſhall be done, Madam.

Ran. How now, Boy, is Madam *Surelove* at home?

Boy. Yes, Madam.

Ran. Go tell her I am here, Sirrah.

Boy. Who are you pray, forſooth?

Ran. Why, you Son of *Baboone*, don't you know me?

Boy. No, Madam, I came over but in the laſt Ship.

Ran. What, from *Newgate* or *Bridewel*? from ſhoving the Fumbler, Sirrah, lifting or filing the Cly?

Boy. I don't underſtand this Country Language, forſooth, yet.

Ran. You Rogue, 'tis what we tranſport from *England* firſt —go, ye Dog, go tell your Lady the Widow *Ranter* is come to dine with her ——— I hope I ſhall not find that Rogue *Daring* here ſniveling after (*Ex.* Boy.

Mrs. *Chriſante:* If I do, by the Lord I'll lay him thick, Pox on him, why ſhould I love the Dog, unleſs it be a Judgment upon me.

Enter Surelove *and* Chriſante.

—My dear Jewel, how do'ſt do?—as for you, Gentlewoman, you are my Rival, and I am in Rancour againſt you till you have renounc'd my *Daring*.

Chriſ. All the Intereſt I have in him, Madam, I reſign to you.

Ran. Ay——but your houſe lying ſo near the Camp, gives me mortal fears—but prethee how thrives thy Amour with honeſt *Friendly*?

Chriſ. As well as an Amour can that is abſolutely forbid by a Father on one ſide, and purſued by a good reſolution on the other.

Ran. Hay Gad, I'll warrant for *Friendly*'s Reſolution, what tho' his Fortune be not anſwerable to yours, we are bound to help one another,——Here, Boy——ſome Pipes and a bowl of Punch, you know my humour, Madam, I muſt ſmoak and drink in a morning, or I am maukiſh all day.

Sure. But will you drink Punch in a Morning:

Ran. Punch, 'tis my Mornings draught, my Table-drink, my Treat, my Regalio, my every thing, ah my dear *Surelove*, if thou wou'd but refreſh and chear thy heart with Punch in a morning, thou wou'dſt not look thus cloudy all the day. [*Enter Pipes and a great Bowl, ſhe falls to ſmoaking.*

Sure. I have reaſon, Madam, to be melancholy, I have receiv'd a Letter from my Husband, who gives me an account that he is worſe in *England* than when he was here, ſo that I fear I ſhall ſee him no more, the Doctors can do no good on him.

Ran. A very good hearing. I wonder what the Devil thou haſt done with him ſo long? an Old fuſty weather-beaten Skelleton, as dri'd as Stock-fiſh, and much of the Hue.——Come, come, here's to the next, may he be young, Heaven I beſeech thee. [*Drinks.*

Sure. You have reaſon to praiſe an Old man, who dy'd and left you worth fifty thouſand Pound.

Rant. Ay, Gad——and what's better Sweet-heart, dy'd in good time too, and left me young enough to ſpend this fifty thouſand Pound in better Company——reſt his Soul for that too.

Chriſ. I doubt 'twill be all laid out in *Bacon*'s mad Lieutenant General *Daring*.

Ran. Faith, I think I could lend it the Rogue on good Security.

Chriſ. What's that, to be bound Body for Body?

Ran. Rather that he ſhould love no bodies Body beſides my own, but my fortune is too good to truſt the Rogue, my money makes me an Infidel.

Chriſ. You

Chriſ. You think they all love you for that.

Ran. For that, ay, what elſe? if it were not for that, I might ſit ſtill and ſigh, and cry out, a Miracle! a Miracle! at ſight of a Man within my doors.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, here's a young Gentleman without wou'd ſpeak with you.

Sure. With me, ſure thou'rt miſtaken, is it not *Friendly*?

Maid. No, Madam, 'tis a ſtranger.

Ran. 'Tis not *Daring* that Rogue, is it?

Maid. No, Madam.

Ran. Is he handſom? does he look like a Gentleman?

Maid. He's handſom, and ſeems a Gentleman.

Ran. Bring him in then, I hate a Converſation without a Fellow,———hah,——a good handſom Lad indeed.

Enter Hazard *with a Letter.*

Sure. With me, Sir, would you ſpeak?

Haz. If you are Madam *Surelove.*

Sure. So I am call'd.

Haz. Madam, I am newly arriv'd from *England*, and from your Husband my kinſman bring you this ———— [*Gives a Letter.*

Rant. Pleaſe you to ſit, Sir.

Haz. She's extreamly handſome ——— (*Aſide—ſits down.*

Ran. Come, Sir, will you ſmoak a Pipe?

Haz. I never do, Madam ————

Ran. Oh fie upon't, you muſt learn then, we all ſmoak here 'tis a part of good breeding, ———— well, well, what Cargo, what goods have ye? any Points, Lace, rich Stuffs, Jewels; if you have, I'll be your Chafferer, I live hard by, any Body will direct you to the Widow *Ranter*'s.

Haz. I have already heard of you, Madam.

Ran. What, you are like all the young Fellows, the firſt thing they do when they come to a ſtrange place, is to enquire what Fortunes there are.

Haz. Madam, I had no ſuch Ambition.

Ran. Gad, then you're a Fool, Sir, but come, my ſervice to you; we rich Widows are the beſt Commodity this Country affords, I'll tell you that. [*This while ſhe reads the Letter.*

Sure. Sir, my Husband has recommended you here in a moſt particular manner, by which I do not only find the eſteem he has for you, but the deſire he has of gaining you mine, which on a double ſcore I render you, firſt for his ſake, next for thoſe merits that appear in your ſelf.

Haz. Madam, the endeavours of my life ſhall be to expreſs my gratitude for this great bounty.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, Mr. *Friendly*'s here.

Sure. Bring him in.

Haz. Friendly!——I had a dear Friend of that name, who I hear is in theſe Parts——Pray Heaven it be he.

Ran. How now, *Charles.*

Enter Friendly.

Friend. Madam, your Servant——Hah! ſhould not I know you for my dear friend *Hazard.* (*Embracing him.*

Haz. Or you're too blame my *Friendly.*

Friend. Prethee what calm brought thee aſhoar?

Haz. Fortune *de la gar*, but prethee ask me no queſtions in ſo good Company; where a minute loſt from this Converſation is a misfortune not to be retriev'd.

Friend. Do'ſt like her, Rogue——? (*Softly aſide.*

Haz. Like her! have I ſight, or ſenſe——Why, I adore her.

Friend. Mrs. *Chriſante*, I heard your Father would not be hear to day, which made me ſnatch this opportunity of ſeeing you.

Ran. Come, come, a Pox of this whining Love, it ſpoils good Company.

Friend. You know, my dear friend, theſe Opportunities comes but ſeldom, and therefore I muſt make uſe of 'em.

Ran. Come, come, I'll give you a better Opportunity at my Houſe to morrow, we are to eat a Buffilo there, and I'll ſecure the Old Gentleman from coming.

Friend. Then I ſhall ſee *Chriſante* once more before I go:

Chriſ. Go——Heavens——whether my *Friendly?*

Friend. I have received a Commiſſion to go againſt the *Indians*, *Bacon* being ſent for home.

Ran. But will he come when ſent for?

Friend. If

Friend. If he refuſe we are to endeavour to force him.

Chriſ. I do not think he will be forc'd, not even by *Friendly*.

Friend. And faith it goes againſt my Conſcience to liſt my Sword againſt him, for he is truly brave, and what he has done, a Service to the Country, had it but been by Authority.

Chriſ. What pity 'tis there ſhould be ſuch falſe Maxims in the World, that Noble Actions, however great, muſt be Criminal for want of a Law to Authoriſe 'em.

Friend. Indeed 'tis pity that when Laws are faulty they ſhould not be mended or aboliſh'd.

Ran. Hark'ye, *Charles*, by Heaven if you kill my *Daring* I'll Piſtol you.

Friend. No, Widow, I'll ſpare him for your ſake.

(*They joyn with* Surelove.

Haz. Oh ſhe is all Divine, and all the Breath ſhe utters ſerves but to blow my flame.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, dinner's on the Table ——

Sure. Pleaſe you, Sir, to walk in —— come, Mr. *Friendly*.

(*She takes* Hazard.

Ran. Prethee good wench bring in the Punch Bowl.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. II.

SCENE I. *A Pavillion.*

Diſcovers the Indian *King and Queen ſitting in State, with Guards of* Indians, *Men and Women attending: To them* Bacon *richly dreſs'd, attended by* Daring, Fearleſs *and other Officers, he bows to the King and Queen, who riſe to receive him.*

King. I Am ſorry, Sir, we meet upon theſe terms, we who ſo often have embrac'd as Friends.

Bac. How charming is the Queen? [*Aſide.*] War, Sir, is

not my business nor my pleasure: Nor was I bred in Arms, my Country's good has forc'd me to assume a Soldiers life: And 'tis with much regret that I employ the first Effects of it against my Friends, yet whilst I may —— whilst this Cessation lasts, I beg we may exchange those Friendships, Sir, we have so often paid in happier Peace.

King. For your part, Sir, you've been so Noble, that I repent the fatal difference that makes us meet in Arms. Yet tho' I'm young, I'm sensible of injuries; and oft have heard my Grandsire say—That we were Monarchs once of all this spacious World, till you, an unknown People, landing here, distress'd and ruin'd by destructive storms, abusing our all charitable Hospitality, usurp'd our Right, and made your Friends your Slaves.

Bac. I will not justifie the Ingratitude of my Fore-fathers, but finding here my Inheritance, I am resolv'd still to maintain it so, and by my sword which first cut out my Portion, defend each inch of Land, with my last drop of Blood.

Queen. Ev'n his threats have that charms that please the heart. [*Aside.*

King. Come, Sir, let this ungrateful Theme alone, which is better disputed in the Field.

Queen. Is it impossible there might be wrought an understanding betwixt my Lord and you? 'Twas to that end I first desired this Truce, my self proposing to be Mediator, to which my Lord *Cavernio* shall agree, could you but condescend—I know you're noble: And I have heard you say our tender Sex could never plead in vain.

Bac. Alas! I dare not trust your pleading, Madam? A few soft words from such a Charming mouth would lay me Conqueror at your feet, as a Sacrifice for all the ills he has done you.

Queen. How strangely am I pleas'd to hear him talk. (*Aside.*

King. Semernia see —— the Dancers do appear; Sir, will you take your seat? (*to* Bacon.

[*He leads the Queen to a seat, they sit and talk.*]

Bac. Curse on his sports that interrupted me, my very soul was hovering at my Lip, ready to have discover'd all its secrets. But oh! I dread to tell her of my pain, and when I wou'd an awful trembling seizes me, and she can only from my dying Eyes read all the Sentiments of my Captive heart.

[*Sits down, the rest wait.*

Enter

Enter Indians *that dance* Anticks: *After the Dance the King seems in Diſcourſe with* Bacon, *the Queen riſes and comes forth.*

Queen. The more I gaze upon this *Engliſh* Stranger, the more confuſion ſtruggles in my Soul, oft I have heard of Love, and oft this Gallant Man (when Peace had made him pay his idle viſits) Has told a thouſand tales of dying Maids. And ever when he ſpoke, my panting heart, with a Prophetick fear in ſighs reply'd, I ſhall fall ſuch a Victim to his Eyes.

Enter an Indian.

Indian. Sir, here's a Meſſenger from the *Engliſh* Council [*To the King.*

Deſires admitance to the General.

Bac. With your Permiſſion he may advance. [*To the King.*

Re-enter Indian *with* Dunce. *A Letter.*

Dun. All health and happineſs attend your Honour, this from the Honourable Council. [*Gives him a Letter.*

King. I'll leave you till you have diſpatch'd the Meſſenger, and then expect your preſence in the Royal Tent.

[*Exeunt King Queen and* Indians.

Bac. Lieutenant, read the Letter. [*To* Daring. [*reads.*

Daring. *SIR, the neceſſity of what you have acted makes it pardonable, and we could wiſh we had done the Country and our ſelves ſo much Juſtice as to have given you that Commiſſion you deſired ——— We now find it reaſonable to raiſe more forces, to oppoſe theſe Inſolences, which poſſible yours, may be too weak to accompliſh, to which end the Council is ordered to meet this Evening, and deſiring you will come and take your place there, and be pleas'd to accept from us a Commiſſion to Command in Chief in this War ——— Therefore ſend thoſe Soldiers under your Command to their reſpective houſes, and haſt, Sir to your affectionate Friends ———*

Fear. Sir, I fear the Hearts and Pen did not agree when this was writ.

Dar. A plague upon their ſhallow Politicks! Do they think to play the old game twice with us?

Bac. Away, you wrong the Council, who of themſelves are Honourable Gentlemen, but the baſe Coward fear of ſome of them, puts the reſt on tricks that ſuit not with their nature.

Dun. Sir, 'tis for noble ends you are ſent for, and for your ſafety I'll engage my Life.

Dar. By Heaven and ſo you ſhall——and pay it too with all the reſt of your wiſe headed Council.

Bac. Your zeal is too officious now: I ſee no Treachery, and can fear no danger.

Dun. Treachery! now Heavens forbid, are we not Chriſtians, Sir, all Friends and Country-men! believe me, Sir, 'tis Honour calls you to encreaſe your Fame, and he who would diſſwade you is your Enemy.

Dar. Go Cant, Sir, to the Rabble ——— for us——we know you.

Bac. You wrong me when you but ſuſpect for me, let him that acts diſhonourably fear. My Innocence and my good Sword's my guard.

Dar. If you reſolve to go, we will attend you.

Bac. What go like an Invader? No, *Daring*, the Invitation's Friendly, and as a friend, attended only by my menial Servants, I'll wait upon the Council, that they may ſee that when I could command it I came an humble Suppliant for their favour ——— You may return, and tell 'em I'll attend.

Dun. I kiſs your Honour's hands—— [*Goes out.*

Dar. 'Sdeath, will you truſt the faithleſs Council, Sir, who have ſo long held you in hand with promiſes, that curſe of States-men, that unlucky Vice that renders even Nobility deſpis'd.

Bac. Perhaps the Council thought me too aſpiring, and would not add Wings to my Ambitious flight.

Dar. A pox of their conſidering Caps, and now they find that you can ſoar alone, they ſend for you to knip your ſpreading wings.
Now by Soul you ſhall not go alone.

Bac. Forbear, leaſt I ſuſpect you for a mutineer; I am reſolv'd to go.

Fear. What, and ſend your Army home? a pretty fetch.

Dar. By

Dar. By Heaven we'll not disband—not till we ſee how fairly you are dealt with: If you have a Commiſſion to be General, here we are ready to receive new orders: If not—we'll ring them ſuch a thundring Peal ſhall beat the Town about their Treacherous Ears.

Bac. I do command you not to ſtir a Man, till you're inform'd how I am treated by 'em. ——— leave me all—

[*Exeunt Officers.*

While Bacon *reads the Letter again,*
To him the Indian *Queen with Women waiting.*

Queen. Now while my Lord's aſleep in his Pavillion I'll try my Power with the General for an Accommodation of a Peace: The very dreams of War fright my ſoft ſlumbers that us'd to be employ'd in kinder buſineſs.

Bac. Ha!—the Queen—what happineſs is this preſents it ſelf which all my Induſtry could never gain?

Queen. Sir ——— [*approaching him.*

Bac. Preſt with the great extreams of Joy and Fear I trembling ſtand, unable to approach her.

Queen. I hope you will not think it fear in me, tho' tim'rous as a Dove, by nature fram'd: Not that my Lord, whoſe youth's unskill'd in War, can either doubt his Courage, or his Forces, that makes me ſeek a Reconciliation on any honourable terms of Peace.

Bac. Ah Madam! if you knew how abſolutely you command my Fate, I fear but little honour would be left me, ſince whatſoe'er you ask me I ſhould grant.

Queen. Indeed I would not ask your Honour, Sir, That renders you too Brave in my eſteem. Nor can I think that you would part with that. No not to ſave your Life.

Bac. I would do more to ſerve your leaſt commands than part with trivial Life.

Queen. Bleſs me, Sir! how came I by ſuch a Power?

Bac. The Gods, and Nature gave it you in your Creation, form'd with all the Charms that ever grac'd your Sex.

Queen. I'ſt poſſible? am I ſo beautiful?

Bac. As Heaven, or Angels there:

Queen. Suppoſing this, how can my Beauty make you ſo obliging?

Bac. Beauty has ſtill a power over great Souls, and from the moment I beheld your Eyes, my ſtubborn heart melted to Compliance, and from a nature rough and turbulent, grew ſoft and gentle as the God of Love.

Queen. The

Queen. The God of Love! what is the God of Love?

Bac. 'Tis a reſiſtleſs Fire, that's kindled thus —— at every (*takes her by the hand and gazes on her.*
gaze we take from fine eyes, from ſuch baſhful looks, and ſuch ſoft touches——it makes us ſigh———and pant as I! do now, and ſtops the breath when e're we ſpeak of Pain.

Queen. Alas, for me if this ſhould be Love! (*aſide.*

Bac. It makes us tremble when we touch the fair one, and all the blood runs ſhivering thro' the veins, the hearts ſurrounded with a feeble languiſhment, the eyes are dying, and the Cheeks are pale, the tongue is faltring, and the body fainting.

Queen. Then I'm undone, and all I feel is Love, (*aſide*
If Love be catching, Sir, by looks and touches, let us at diſtance parley——or rather let me fly, for within view, is too near—— (*aſide.*

Bac. Ah! ſhe retires——— diſpleas'd I fear with my preſumptuous Love,——Oh pardon, faireſt Creature: (*kneels*

Queen. I'le talk no more, our words exchange our Souls, and every look fades all my blooming honour, like Sun-beams on unguarded Roſes ——take all our Kingdoms——make our People Slaves, and let me fall beneath your Conquering Sword. But never let me here you talk again or gaze upon your Eyes—— (*goes out.*

Bac. She Loves! by Heaven ſhe Loves! and has not art enough to hide her Flame, tho ſhe have cruel honour to ſuppreſs it. However I'lle purſue her to the Banquet.
(*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Widow* Ranters-*Hall.*

Enter Sure-Love *fan'd by two Negroe's, followed by* Hazard.

Sure. This Madam *Ranter* is ſo prodigious a Treater——oh! I hate a room that ſmells of a great Dinner, and what's worſe a deſert of Punch and Tobacco——what! are you taking leave ſo ſoon Couſin?

Haz. Yes Madam, but 'tis not fit I ſhould let you know with what regret I go,——but buſineſs will be obey'd.

Sure. Some

Sure. Some Letters to diſpatch to *Engliſh* Ladies you have leſt behind——come Couſin confeſs:

Haz. I own I much admire the *Engliſh* Beauties, but never yet have put their Fetters on——

Sure. Never in Love——oh then you have pleaſure to come.

Haz. Rather a Pain when there's no Hope attends it.

Sure. Oh ſuch Diſeaſes quickly cure themſelves,

Haz. I do not wiſh to find it ſo; for even in pain I find a pleaſure too.

Sure. You are infected then, and come abroad for cure.

Haz. Rather to receive my wounds Madam;

Sure. Already Sir,——who e're ſhe be, ſhe made good haſt to conquer, we have few here, boaſt that Dexterity.

Haz. What think you of *Chriſante*, Madam?

Sure. I muſt confeſs your Love and your Deſpair are there plac'd right, of which I am not fond of being made a Confident, ſince I am aſſur'd ſhe can Love none but *Friendly*. (*coldly.*

Haz. Let her Love on, as long as Life ſhall laſt, let *Friendly* take her, and the Univerſe, ſo I had my next wiſh—— (*ſighs.* Madam it is your ſelf that I adore——I ſhould not be ſo vain to tell you this, but that I know you have found the ſecret out already from my ſighs.

Sure. Forbear Sir, and know me for your kinſmans wife, and no more:

Haz. Be Scornful as you pleaſe, rail at my paſſion, and refuſe to hear it; yet I'll Love on, and hope in ſpight of you, my Flame ſhall be ſo conſtant and Submiſſive, it ſhall compel your heart to ſome return.

Sure. You're very confident of your power I perceive, but if you chance to find your ſelf miſtaken, ſay your opinion and your affectation were miſapplyed, and not that I was cruel,

(*Ex.* Surelove.

Haz. Whate're denyals dwell upon your Tongue, your eyes aſſure me that your heart is tender. (*goes out.*

Enter the Bag-Piper, Playing before a great Bowl of Punch, carryed between two Negro's, *a Highlander Dancing after it, the Widow* Ranter *led by* Timorous, Chriſante *by* Dullman; *Mrs.* Flirt *and* Friendly *all dancing after it; they place it on the Table.*

Dull. This is like the noble Widow all over i'faith,

Tim. Ay,

Tim. Ay, Ay, the Widows health' in a full Ladle, Major, (*drinks*
——but a Pox on't what made that young Fellow here, that affronted us yesterday Major? (*while they drink about*

Dull. Some damned Sharper that would lay his Knife aboard your Widow Cornet.

Tim. Zoors if I thought so, I'd Arrest him for Salt and Battery, lay him in Prison for a swinging Fine and take no Baile.

Dull. Nay, had it not been before my Mrs here, Mrs *Chrisante*, I had swinged him for yesterdays affront,——ah my sweet Mistress *Chrisante*——if you did but know what a power you have over me——

Chris. Oh you're a great Courtier Major:

Dull. Would I were any thing for your sake Madam.

Ran. Thou art any thing, but what thou shouldest be, prethee Major leave off being an old Buffoon, that is a Lover turn'd ridicule by Age, consider thy self a meer rouling Tun of Nants,——a walking Chimney, ever smoaking with Nasty Mundungus,——and then thou hast a Countenance like an old worm eaten Cheese.

Dull. Well Widow you will Joake, ha, ha, ha——

Tim. Gad' Zoors she's pure company, ha, ha——

Dull. No matter for my Countenance——Col. *Downright* likes my Estate and is resolved to have it a match.

Friend. Dear Widow, take off your damned Major, for if he speak another word to *Chrisante*, I shall be put past all my patience, and fall foul upon him.

Ran. S'life not for the world——Major I bar Love-making within my Territories, 'tis inconsistent with the Punch Bowl, if you'l drink do, if not be gone:

Tim. Nay Gad's Zooks if you enter me at the Punch Bowl you enter me in Politicks——well 'tis the best Drink in Christendom for a Statesman.

(*they drink about, the Bag-Pipe playing*

Ran. Come, now you shall see what my high Land Vallet can do—— (*A Scotch dance*

Dull. So——I see let the world go which way it will, Widow you are resolved for mirth,—but come—to the conversation of the times.

Ran. The times, why what a Devil ails the times, I see nothing in the times but a Company of Coxcombs that fear without a Cause.

Tim. But if these fears were laid and *Bacon* were hanged, I look upon *Virginia* to be the happiest part of the world, gads zoors,——why there's *England*——'tis nothing to't——I was

in

in *England* about 6 years ago, and was ſhewed the Court of Aldermen, ſome were nooding, ſome ſaying nothing, and others very little to purpoſe, but how could it be otherwiſe, for they had neither Bowl of Punch, Bottles of Wine or Tobacco before 'em to put Life and Soul into 'em as we have here, then for the young Gentlemen——their farthеſt Travels is to *France* or *Italy*, they never come hither.

Dull. The mores the pitty by my troth, (*drinks*

Tim. Where they learn to ſwear Mor-blew, Mor-dee,

Fri. And tell you how much bigger the *Louvre* is than *White-Hall*; buy a ſute A-la-mode, get a ſwinging Clap of ſome *French* Marquiſs, ſpend all their mony and return juſt as they went.

Dull. For the old Fellows their buſineſs is Uſury, Extortion, and undermining young Heirs.

Tim. Then for young Merchants, their Exchange is the Tavern, their Ware-houſe the Play-houſe, and their Bills of Exchange Billet-Deaxs, where to ſup with their Wenches at the other end of the Town,—now judge you what a condition poor *England* is in: for my part I look upon it as a loſt Nation gads zoors.

Dull. I have conſidered it, and have found away to ſave all yet.

Tim. As how I pray,

Dull. As thus, we have men here of great Experience and Ability——now I would have as many ſent into *England*, as would ſupply all Places and Offices, both Civil and Military, de ſee, their young Gentry ſhould all Travel hither for breeding, and to learn the miſteries of State.

Frien. As for the old Covetous Fellows, I would have the Tradeſmen get in their debts, break and turn Troupers.

Tim. And they'd be ſoon weary of Extortion gadz zoors;

Dull. Then for the young Merchants, there ſhould be a Law made, none ſhould go beyond *Ludgate*.

Frien. You have found out the only way to preſerve that great Kingdom. (*drinking all this while ſometimes.*

Tim, Well, gad zoors 'tis a fine thing to be a good Stateſman.

Frien. Ay Cornet, which had never been had you ſtaid in Old *England*.

Dull. Why Sir, we were ſomebody in *England*.

Frien. So I heard Major.

Dull. You

Dull. You heard Sir, what have you heard, he's a Kid-Naper that ſays he heard any thing of me——and ſo my ſervice to you——I'll ſue you Sir for ſpoiling my Marriage here by your Scandals with Mrs. *Chriſante*, but that ſhan't do Sir, I'le marry her for all that, and he's a Raſcal that denys it.

Frien. S'death you lye Sir—I do.

Tim. Gad zoors Sir lye to a Privy-Councellour, a Major of Horſe, Brother this is an affront to our Dignities, draw and I'll ſide with you.

(*They both draw on* Friendly, *the Ladies run off.*

Frien. If I diſdain to draw, 'tis not that I fear your baſe and cowardly force, but for the reſpect I bear you as Magiſtrats and ſo I leave you. (*goes out.*

Tim. An Arrant Coward gad zoors.

Dull. A meer paultroon, and I ſcorn to drink in's Company.

(*Exeunt, putting up their Swords.*

SCENE III. *A* Sevana, *or large Heath.*

Enter Whimſey, Whiff, *and* Boozer, *with ſome Soldiers Arm'd.*

Whim. Stand——ſtand——and here the word of Command ——do ye ſee yon Cops, and that Ditch that runs along Major *Dullmans* Plantation.

Booz. We do.

Whim. Place your Men there, and ly flat on your Bellies, and when *Bacon* comes, (if alone) ſeize him dy' ſee.

Whiff. Obſerve the Command now (if alone) for we are not for bloud-ſhed.

Booz. I'le warrant you for our parts.

(*Exeunt all but* Whim. *and* Whiff.

Whim. Now we have Ambuſht our men, let's light our Pipes and ſit down and take an encouraging dram of the Bottle. (*pulls out a Bottle of Brandy out of his Pocket——they ſit.*

Whiff. Thou art a Knave and haſt emptyed half the Bottle in thy Leathern Pockets, but come here's young *Frightalls* health.

Whim. What, drink a mans health whom ye are going to hang?

Whiff. 'Tis all one for that, we'l drink his health firſt, and hang him afterwards, and thou ſhalt pledge me de ſee, and tho 'twere under the Gallows.

Whim. Thou'rt

Whim. Thou'rt a Traytor for ſaying ſo, and I defy thee.

Whiff. Nay ſince we are come out like loving Brothers, to hang the General, let's not fall out among our ſelves, and ſo here's to you (*drinks* tho I have no great Maw to this buſineſs.

Whim. Prethee Brother *Whiff*, do not be ſo villainous a Coward, for I hate a Coward.

Whiff. Nay 'tis not that——but my *Whiff*, my *Nancy* dreamt to night ſhe ſaw me hanged.

Whim. 'Twas a cowardly dream, think no more on't, but as dreams are expounded by contraries, thou ſhalt hang the General.

Whiff. Ay——but he was my Friend, and I owe him at this time a hundred Pounds of Tobacco.

Whim. Nay, then I am ſure thoud'ſt hang him if he were thy Brother.

Whiff. But hark——I think I hear the Neighing of Horſes, where ſhall we hide our ſelves, for if we ſtay here, we ſhall be mawled damnably. (*Exeunt both behind a Buſh, peeping.*

Enter Bacon, Fearleſs *and* 3 *or* 4 *Footmen.*

Bac. Let the Groom lead the Horſes o're the *Sevana* we'll walk it on Foot, 'tis not a quarter of a Mile to the Town; and here the Air is cool.

Fear. The Breazes about this time of the Day begin to take wing and fan refreſhment to the Trees and Flowers.

Bac. And at theſe Hours how fragrant are the Groves:

Fear. The Countries well, were but the People ſo,

Bac. But come lets on—— [*they paſs to the Entrance.*

Whim. There Boys—— [*The Soldiers come forth and fall on* Bacon.

Bac. Hah! Ambuſh—— [*Draws,* Fearleſs *and Footmen draw, the Soldiers after a while fighting take* Bac. *and* Fear. *having laid* 3 *or* 4 *Dead.*

Whiff. So, ſo, he's taken now we may venture out.

Whim. But are you ſure he's taken?

Whiff. Sure can't you belive your Eyes, come forth I hate a Coward——Oh Sir, have we caught your mightineſs.

Bac. Are you the Authors of this Valiant Act? None but ſuch Villanous Cowards darſt have attempted it.

Whim. Stop his railing Tongue.

Whiff. No, no, let him rail, let him rail now his hands are tyed, ha, ha, Why good General *Frightall*, what was no body able d'ye think to tame the roaring Lyon.

Bac.

Bac. You'le be hang'd for this?

Whim. Come, come, away with him to the next Tree.

Bac. What mean you Villains?

Whiff. Only to hang your Honour a little that's all. We'll teach you Sir to serve your Country against Law.

As they go off, Enter Daring *with Soldiers.*

Dar. Hah—— my General betray'd——this I suspected.

His Men come in, they fall on, Release Bacon *and* Fearless *and get Swords.* Whim's *Party put* Whim *and* Whiff *before 'em striking 'em as they endeavour to run on this side or that, and forcing 'em to bear up, they are taken after some fighting.*

Fear. Did not the General tell you Rogues, you'd be all hang'd.

Whiff. Oh *Nancy*, *Nancy*, how Prophetick are thy Dreams?

Bac. Come let's on——

Dar. S'death what mean you, Sir?

Bac. As I designed ——— to present my self to the Council:

Dar. By Heavens we'll follow then to save you from their Treachery, 'twas this that has befallen you that I feared, which made me at a distance follow you.

Bac. Follow me still, but still at such a distance as your Aids may be assisting on all occasion——*Fearless* go back and bring your Regiment down, and *Daring* let your Sergeant with his Party Guard these Villains to the Council.

(*Ex.* Bac. Dar. *and* Fearless

Whiff. A Pox on your Worships Plot;

Whim. A Pox on your forwardness to come out of the hedge. (*Ex. Officers with* Whim *and* Whiff.

SCENE IV. *The Council-Table.*

Enter Col. Wellman, *Col.* Downright, Dullman, Timorouse, *and about 7 or 8 more Seat themselves.*

Well. You heard Mr. *Dunce*'s opinion Gentlemen, concerning *Bacon*'s coming upon our Invitation. He believes he will come, but I rather think, tho' he be himself undaunted, yet the perswasions of his two Lieutenant Generals

Daring

Daring and *Fearleſs* may prevent him,——Colonel, have you ordered our Men to be in Arms.

Enter a Soldier.

Down. I have and they'l attend further order on the *Sevana*:

Sol. May it pleaſe your Honours, *Bacon* is on his way, he comes unattended by any but his Footmen, and Col. *Fearleſs*.

Down. Who is this Fellow?

Well. A ſpy I ſent to watch *Bacon*'s Motions.

Sol. But there is a Company of Soldiers in Ambuſh on this ſide of the *Sevana* to ſeize him as he paſſes by.

Well. That's by no order of the Council.

Omnes. No, no, no order.

Well. Nay, 'twere a good deſign if true,

Tim. Gad zoors wou'd I had thought on't for my Troup.

Down. I am for no unfair dealing in any extremity.

Enter a Meſſenger in haſt.

Meſ. An't pleaſe your Honours, the ſaddeſt News——an Ambuſh being laid for *Bacon*, they ruſht out upon him, on the *Sevana*, and after ſome fighting took him and *Fearleſs*——

Tim. Is this your ſad News—zoors wou'd I had a hand in't.

Brag. When on a ſudden, *Daring* and his Party fell in upon us, turn'd the tide——kill'd our men, and took Capt. *Whimſey*, and Capt. *Whiff* Priſ'ners, the reſt run away, but *Bacon* fought like a fury.

Tim. A bloody Fellow;

Down. Whim and *Whiff*? they deſerve death for Acting without order.

Tim. I'm of the Colonels opinion, they deſerve to hang for't.

Dull. Why Brother, I thought you had wiſht that the Plot had been yours but now?

Tim. Ay, but the Caſe is alter'd ſince that, good Brother.

Well. Now he's Exaſperated paſt all hopes of a Reconciliation.

Dull. You muſt make uſe of the Stateſmans refuge, wiſe diſſimulation.

Brag. For all this Sir, he will not believe but that you mean Honourably, and no perſwaſions could hinder him from coming, ſo he has diſmiſt all his Souldiers, and is entring the Town on foot.

Well. What pity 'tis a brave Man ſhould be guilty of an ill Action.

Brag. But the noiſe of his danger has ſo won the hearts of the Mobile, that they increaſe his Train as he goes, and follow him in the Town like a Victor.

Well. Go wait his coming (*Ex. Brag.* he grows too popular and muſt be humbled,

Tim. I was ever of your mind Colonel.

Well. Ay right or wrong——but what's your Council now?

Tim. E'n as it uſed to be, I leave it to wiſer heads,

Enter Brag.

Brag. Bacon Sir is entring.

Tim. Gad zoors wou'd I were ſafe in Bed,

Dull. Colonel keep in your heat and treat calmly with him.

Well. I rather wiſh you would all follow me, I'd meet him at the head of all his noiſy Rabble, and ſeize him from the rout.

Down. What Men of Authority diſpute with Rake-Hells? 'tis below us Sir.

Tim. To Stake our Lives and Fortunes againſt their nothing.

Enter Bacon, *after him the Rabble with Staves and Clubs bringing in* Whim. *and* Whiff *bound.*

Well. What means this Inſolence—— What Mr. *Bacon* do you come in Arms?

Bac. I'de need Sir come in Arms, when men that ſhould be Honouarble can have ſo poor deſigns to take away my Life.

Well. Thruſt out his following Rabble.

1*ſt. Rab.* We'll not ſtir till we have our General ſafe back again.

Bac. Let not your Loves be too Officious——but retire—

1*ſt. Rab.* At your Command we vaniſh—(*the rabble retire.*

Bac. I hope you'l pardon me, if in my own defence I ſeized on theſe two Murderers.

Down. You did well Sir, 'twas by no order they acted——ſtand forth and here your Sentence——in time of war we need no Formal Tryals to hang Knaves that Act without order.

Whiff. Oh Mercy, Mercy Colonel——'twas Parſon *Dunce's* Plot.

Down. Iſſue out a Warrant to ſeize *Dunce* Immediately—you ſhall be carry'd——to the Fort to Pray.

Whim. Oh

Whim. Oh good your Honour I never prayed in all my Life.

Down. From thence drawn upon a Sledg to the place of Execution—where you ſhall hang till you are dead— and then be cut down and——

Whim. Oh hold—hold—we ſhall never be able to endure half this: (*kneeling.*

Well. I think the offence needs not ſo great Puniſhment, their Crime Sir is but equal to your own, acting without Commiſſion.

Bac. 'Tis very well explained Sir,——had I been Murder'd by Commiſſion then, the Deed had been approved, and now perhaps I am beholding to the Rable for my Life:———

Well. A fine pretence to hide a popular fault, but for this once we pardon them and you.

Bac. Pardon, for what? by Heaven I ſcorn your Pardon, I've not offended Honour nor Religion;

Well. You have offended both in taking Arms.

Bac. Should I ſtand by and ſee my Country ruin'd, my King diſhonoured, and his Subjects Murder'd, hear the ſad Crys of Widows and of Orphans, you heard it lowd, but gave no pitying care to't, and till the War and Maſſacre was brought to my own door, my Flocks, and Heards ſurprized, I bore it all with Patience, Is it unlawful to defend my ſelf againſt a Thief that breaks into my doors?

Well. And call you this defending of your ſelf?

Bac. I call it doing of my ſelf that right, which upon Juſt demand the Council did refuſe me, if my Ambition as you're pleaſed to call it, made me demand too much, I left my ſelf to you:

Well. Perhaps we thought it did,

Bac. Sir you affront my Birth——I am a Gentleman, and yet my thoughts were humble——I would have fought under the meaneſt of your Paraſites.

Tim. There's a Bob for us Brother; (*to* Dull.

Bac. But ſtill you put me off with promiſes——and when compelled to ſtir in my defence I call'd none to my aid, and thoſe that came 'twas their own wrongs that urg'd 'em:

Down. 'Tis fear'd Sir, under this pretence you aim at Government.

Bac. I ſcorn to anſwer to ſo baſe an accuſation, the height of my Ambition is to be an honeſt Subject.

Well. An honeſt Rebel, Sir.———

Bac. You know you wrong me, and 'tis baſely urged——but this is trifling —— here are my Commiſſions.

(*Throws down Papers,* Down. *reads*

Down. ——To be General of the Forces againſt the *Indians* and Blank Commiſſions for his Friends.

Well. Tear them in pieces—are we to be impoſed upon? De ye come in Hoſtile manner to compel us?

Down. Be not to rough Sir, let us argue with him——

Well. I am reſolved I will not.

Tim. Then we are all Dead Men, Gudzoors! he will not give us time to ſay our Prayers.

Well. We every day expect freſh force from *England*, till then, we of our ſelves ſhall be ſufficient to make defence againſt a ſturdy Traytor.

Bac. Traytor, S'death Traytor——I defy ye, but that my Honour's yet above my anger: I'd make you anſwer me that Traytor dearly (*Riſes.*

Well. Hah—am I threatned—Guards ſecure the Rebel.

(*Guards ſeize him*

Bac. Is this your Honourable Invitation? Go—— Triumph in your ſhort Liv'd Victory, the next turn ſhall be mine.

(*Exeunt Guards with* Bac.

A noiſe of Fighting——Enter Bacon, Wellman *his Guards beat back by the Rabble*, Bacon *ſnatches a Sword from one, and keeps back the Rabble*, Tim. *gets under the Table.*

Down. What means this Inſolence!

Rab. We'll have our General, and knock that fellows brains out, and hang up Colonel *Weilman.*

All. Ay, ay, hang up *Wellman.*

The Rabble ſeize Wellman, *and* Dullman, *and the reſt.*

Dull. Hold, hold Gentlemen, I was always for the General.

Rab. Let's Barbicu this Fat Rogue.

Bac. Begone, and know your diſtance to the Council.

(*The Rabble let 'em go.*

Well. I'd rather periſh by the meaneſt hand, than owe my ſafety poorly thus to *Bacon.* (*In Rage.*

Bac. If you perſiſt ſtill in that mind I'll leave you, and Conquering make you happy 'gainſt your will. (*Ex.* Bacon *and Rabble Hollowing*, *a* Bacon, *a* Bacon.

Well. Oh Villanous Cowards, who will truſt his Honour with Sycophants ſo baſe? Let us to Arms——by Heaven I will not give my Body reſt, till I've chaſtiſed the boldneſs of this Rebel. (*Exeunt* Well. Down. *and the reſt, all but* Dullman, Tim. *pees from under the Table.*

Tim. What is the Royſtering Hector gone Brother.

Dull. Ay,

Dull. Ay, ay, and the Devil go with him. (*Looking ſadly,* Tim. *comes out.*

Tim. Was there ever ſuch a Bull of *Baſhan*? Why what if he ſhould come down upon us and kill us all for Traytors?

Dull. I rather think the Council will hang us all for Cowards—ah—oh—a Drum—a Drum—oh— (*He goes out*

Tim. *This is the miſery of being Great,*
We're Sacrific'd to every turn of State.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Country Court, a great Table, with Papers, a Clerk writing. Enter a great many people of all ſorts, then* Friendly, *after him* Dullman.

Friend. HOw now Major; what they ſay *Bacon* ſcar'd you all out of the Council yeſterday: What ſay the People.

Dull. Say? they curſe us all, and Drink young *Frightall*'s Health, and ſwear they'll fight thro' Fire and Brimſtone for him.

Friend. And to morrow will hallow him to the Galows, if it were his chance to come there.

Dull. 'Tis very likely: Why I am forced to be guarded to the Court now, the Rabble ſwore they would *De Wit* me, but I ſhall hamper ſome of 'em. Wou'd the Governour were here to bear the brunt on't, for they call us the Evil Counſellors. *Enter* Hazard, *goes to* Friendly. Here's the young Rogue that drew upon us too, we have rods in piſs for him i'faith (*Enter* Timerous *with Bayliffs, whiſpers to* Dullman *after which to the Bayliffs.*

Tim. Godzoors that's he do your Office.

Bayl. We arreſt you Sir in the Kings Name, at the ſuit of the Honourable Juſtice *Timerous.*

Haz. Juſtice *Timerous* who the Devil's he?

Tim. I am the man, Sir, de ſee, for want of a better; you ſhall repent, Guds zoors, your putting of tricks upon perſons of my Rank and Quality.

[*After he has ſpoke he runs back as afraid of him.*

Haz. Your Rank and Quality!

Tim. Ay, Sir, my Rank and Quality; firſt, I am one of the Honourable Council, next, a Juſtice of Peace in *Quorum*, Cornet of a Troop of Horſe, de ſee, and Churchwarden.

Friend. From whence proceeds this Mr. Juſtice, you ſaid nothing of this at Madam *Ranters* yeſterday; you ſaw him there, then you were good Friends?

Tim. Ay, however I have carried my Body ſwimmingly before my Miſtreſs, de ſee, I had Rancour in my heart, Gads zoors.

Friend. Why, this Gentleman's a ſtranger, and but lately come a ſhore.

Haz. At my firſt Landing I was in Company with this Fellow and two or three of his cruel Brethren, where I was affronted by them, ſome words paſt and I drew ————

Tim. Ay, ay, Sir, you ſhall pay for't.—why—what, Sir, cannot a Civil Magiſtrate affront a Man, but he muſt be drawn upon preſently?

Friend. Well, Sir, the Gentleman ſhall anſwer your Sute, and I hope you'll take my Bail for him.

Tim. Tis enough—I know you to be a civil Perſon.

Timerous *and* Dullman *take their places on a long Bench placed behind the Table, to them* Whimſey *and* Whiff, *they ſeat themſelves, then* Boozer *and two or three more; who ſeat themſelves: Then enter two bearing a Bowl of Punch and a great Ladle or two in it; the reſt of the Stage being filled with People.*

Whiff. Brothers, it hath been often mov'd at the Bench, that a new Punch Bowl ſhou'd be provided, and one of a larger Circumference, when the Bench ſits late about weighty affairs, oftentimes the Bowl is emptied before we end.

Whim. A good Motion, Clark ſet it down.

Clark. Mr. Juſtice *Boozer*, the Council has order'd you a Writ of Eaſe, and diſmiſs your Worſhip from the Bench.

Booz. Me from the Bench, for what?

Whim. The

Whim. The complaint is, Brother *Boozer*, for drinking too much Punch in the time of hearing Tryals.

Whiff. And that you can neither Write nor Read, nor say the Lord's Prayer.

Tim. That your Warrants are like a Brewer's Tally, a Notch on a Stick; if a special Warrant, then a couple. Gods zoors, when his Excellency comes he will have no such Justices.

Booz. Why, Brother, tho' I can't read my self, I have had *Dolton*'s Country-Justice read over to me two or three times, and understand the Law, this is your malice, Brother *Whiff*, because my Wife does not come to your Warehouse to buy her Commodities,——but no matter, to show I have no Malice in my heart, I drink your health——I care not this, I can turn Lawyer, and plead at the Board.

[*Drinks, all Pledge him, and hum.*

Dull. Mr. Clark, come to the Trials on the Docket.

[*Clark reads.*

Clark. The first is between his worship Justice *Whiff* and one *Grubb*..

Dull. Ay, that *Grubb*'s a Common Disturber, Brother, your Cause is a good Cause if well managed, here's to't.

[*Drinks.*

Whiff. I thank you, Brother *Dullman*——read my Petition.

[*Drinks.*

Clar. The Petition of Captain *Thomas Whiff*, Sheweth, whereas *Gilbert Grubb*, calls his Worship's Wife *Ann Whiff* Whore, and said he would prove it; your Petitioner desires the Worshipful Bench to take it into consideration, and your Petitioner shall pray, &c. ——Here's two Witnesses have made Affidavit *Vive voce*, an't like your Worships.

Dull. Call *Grubb*.

Clar. Gilbert Grubb, come into the Court.

Grub. Here.

Whim. Well, what can you say for your self, Mr. *Grubb*.

Grub. Why, an't like your Worship, my Wife invited some Neighbours Wives to drink a Cagg of Syder, now your Worships Wife Madam *Whiff* being there fuddled, would have thrust me out of doors, and bid me go to my Old Whore Madam *Whimsey*, meaning your Worship's Wife.

[*To* Whimsey.

Whim. Hah! My wife called whore, ſhe's a Jade, and I'll arreſt her Husband here—in an action of debts.

Tim. Gads zoors, ſhe's no better than ſhe ſhould be, I'll warrant her.

Whiff. Look ye, Brother *Whimſey*, be patient, you know the humour of my *Nancy*, when ſhe's drunk, but when ſhe's ſober, ſhe's a civil Perſon, and ſhall ask your pardon.

Whim. Let this be done, and I am ſatisfied. And ſo here's to you. [*Drinks.*

Dull. Go on to the Trial.

Grub. I being very angry ſaid indeed, I would prove her a greater Whore than Madam *Whimſey*.

Clar. An't like your Worſhips, he confeſſes the Words in open Court.

Grub. Why, an't like your Worſhips, ſhe has had two Baſtards I'll prove it.

Whiff. Sirrah, Sirrah, that was when ſhe was a Maid, not ſince I married her, my marrying her made her honeſt.

Dull. Let there be an order of Court to Sue him for *Scandalum Magnatum*.

Tim. Mr. Clark, let my Cauſe come next.

Clar. The Defendant's ready, Sir. [Hazard *comes to the Board.*

Tim. Brothers of the Bench take notice, that this Hector here coming into Mrs. *Flirts* Ordinary, where I was with my Brother *Dullman* and Lieutenant *Boozer*; we gave him good Councel to fall to work: Now my Gentleman here was affronted at this forſooth, and makes no more to do but calls us Scoundrels, and drew his Sword on us, and had not I defended my ſelf by running away, he had Murdered me, and Aſſaſſinated my two Brothers.

Whiff. What Witneſs have you, Brother?

Tim. Here's Mrs. *Flirt* and her Maid *Nell*,——beſides, we may be Witneſs for one another, I hope, our words may be taken.

Clar. Mrs. *Flirt* and *Nell* are ſworn. [*They ſtand forth.*

Whim. By the Oaths that you have taken, ſpeak nothing but the truth.

Flirt. An't pleaſe your Worſhips, your Honours came to my Houſe, where you found this young Gentleman: and your Honours invited him to drink with your Honours: Where after ſome opprobrious words given him, Juſtice *Dullman*, and Juſtice *Boozer* ſtruck him over the head; and after that indeed the Gentleman drew.

Tim. Mark

Tim. Mark that, Brother, he drew.

Haz. If I did, it was *ſe defendendo.*

Tim. Do you hear that, Brothers, he did in defiance.

Haz. Sir, you ought not to ſit Judge and Accuſer too.

Whiff. The Gentleman's i'th' right, Brother, you cannot do't according to Law.

Tim. Gads Zoors, what new tricks, new querks?

Haz. Gentlemen take notice, he ſwears in Court.

Tim. Gads Zoors, what's that to you, Sir?

Haz. This is the ſecond time of his ſwearing.

Whim. What, do you think we are deaf, Sir? Come, come, proceed.

Tim. I deſire he may be bound to his Good Behaviour, Fin'd and deliver up his Sword, what ſay you, Brother?

[*Jogs* Dull. *who nods.*

Whim. He's aſleep, drink to him and waken him,—you have miſt the Cauſe by ſleeping, Brother. [*Drinks.*

Dull. Juſtice may nod, but never ſleeps, Brother—— you were at——Deliver his Sword——a good Motion, let it be done. (*Drinks.*

Haz. No, Gentlemen, I wear a Sword to right my ſelf.

Tim. That's fine, i'faith, Gads Zoors I've worn a Sword this Dozen year, and never cou'd write my ſelf.

Whiff. Ay, 'twou'd be a fine World if Men ſhould wear Swords to right themſelves, he that's bound to the Peace ſhall wear no Sword.

Whim. I ſay, he that's bound to the Peace ought to wear no Peruke, they may change 'em for black or white, and then who can know them.

Haz. I hope, Gentlemen, I may be allowed to ſpeak for my ſelf.

Whiff. Ay, what can you ſay for your ſelf, did you not draw your Sword, Sirrah?

Haz. I did.

Tim. 'Tis ſufficient, he confeſſes the Fact, and we'll hear no more.

Haz. You will not hear the Provocation given.

Dull. 'Tis enough, Sir, you drew ——

Whim. Ay, ay, 'tis enough, he drew——let him be Fin'd.

Friend. The Gentleman ſhould be heard, he's kinſman too to Colonel *John Surelove.*

Tim. Hum,

Tim. Hum——Colonel *Surelove*'s Kinſman.

Whiff. Is he ſo, nay then all the reaſon in the World he ſhould be heard, Brothers.

Whim. Come, come, Cornet, you ſhall be Friends with the Gentleman, this was ſome drunken bout, I'll warrant you.

Tim. Ha, ha, ha, ſo it was, Gads zoors.

Whiff. Come, drink to the Gentleman, and put it up.

Tim. Sir, my Service to you, I am heartily ſorry for what's paſt, but it was in my drink. (*Drinks.*

Whim. You hear his Acknowledgments, Sir, and when he's ſober he never quarrels. Come, Sir, ſit down, my Service to you.

Haz. I beg your excuſe, Gentlemen——I have earneſt buſineſs.

Dull. Let us Adjourn the Court, and prepare to meet the Regiments on the *Sevana*. [*All go but* Friend. *and* Hazard.

Haz. Is this the beſt Court of Judicature your Country affords?

Friend. To give it its due it is not. But how does thy Amour thrive?

Haz. As well as I can wiſh in ſo ſhort a time.

Friend. I ſee ſhe regards thee with kind Eyes, Sighs and Bluſhes.

Haz. Yes, and tells me I am ſo like a Brother ſhe had—— to excuſe her kind concern, ———then bluſh ſo prettily, that Gad I cou'd not forbear making a diſcovery of my Heart.

Friend. Have a care of that, come upon her by ſlow degrees, for I know ſhe's Vertuous;——but come, let's to the *Sevana*, where I'll preſent you to the two Colonels, *Wellman* and *Downright*, the Men that Manage all till the arrival of the Governour.

SCENE II. *The Sevana or Heath: Enter* Wellman, Downright, Boozer and *Officers.*

Well. Have you diſpatch'd the Scouts, to watch the Motions of the Enemies? I know that *Bacon*'s Violent and Haughty, and will reſent our vain attempts upon him; therefore we muſt be ſpeedy in prevention.

Dow. What

Dow. What Forces have you raiſed ſince our laſt order?

Booz. Here's a liſt of 'em, they came but ſlowly in, till we promiſed every one a Bottle of Brandy.

Enter Officer and Dunce.

Offi. We have brought Mr. *Dunce* here, as your Honour commanded us, after ſtrict ſearch we found him this morning in Bed with Madam *Flirt.*

Dow. No matter, he'll exclaim no leſs againſt the Vices of the Fleſh the next *Sunday.*

Dun. I hope, Sir, you will not credit the malice of my Enemies.

Well. No more, you are free, and what you councell'd about the Ambuſh, was both prudent and ſeaſonable, and perhaps I now wiſh it had taken effect.

Enter Friend. *and* Haz.

Friend. I have brought an *Engliſh* Gentleman to kiſs your hands, Sir, and offer you his Service, he is young and brave, and Kinſman to Colonel *Surelove.*

Well. Sir you are welcome, and to let you ſee you are ſo, we will give you your Kinſman's command, Captain of a Troop of Horſe-Guards, and which I'm ſure will be continued to you when the Governour arrives.

Haz. I ſhall endeavour to deſerve the Honour, Sir.

Enter Dull. Tim. Whim. *and* Whiff, *all in Buff, Scarf and Feather.*

Dow. So, Gentlemen, I ſee you're in a readineſs.

Tim. Readineſs! What means he, I hope we are not to be drawn out to go againſt the Enemy, Major?

Dull. If we are, they ſhall look a new Major for me.

Well. We were debating, Gentlemen, what courſe were beſt to purſue againſt this powerful Rebel.

Friend. Why, Sir, we have Forces enough, let's charge him inſtantly, delays are dangerous.

Tim. Why, what a damn'd fiery Fellow's this?

Dow. But if we drive him to extremities, we fear his ſiding with the *Indians.*

Dull. Co-

Dull. Colonel *Downright* has hit it; why ſhould we endanger our Men againſt a deſperate Termagant? If he love Wounds and Scars ſo well, let him exerciſe on our Enemies—but if he will needs fall upon us, 'tis then time enough for us to venture our lives and fortunes.

Tim. How, we go to *Bacon*, under favour, I think 'tis his duty to come to us, an you go to that, Gads zoors.

Friend. If he do, 'twill coſt you dear, I doubt, Cornet. ——I find by our Liſt, Sir, we are four thouſand Men.

Tim. Gad zoors, not enough for a Breakfaſt for that inſatiate *Bacon*, and his two Lieutenant Generals *Fearleſs* and *Daring*. [Whiff *ſits on the ground with a Bottle of Brandy.*

Whim. A Morſel, a Morſel.

Well. I am for an attack, what ſay you Gentlemen to an attack?—What ſilent all? What ſay you, Major?

Dull. I ſay, Sir, I hope my Courage was never in diſpute. But, Sir, I am going to marry Colonel *Downright*'s Daughter here——and ſhould I be ſlain in this Battle 'twou'd break her heart; ——beſides, Sir, I ſhould loſe her Fortune. [*Speaks big.*

Well. I'm ſure here's a Captain will never Flinch. [*To* Whim.

Whim. Who I, an't like your Honour?

Well. Av, you.

Whim. Who I? ha, ha, ha: Why, did your Honour think that I would fight?

Well. Fight, yes? Why elſe do you take Commiſſions?

Whim. Commiſſions! O Lord, O Lord, take Commiſſions to fight! ha, ha, ha; that's a jeſt, if all that take Commiſſions ſhould fight ——

VVell. Why do you bear Arms then?

VVhim. Why, for the Pay; to be called Captain, noble Captain, to ſhow, to cock and look big, and bluff as I do: to be bow'd to thus as we paſs, to domineer and beat our Soldiers: Fight quoth a, ha, ha, ha.

Friend. But what makes you look ſo ſimply, Cornet?

Tim. Why, a thing that I have quite forgot, all my Accounts for *England* are to be made up, and I'm undone if they be neglected——elſe I wou'd not flinch for the ſtouteſt he that wears a Sword—— [*Look big.*

Dow. What ſay you, Captain *VVhiff*? [Whiff *almoſt drunk.*

VVhiff. I am trying, Colonel, what Mettle I'm made on; I think I am Valiant, I ſuppoſe I have Courage, but I confeſs 'tis a little of the D—— breed, but a little inſpiration from the Bottle, and the leave of my *Nancy*, may do wonders.

Enter

Enter Seaman in haſte.

Seam. An't pleaſe your Honours, *Frightall*'s Officers have ſeiz'd all the Ships in the River, and rid now round the ſhoar, and had by this time ſecur'd the Sandy Beach, and landed men to fire the Town, but that they are high in drink aboard the Ship call'd the Good Subject; the Maſter of her ſent me to let your Honours know, that a few Men ſent to his aſſiſtance will ſuprize them and re-take the Ships.

VVell. Now, Gentlemen, here's a brave occaſion for Emulation—why writ not the Maſter?

Dull. Ay, had he writ, I had ſoon been amongſt them i'faith; but this is ſome Plot to betray us.

Sea. Keep me here, and kill me if it be not true.

Dow. He ſays well—there's a Brigantine and a Shallop ready, I'll Embark immediately.

Friend. No, Sir, your preſence is here more neceſſary, let me have the Honour of this Expedition.

Haz. I'll go your Volunteer, *Charles*.

VVell. Who elſe offers to go.

VVhim. A meer trick to Kidnap us, by *Bacon*,—if the Captain had writ.———

Tim. Ay, ay, if he had writ——

VVell. I ſee you're all baſe Cowards, and here Caſhier ye from all Commands and Offices.

VVhim. Look ye, Colonel, you may do what you pleaſe but you loſe one of the beſt dreſt Officers in your whole Camp, Sir ———

Tim. And in me, ſuch a Head-piece.

VVhiff. I'll ſay nothing, but let the State want me.

Dull. For my part I am weary of weighty Affairs.

[*In this while* Wellman, Down. Friend. *and* Haz. *talk.*

VVell. Command what Men you pleaſe, but Expedition makes you half a Conqueror. [*Exit* Friend. *and* Haz.

Enter another Seaman with a Letter, gives it to Downright, *he and* Wellman *read it.*

Dow. Look ye now, Gentlemen, the Maſter has writ.

Dull. Has he—he might have writ ſooner, while I was in Command,—if he had——

VVhiff. Ay,

VVhim. Ay, Major——if he had——but let them miſs us——

VVell. Colonel haſt with your Men and Reinforce the Beach, while I follow with the Horſe;—Mr. *Dunce*, pray let that Proclamation be Read concerning *Bacon*, to the Soldiers.

Dun. It ſhall be done, Sir, Gentlemen how ſimply you look now. [*Exit* Dow. *and* Well. *The Scene opens and diſcovers a Body of Soldiers.*

Tim. —Why, Mr. Parſon, I have a ſcruple of Conſcience upon me, I am conſidering whether it be lawful to kill, tho' it be in War; I have a great averſion to't, and hope it proceeds from Religion.

VVhiff. I remember the fit took you juſt ſo when the *Dutch* beſieged us, for you cou'd not then be perſwaded to ſtrike a ſtroke.

Tim. Ay, that was becauſe they were Proteſtants as we are, but Gads zoors, had they been *Dutch* Papiſts I had maul'd them, but Conſcience ——

VVhim. I have been a Juſtice of Peace this ſix years, and never had a Conſcience in my life.

Tim. Nor I neither, but in this damn'd thing of fighting.

Dun. Gentlemen, I am commanded to read the Declaration of the Honourable Council to you. [*To the Soldiers.*

All. hum, hum, hum ——————

Booz. Silence—ſilence—— [Dunce *reads.*

Dun. By an order of Council, Dated *May* the 10*th.* 1670. To all Gentlemen Soldiers, Merchants, Planters, and whom elſe it may concern. Whereas *Bacon*, contrary to Law and Equity, has, to ſatisfie his own Ambition, taken up Arms with a pretence to fight the *Indians*, but indeed to moleſt and inſlave the whole Colony, and to take away their Liberties and Properties; this is to declare, that whoever ſhall bring this Traytor dead or alive to the Council, ſhall have three hundred pound Reward. *And ſo God ſave the King.*

All. A Councel, a Councel! Hah—— [*Hollow.*

Enter a Solder haſtily.

Sold. Stand to your Arms, Gentlemen, ſtand to your Arms, *Bacon* is marching this way.

Dun. Hah—what numbers has he?

Sold. About a hundred Horſe, in his march he has ſurpriz'd Colonel *Downright*, and taken him Priſoner.

All. Let's

All. Let's fall on *Bacon*——let's fall on *Bacon* hay ——
[*Hollow.*

Booz. We'll hear him ſpeak firſt——and ſee what he can ſay for himſelf.

All. Ay, ay, we'll hear *Bacon* ſpeak——
[Dunce *pleads with them.*

Tim. Well, Major, I have found a Stratagem ſhall make us four the Greateſt Men in the Colony, we'll ſurrender our ſelves to *Bacon*, and ſay we disbanded on purpoſe.

Dull. Good ——.

Whiff. Why, I had no other deſign in the World in refuſing to fight.

Whim. Nor I, d'e think I wou'd have excus'd it with the fear of diſordering my Cravat ſtring elſe ——

Dun. Why, Gentlemen, he deſigns to Fire *James* Town; Murder you all, and then lie with our Wives, and will you ſlip this opportunity of ſeizing him?

Booz. Here's a Termagant Rogue, Neighbours—we'll hang the dog.

All. Ay, ay, hang *Bacon*, hang *Bacon*.

Enter Bacon *and* Fearleſs, *ſome Soldiers leading in* Downright *bound*; Bacon *ſtands a while and ſtares on the Regiments, who are ſilent all.*

Bac. Well, Gentlemen,—in order to your fine Declaration, you ſee I come to render my ſelf——.

Dun. How came he to know of our Declaration?

Whiff. Rogues, Rogues among our ſelves——that inform.

Bac. What, are ye ſilent all,—— not a Man lift his hand in Obedience to the Council, to Murder this Traytor that has expoſed his life ſo often for you? Hah, what not for three hundred pound,——you ſee I've left my Troops behind, and come all wearied with the Toyls of War, worn out by Summers heats, and Winters colds, march'd tedious Days and Nights thro' Bogs and Fens as dangerous as your Clamours, and as Faithleſs,——what though 'twas to preſerve you all in ſafety, no matter, you ſhou'd obey the grateful Council, and kill this honeſt Man that has defended you?

All. Hum, hum, hum.

Whiff. The General ſpeaks like a Gorgon

Tim. Like a Cherubin, Man.

Bac. All

Bac. All ſilent yet——where's that mighty Courage, that cryed ſo loud but now, A Council, a Council? where is your Reſolution, cannot three hundred Pound excite your Valour to ſeize that Traytor *Bacon* who has bled for you?—

All. A *Bacon*, a *Bacon*, a *Bacon*. [*Hollow.*

Dow. Oh Villainous Cowards——Oh the Faithleſs Multitude!

Bac. VVhat ſay you, Parſon——you have a forward Zeal?

Dun. I wiſh my coat, Sir, did not hinder me from acting as becomes my Zeal and Duty?

VVhim. a Plaguy rugid Dog,——that Parſon——

Bac. Fearleſs, ſeize me that canting Knave from out the Herd, and next thoſe Honourable Officers. [*Points to* Dull. VVhim. VVhiff *and* Tim. Fearleſs *ſeizes them, and gives them to the Soldiers, and takes the Proclamation from* Dunce *and ſhews* Bacon, *they read it.*

Dull. Seize us, Sir, you ſhall not need, we laid down our Commiſſions on purpoſe to come over to your honour.

VVhiff. VVe ever lov'd and honour'd your honour.

Tim. So intirely, Sir——that I wiſh I were ſafe in *James* Town for your ſake, and your honour were hang'd. [*Aſide.*

Bac. This fine Piece is of your penning Parſon——though it be countenanc'd by the Councils Names——Oh ingratitude Burn—Burn the Treacherous Town—Fire it immediately——

VVhim. VVe'll obey you, Sir.

VVhiff. Ay, ay, we'll make a Bonfire on't, and Drink your honour's health round about it. [*They offer to go.*

Bac. Yet hold, my Revenge ſhall be more merciful, I ordered that all the VVomen of Rank ſhall be ſeiz'd and brought to my Camp. I'll make their Husbands pay their Ranſoms dearly; they'd rather have their hearts bleed than their Purſes.

Fear. Dear General, let me have the ſeizing of Colonel *Downright*'s Daughter; I would fain be Plundering for a Trifle call'd a Maiden-head.

Bac. On pain of death treat them with all reſpect; aſſure them of the ſafety of their honour. Now, all that will follow me, ſhall find a welcome, and thoſe that will not, may depart in Peace.

All. Hay, a General, a General, a General.

[*Some Soldiers go off: Some go to the ſide of* Bacon.

Enter

Enter Daring *and Soldiers with* Chriſante, Surelove, *Mrs.* Whim. *and Mrs.* Whiff, *and ſeveral other VVomen.*

Bac. Succeſsful *Daring*, welcome, what prizes have ye?

Dar. The faireſt in the VVorld, Sir, I'm not for common Plunder.

Dow. Hah, my Daughter and my Kinſwoman! — ———

Bac. 'Tis not with Women, Sir, nor honeſt Men like you that I intend to Combat; not their own Parents ſhall not be more indulgent, nor better ſafe-guard to their honours, Sir: But 'tis to ſave the expence of Blood I ſeize on their moſt valued Prizes.

Dow. But, Sir, I know your wild Lieutenant General has long lov'd my *Chriſante*, and perhaps, will take this time to force her to conſent.

Dar. I own I have a paſſion for *Chriſante*, yet by my Generals life——or her fair ſelf——what now I act is on the ſcore of War, I ſcorn to force the Maid I do adore.

Bac. Believe me, Ladies, you ſhall have Honourable Treatment here.

Chriſ. We do not doubt it, Sir, either from you or *Daring*; if he love me,—— that will ſecure my Honour, or if he do not, he's too brave to injure me.

Dar. I thank you for your juſt opinion of me, Madam.

Chriſ. But, Sir, 'tis for my Father I muſt plead; to ſee his Reverend hands in Serval Chains——and then perhaps if ſtubborn to your VVill, his head muſt fall a Victim to your Anger.

Dow. No, my good Pious Girl, I cannot fear Ignoble uſage from the General—And if thy Beauty can preſerve thy Fame, I ſhall not mourn in my Captivity.

Bac. I'll ne're deceive your kind Opinion of me——Ladies, I hope you're all of that Opinion too.

Sure. If ſeizing us, Sir, can advance your honour, or be of any uſe conſiderable to you, I ſhall be proud of ſuch a ſlavery.

Mrs. VVhim. I hope, Sir, we ſhan't be Raviſh'd in your Camp.

Dar. Fie, Mrs. *Whimſey*, do Soldiers uſe to Raviſh?

Mrs. Whiff. Raviſh—marry, I fear 'em not, I'd have 'em know, I ſcorn to be Raviſh'd by any Man.

Fear. Ay, a my Conſcience, Mrs. *Whiff*, you are too good natur'd.

Dar. Madam, I hope you'll give me leave to name Love to you, and try by all ſubmiſſive ways to win your heart?

Chriſ. Do your worſt, Sir, I give you leave, if you aſſail me only with your Tongue.

Dar. That's generous and brave, and I'll requite it.

Enter Soldier in haſte.

Sol. The Truce being ended, Sir, the *Indians* grow ſo inſolent as to attack us even in our Camp, and have killed ſeveral of our Men.

Bac. 'Tis time to check their Boldneſs, *Daring*, haſte, draw up our Men in order to give 'em Battle, I rather had expected their ſubmiſſion.

The Country now may ſee what they're to fear,
Since we that are in Arms are not ſecure.

[Exeunt leading the Ladies.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Temple, with an Indian *God placed upon it, Prieſts and Prieſteſſes attending: Enter* Indian *King on one ſide attended by* Indian *Men, the Queen Enters on the other ſide with Women, all bow to the Idol, and divide on each ſide of the Stage, then the Muſick playing lowder, the Prieſt and Prieſteſſes Dance about the Idol with ridiculous Poſtures, and crying (as for Incantations.) Thrice repeated,* Agah Yerkin, Agah Boah, Sulen Tawarapah, Sulen Tawarapah.

After this ſoft Muſick plays again, then they Sing ſomething fine, after which the Prieſts lead the King to the Altar, and the Prieſteſſes, the Queen, they take off little Crowns from their heads, and offer them at the Altar.

King. INvoke the God of our Quiocto to declare what the Event ſhall be of this our laſt VVar againſt the *Engliſh* General. [*Soft Muſick ceaſes.*

The Muſick changes to confuſed Tunes, to which the Prieſt and Prieſteſs Dance, Antickly Singing between, the ſame Incantation as before, and then dance again, and ſo invoke again alternately: Which dance ended a Voice behind the Altar crys, while ſoft Muſick Plays ———

The *Engliſh* General ſhall be,
A Captive to his Enemy;
And you from all your Toils be freed,
VVhen by your hand the Foe ſhall bleed:
And e're the Sun's ſwift courſe be run,
This mighty Conqueſt ſhall be won.

King. I thank the Gods for taking care of us, prepare new Sacrifice against the Evening when I return a Conqueror, I will my self perform the Office of a Prieſt.

Queen. Oh, Sir, I fear you'll fall a Victim firſt.

King. VVhat means *Semernia*! why are thy looks ſo Pale?

Queen. Alas, the Oracles have double meanings, their ſence is doubtful, and their words Inigma's, I fear, Sir, I cou'd make a truer Interpretation ——

King. How, *Semernia*! by all thy Love I charge thee, as you reſpect my Life, to let me know your thoughts.

Queen. Laſt night I dream'd a Lyon fell with hunger, ſpight of your Guards, flew you, and bore you hence.

King. This is thy Sexes fear, and no interpretation of the Oracle.

Queen. I cou'd convince you farther.

King. Haſt thou a Secret thou canſt keep from me? Thy Soul a Thought that I muſt be ſtranger too? This is not like the Juſtice of *Semernia:* Come, unriddle me the Oracle.

Queen. The *Engliſh* General ſhall be, a Captive to his Enemy; he is ſo, Sir, already to my Beauty, he ſays he languiſhes for Love of me.

King. Hah——the General my Rival——but go on——

Queen. And you from all your War be freed: Oh, let me not explain that fatal line, for fear it mean, you ſhall be freed by death.

King. What, when by my hand the Foe ſhall Bleed?——away——it cannot be ——

Queen. No doubt, my Lord, you'll bravely ſell your Life, and deal ſome Wounds where you'll receieve ſo many.

King. 'Tis Love, *Semernia*, makes thee dream, while waking I'll truſt the Gods, and am reſolved for Battle.

Enter an Indian.

In. Haſt, haſt Great Sir, to Arms, *Bacon* with all his Forces is prepar'd, and both the Armies ready to engage.

King. Haſt to my General, bid him charge 'em inſtantly, I'll bring up the Supplies of ſtout *Teroomians*, thoſe ſo well skill'd in the Envenom'd Arrow, [*Exit* Indian.]——*Semernia*——words but poorly do expreſs the griefs of parting Lovers——'tis with dying Eyes, and a Heart trembling——thus—— [*Puts her hand on his heart.*] They take a heavy leave,——one parting kiſs, and one Love preſſing ſigh, and then fa ewel——but not a long farewel; I ſhall return Victorious

erious to thy Arms——commend me to the Gods and ſtill remember me. (*Ex. King.*

Queen. Alas? What pity 'tis I ſaw the General, before my Fate had given me to the King——but now——like thoſe that change ther Gods, my faithleſs mind betwixt two opinions wavers; while to the Gods my Monarch I commend: my wandring thoughts in pity of the General makes that zeal cold declin'd——ineffectual;——If for the General I implore the Deities, methinks my Prayers ſhould not aſcend the Skies ſince Honour tells me 'tis an impious zeal.

Which way ſoever my Devotions move,
I am too wretched to be heard above.

(*Goes in, all Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Shows a Field of Tents, ſeen at ſome diſtance thro' the Trees of a Wood, Drums, Trumpets and the noiſe of Battel with hollowing. The* Indians *are ſeen with Battle-Axis to Retreat Fighting from the* Engliſh *and all go off, when they Re-enter immediately beating back the* Engliſh, *the* Indian *King at the head of his Men, with Bows and Arrows; Daring at the Head of the* Engliſh: *They Fight off! the noiſe continues leſs loud as more at diſtance.*

Enter Bacon *with his Sword drawn, meets* Fearleſs *with his Sword drawn.*

Fear. Haſt, haſt, Sir to the Entrance of the Wood, *Daring*'s Engaged paſt hope of a Retreat, ventring too far, purſuing of the Foe; the King in Ambuſh with his poyſon'd Archers, fell on and now we are dangerouſly diſtreſt.

Bac. Daring is Brave, but, he's withal, too raſh, come on and follow me to his Aſſiſtance—— (*Goes out.*

A hollowing within, the Fight renews, Enter the Indians *beaten back by* Bacon, Daring *and* Fearleſs, *they Fight off, the noiſe of Fighting continues a while, this ſtill behind the Wood.*

Enter Indians *Flying over the Stage, purſu'd by the King.*

King. Turn, turn ye fugitive Slaves, and face the Enemy; Oh Villains, Cowards, Deaf to all Command, by Heaven I had my Rival in my view and aim'd at nothing but my conquering him——now like a Coward I muſt fly with Cowards, or like a Deſperate Mad-Man fall, thus ſingly midſt the numbers (*follow the* Indians

Enter Bacon *inraged with his Sword drawn,* Fearleſs *and* Daring *following him.*

Bac. ——Where is the King, Oh ye perfidious Slaves, how have you hid from my juſt Revenge——ſearch all the Brakes, the Fuzes and the Trees, and let him not eſcape on pain of Death.

Dare. We cannot do wonders Sir.

Bac. But you can run away——

Dare. Yes, when we ſee occaſion——yet——ſhou'd any but my General tell me ſo——by Heaven he ſhould find I were no ſtarter.

Bac. Forgive me, I'm Mad——the Kings eſcaped, hid like a trembling ſlave in ſome cloſe Ditch, where he will ſooner ſtarve than Fight it out.

Re-enter Indians *running over the Stage, purſued by the King who ſhoots them as they Fly, ſome few follow him.*

King, All's loſt——the day is loſt——and I'm betryed——Oh Slaves, that even Wounds can't Animate, *Exit King.*

Bac. The King!

King. The General here, by all the Powers betray'd by my own Men.

Bac. Abandon'd as thou art I ſcorn to take thee baſely, you ſhall have Soldiers chance Sir, for your Life, ſince chance ſo luckily has brought us hither; without more Aids we will diſpute the day: this ſpot of Earth bears both our Armies Fates, I'll give you back the Victory I have won, and thus begin a new on equal Terms.

King. That's Nobly ſaid——the powers have heard my wiſh! You Sir firſt taught me how to uſe a Sword, which heretofore has ſerved me with ſucceſs, but now——'tis for *Semernia* that it draws, a prize more valued than my Kingdom Sir ——————

Bac. Hah *Semernia*!

King. Your Bluſhes do betray your Paſſion for her.

Dare. 'Sdeath have we fought for this, to expoſe the Victor to the conquered Foe?

Fear. What Fight a ſingle Man——our Prize already.

King. Not ſo young Man while I command a Dart.

Bac. Fight him, by Heaven no reaſon ſhall diſſuade me, and he that interrupts me is a Coward, whatever be my Fate, I do command ye to let the King paſs freely to his Tents.

Dare.

Dare. The Devils in the General.

Fear. S'death his Romantick humour will undo us.

[*They fight and pause.*

King. You Fight as if you meant to outdo me this way, as you have done in Generosity.

Bac. You're not behind hand with me Sir, in courtesie, come here's to set us even—— (*Fight again.*

King. You bleed apace.

Bac. You've only Breath'd a Vein, and given me new Health and Vigour by it. [*They Fight again, Wounds on both sides the King staggers,* Bacon *takes him in his Arms, the King drops his Sword.*

How do you Sir?

King. Like one——that's hovering between Heaven and Earth, I'm——mounting——somewhere——upwards——but giddy with my flight,——I know not where.

Bac. Command my Surgeons,——instantly——make haste Honour returns and Love all Bleedings fled. (*Ex.* Fearless.

King. Oh *Semernia*, how much more truth had thy Divinity than the Predictions of the flattering Oracles. Commend me to her——I know you'l——visit—your Fair Captive Sir, and tell her——oh——but death prevents the rest. (*Dies.*

Enter Fearless.

Bac. He's gone——and now like *Cæsar* I could weep over the Hero I my self destroyed.

Fear. I'm glad for your repose I see him there—'twas a Mad hot Brain'd Youth and so he dyed.

Bac. Come bear him on your Shoulders to my Tent, from whence with all the solemn state we can, we will convey him to his own Pavillion.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. Some of our Troops pursuing of the Enemy even to their Temples, which they made their Sanctuary, finding the Queen at her Devotion there with all her *Indian* Ladies, I'd much ado to stop their violent rage from setting Fire to the Holy Pile.

Bac. Hang 'em immediately that durst attempt it, while I my self will fly to rescue her. (*Goes out, they bear off the Kings Body, Ex. all.*

Enter Whimsey *pulling in* Whiff, *with a Halter about his Neck.*

Whim. Nay I'm resolved to keep thee here till his Honour the General comes,——What to call him Traytor, and run away after he had so generously given us our freedom, and lifted us Cadees for the next command that fell in his Army—I'm resolved to hang thee——

Whiff. Wilt thou betray and peach thy Friend: Thy Friend that kept thee Company all the while thou wert a Prisoner—drinking at my own charge——

Whim. No matter for that, I scorn Ingratitude and therefore will hang thee—but as for thy drinking with me—I scorn to be behind hand with thee in Civility, and therefore here's to thee.

(*Takes a Bottle of Brandy out of his Pocket, Drinks.*

Whiff. I can't drink,

Whim. A certain sign thou wo't be hanged.

Whiff. You us'd to be a my side when a Justice, let the cause be how it wou'd. (*weeps.*

Whim. Ay——when I was a Justice I never minded Honesty, but now I'le be true to my General, and hang thee to be a great man. ——————

Whiff. If I might but have a fair Tryal for my Life——

Whim. A fair Tryal——come I'll be thy Judge——and if thou can'st clear thy self by Law I'll acquit thee, Sirrah, Sirrah, what canst thou say for thy self for calling his Honour Rebel?

(*Sits on a Drum head.*

Whiff. 'Twas when I was Drunk an't like your Honour.

Whim. That's no Plea, for if you kill a Man when you are Sober you must be hanged when you are Drunk, hast thou any thing else to say for thy self, why Sentence may not pass upon thee.

Whiff. I desire the Benefit of the Clergy.

Whim. The Clergy, I never knew any body that ever did benefit by 'em, why thou canst not read a word?

Whiff. Transportation then——

Whim. It shall be to *England* then—but hold—who's this?

(Dullman *creeping from a Bush.*

Dull. So the dangers over, I may venture out——Pox on't I wou'd not be in this fear again to be Lord Chief Justice of our Court. Why how now Cornet——what in dreadful Equipage? Your Battle Ax Bloody, with Bow and Arrows.

{ *Enter* Timerous *with Battle Ax, Bow and Arrows and Feathers on his Head.*

Tim. I'm

Tim. I'm in the posture of the times Major——I cou'd not be idle where so much Action was, I'm going to present my self to the General with these Trophies of my Victory here—

Dull. Victory——what Victory— did not I see thee creeping out of yonder Bush, where thou wer't hid all the Fight——stumble on a Dead *Indian*, and take away his Arms?

Tim. Why, didst thou see me?

Dull. See thee, ay——and what a fright thou wert in, till thou wert sure he was Dead.

Tim. Well, well, that's all one—Gad zoors if every man that pass for valiant in a Battel, were to give an account how he gained his Reputation, the World wou'd be but thinly stock'd with Heroes, I'll say he was a great War Captain, and that I kill'd him hand to hand, and who can disprove me?

Dull. Disprove thee——why that pale face of thine, that has so much of the Coward in't.

Tim. Shaw, that's with loss of Blood——Hah I am overheard I doubt——who's yonder——[*Sees* Whim. *and* Whiff.] how Brother *Whiff* in a Hempen Cravat-String.

Whim. He call'd the General Traytor and was running away, and I'm resolved to Peach.

Dull. Hum——and one witness will stand good in Law, in case of Treason——

Tim. Gads zoors in case of Treason he'l be hang'd if it be proved against him, were there ne're a witness at all, but he must be tryed by a Councel of War Man—come, come let's disarm him—— [*They take away his Arms, and pull a Bottle of Brandy out of his Pocket.*

Whiff. VVhat I hope you will not take away my Brandy Gentlemen, my last comfort.

Tim. Gads zoors it's come in good time——we'l drink it off, here Major—— (*Drinks*, VVhiff *takes him aside.*

Whiff. Hark ye Cornet——you are my good Friend, get this matter made up before it comes to the General.

Tim. But this is Treason Neighbour.

Whiff. If I hang——I'le declare on the Ladder how you kill'd your VVar Captain.

Tim. Come Brother *Whimsey*——we have been all Friends and loving Magistrates together, let's drink about, and think no more of this business.

Dull. Ay, ay, if every sober Man in the Nation, should be called to account of the Treason he speaks in's Drink the Lord have mercy upon us all——put it up——and let us like loving Brothers take an honest resolution to run away together; for this same *Frightall* minds nothing but Fighting.

Whim. I'm

Whim. I'm content, provided we go all to the Counſel and tell them (to make our Peace) we went in obedience to the Proclamation to kill *Bacon*, but the Traytor was ſo ſtrongly guarded we could not effect it, but mum——who's here——

Enter Ranter *and* Jenny, *as Man and Footman.*

Rant. Hah, our four Reverend Juſtices——I hope the Blockheads will not know me——Gentlemen, can you direct me to Lieutenant General *Darings* Tents.

Whiff, Hum, who the Devil's this——that's he you ſee coming this way, 'Sdeath yonders *Daring*——Let's ſlip away before he advances. (*Exeunt all but* Ranter *and* Jenny.

Jen. I am ſcar'd with thoſe Dead Bodies we have paſt over, for Gods ſake, Madam, let me know your deſign in coming.

Rant. VVhy? Now I'll tell thee——my damn'd mad Fellow *Daring*, who has my heart and ſoul——Loves *Chriſante* has ſtolen her, and carryed her away to his Tents, ſhe hates him, while I am dying for him.

Jen. Dying Madam! I never ſaw you melancholy.

Rant. Pox on't no, why ſhould I ſigh and whine, and make my ſelf an Aſs, and him conceited, no, inſtead of ſnivelling I'm reſolved————

Jen. VVhat Madam?

Rant. Gad to beat the Raſcal and bring off *Chriſante*.

Jen. Beat him Madam? what a VVoman beat a Lieutenant General.

Rant. Hang 'em, they get a name in VVar, from command, not courage; but how know I but I may fight, Gad I have known a Fellow kickt from one end of the Town to t'other, believing himſelf a Coward, at laſt forced to fight, found he could, got a Reputation and Bullyed all he met with, and got a name, and a great Commiſſion.

Jen. But if he ſhould kill you Madam.

Rant. I'll take care to make it as Comical a Duel as the beſt of 'em, as much in Love as I am, I do not intend to dye its Martyr.

Enter Daring *and* Fearleſs.

Fear. Have you ſeen *Chriſante* ſince the Fight.

Dar. Yes, but ſhe is ſtill the ſame, as nice and coy as Fortune, when ſhe's courted by the wretched, yet ſhe denys me ſo obligingly ſhe keeps my Love ſtill in its humble calm.

Rant. Can

Rant. Can you direct me Sir to one *Darings* Tent. *(Sullenly.*

Dar, One *Daring*——he has another Epithet to his name.

Ran. What's that, Raſcal or Coward ?

Dar. Hah, which of thy Stars young man has ſent thee hither, to find that certain Fate they have decreed.

Rant. I know not what my Stars have decreed, but I ſhall be glad if they have ordain'd me to Fight with *Daring,*——by thy concern thou ſhou'dſt be he ?

Dar. I am, prethee who art thou ?

Rant. Thy Rival, tho newly arrived from *England,* and came to marry fair *Chriſante,* whom thou haſt Raviſh'd, for whom I hear another Lady Dies.

Dar. Dies for me ?

Rant. Therefore reſign her fairly——or fight me fairly——

Dar. Come on Sir——but hold——before I kill thee, prethee inform me who this Dying Lady is ?

Rant. Sir I owe ye no Courteſie, and therefore will do you none by telling you——come Sir for *Chriſante*——draws.

(They offer to Fight Fearleſs *ſteps in.*

Fear. Hold——what mad Frolicks this ?——Sir you Fight for one you never ſaw [*to Ranter.*] and you for one that loves you not. [*to Dare.*

Dar, Perhaps ſhe'l love him as little.

Rant. Gad put it to the Tryal, if you dare——if thou be'ſt Generous bring me to her, and whom ſhe does neglect ſhall give the other place.

Dar. That's fair put up thy Sword——I'll bring thee to her inſtantly. *(Exeunt.*

SCENE *A Tent.*

Enter Chriſante *and* Surelove.

Chriſ. I'm not ſo much afflicted for my Confinement as I am, that I cannot hear of *Friendly.*

Sure. Art not perſecuted with *Daring.*

Chriſ. Not at all, tho he tells me daily of his Paſſion I rally him, and give him neither hope nor deſpair,——he's here

Enter Daring, Fear. Rant. *and* Jenny.

Dar. Madam, the Complaiſance I ſhow in bringing you my Rival, will let you ſee how glad I am to oblige you every way.

Rant. I

Ran. I hope the danger I have expoſed my ſelf too for the Honour of kiſſing your hand Madam, will render me ſomething acceptable——here are my Credentials——

[*Gives her a Letter.*

Chriſ. Reads.

Dear Creature, I have taken this habit to free you from an impertinent Lover, and to ſecure the damn'd Rogue Daring *to my ſelf, receive me as ſent by Colonel* Surelove *from* England *to marry you ——favour me——no more——*

Your Ranter.

——Hah *Ranter*? [*Aſide.*] ——Sir you have too good a Character from my Couſin Colonel *Surelove*, not to receive my Welcome. (*Gives* Surelove *the Letter.*

Rant. Stand by General—— (*Puſhes away* Daring *and looks big, and takes* Chriſante *by the hand, and kiſſes it.*

Dar. S'death Sir, there's room——enough——at firſt ſight ſo kind? Oh Youth——Youth and Impudence, what Temptations are you——to Villanous Woman.

Chriſ. I confeſs Sir we Women do not love theſe rough Fighting Fellows, they're always ſcaring us with one Broil or other.

Dar. Much good it may do you with your tame Coxcomb.

Rant. Well Sir, then you yield the Prize?

Dar, Ay Gad, were ſhe an Angel, that can prefer ſuch a callow Fop as thou before a Man——take her and domineer

(*They all laugh.*

——S'death am I grown Ridiculous.

Fear. Why haſt thou not found the Jeſt? by Heaven 'tis *Ranter*, 'tis ſhe that loves you, carry on the humour. (*aſide.*) Faith Sir, if I were you, I wou'd devote my ſelf to Madam *Ranter*.

Chriſ. Ay, ſhe's a fit Wife for you, ſhe'll fit your Humour, *Dar*, *Ranter*——Gad I'd ſooner marry a She Bear, unleſs for a Pennance for ſome horrid Sin, we ſhould be eternally challenging one another to the Field, and ten to one ſhe beats me there; or if I ſhould eſcape there, ſhe wou'd kill me with Drinking.

Rant. Here's a Rogue——does your Country abound with ſuch Ladies.

Dar. The Lord forbid, half a dozen wou'd ruin the Land, debauch all the men, and ſcandalize all the women.

Fear. No matter, ſhe's rich.

Dar. Ay that will make her inſolent.

Fear. Nay ſhe's generous too.

Dar. Yes

Dar. Yes when she's drunk, and then she'l lavish all.

Rant. A Pox on him how he vexes me.

Dar. Then such a Tongue——she'll rail and smoak till she choak again, then six Gallons of Punch hardly recovers her, and never but then she is good Natured.

Rant. I must lay him on ————

Dar. There's not a Blockhead in the Country that has not——

Ran. ————What————

Dar. ——Been drunk with her.

Ran. I thought you had meant something else Sir. [*In huff.*

Dar. Nay —as for that—I suppose there is no great difficulty.

Rant. S'death Sir you lie——and you're a Son of a Whore,

(*Draws and Fences with him, and he runs back round the Stage.*

Dar. Hold—hold Virago—dear VVidow hold, and give me thy hand.

Rant. Widow!

Dar. 'Sdeath I knew thee by instinct Widow, tho I seemed not to do so, in revenge for the trick put on me in telling me a Lady dy'd for me.

Rant. VVhy such a one there is, perhaps she may dwindle forty or fifty years—or so—but will never be her own VVoman again that's certain.

Sure. This we are all ready to testifie, we know her.

Chris. Upon my Life, 'tis true.

Dar. VVidow I have a shrewd suspicion, that you your self may be this dying Lady.

Rant. VVhy so Coxcomb?

Dar. Because you took such pains to put your self into my hands.

Rant. Gad if your heart were but half so true as your guess, we should conclude a Peace before *Bacon* and the Council will——besides this thing whines for *Friendly*, and there's no hopes, (*To* Chrisante.

Dar. Give me thy hand VVidow, I am thine——and so intirely, I will never——be drunk out of thy Company—— *Dunce* is in my Tent—prethee let's in and bind the bargain.

Rant. Nay faith lets see the VVars at an end first.

Dar. Nay, prethee take me in the humour, while thy Breeches are on—for I never lik'd the half so well in Petticoats.

Rant. Lead on General you give me good incouragement to wear them. (*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Sevana *in ſight of the Camp; the Moon riſes. Enter* Friendly, Hazard *and* Boozer, *and a Party of Men.*

Friend. WE are now in ſight of the Tents.

Booz. Is not this a raſh attempt, Gentlemen, with ſo ſmall Force to ſet upon *Bacon*'s whole Army?

Haz. Oh, they are drunk with Victory and Wine; there will be naught but Revelling to night.

Friend. Would we could learn in what Quarter the Ladies are lodg'd, for we have no other buſineſs but to releaſe them——but hark——who comes here?

Booz. Some Scouts I fear from the Enemy.

Enter Dullman, Tim. Whim. *and* Whiff, *creeping as in the dark.*

Friend. Let's ſhelter our ſelves behind yonder Trees—leſt we be ſurpriz'd.

Tim. Wou'd I were well at home—Gad zoors—if e're you catch me a Cadeeing again, I'll be content to be ſet in the fore-front of the Battle for Hawks Meat.

Whim. Thou'rt afraid of every buſh.

Tim. Ay, and good reaſon too: Gad zoors, there may be Rogues hid——prethee, Major, do thou advance.

Dull. No, no, go on——no matter of ceremony in theſe caſes of running away. [*They advance.*

Friend. They approach directly to us, we cannot eſcape them——their numbers are not great——let us advance. [*They come up to them.*

Tim. Oh, I am annihilated.

Whiff. Some of *Frightall*'s Scouts, we are loſt Men. [*They puſh each other foremoſt.*

Friend. Who goes there?

Whim. Oh,

Whim. Oh, they'll give us no Quarter; 'twas along of you Cornet, that we ran away from our Colours.

Tim. Me——'twas the Major's Ambition here——to make himſelf a great Man with the Council again.

Dull. Pox o' this Ambition, it has been the ruin of many a Gallant Fellow.

Whiff. If I get home again, the height of mine ſhall be to top Tobacco; would I'd ſome Brandy.

Tim. Gads zoors, would we had, 'tis the beſt Armour againſt fear——hum——I hear no body now——prethee advance a little.

Whim. What, before a Horſe Officer?

Friend. Stand, on your Lives ————

Tim. Oh, 'tis impoſſible ———— I'm dead already.

Friend. What are ye——ſpeak——or I'll ſhoot.

Whim. Friends to thee, ———— who the Devil are we Friends too?

Tim. E'en who you pleaſe, Gads Zoors.

Friend. Hah——Gad Zoors——who's there, *Timerous?*

Tim. Hum——I know no ſuch Scoundrel——[*Gets behind.*

Dull. Hah——that's *Friendly*'s Voice.

Friend. Right——thine's that of *Dullman*——who's with you?

Dull. Only *Timerous*, *Whimſey* and *Whiff*, all valiantly running away from the Arch Rebel that took us Priſoners.

Haz. Can you inform us where the Ladies are lodg'd?

Dull. In the hither Quarter in *Daring*'s Tents; you'll know them by Lanthorns on every corner——there was never better time to ſurprize them——for this day *Daring*'s married, and there's nothing but Dancing and Drinking.

Haz. Married! to whom?

Dull. That I ne're enquir'd.

Friend. 'Tis to *Chriſante*, Friend——and the reward of my attempt is loſt. Oh, I am mad, I'll fight away my Life, and my deſpair ſhall yet do greater wonders, than even my Love could animate me too. Let's part our Men, and beſet his Tents on both ſides. [Friendly *goes out with a Party.*

Haz. Come, Gentlemen, let's on ————

Whiff. On, Sir,——we on, Sir? ————

Haz. Ay, you on, Sir——to redeem the Ladies.

Whiff. Oh, Sir, I am going home for Money to redeem my *Nancy.*

Whim. So

Whim. So am I, Sir.

Tim. I thank my Stars I am a Batchelor,——VVhy, what a plague is a Wife?

Haz. VVill you march forward?

Dull. VVe have atchiev'd Honour enough already, in having made our Campaign here—— [*Looking big.*

Haz. 'Sdeath, but you ſhall go——put them in the front, and prick them on——if they offer to turn back, run them through.

Tim. Oh, horrid—— [*The Soldiers prick them on with their Swords.*

Whiff. Oh, *Nancy*, thy dream will yet come to paſs.

Haz. VVill you advance, Sir? [*Pricks* VVhiff.

Whiff. VVhy ſo we do, Sir; the Devil's in theſe fighting Fellows. [*Exit.*

[*An Alarm at a diſtance.*

Within. To Arms, to Arms, the Enemy's upon us.

A noiſe of fighting, after which enters Friendly *with his Party, retreating and fighting from* Daring *and ſome Soldiers,* Ranter *fighting like a Fury by his ſide, he putting her back in vain; they fight out. Re-enter* Daring *with* Friendly *all bloody. Several Soldiers enter with Flambeaux.*

Dar. Now, Sir—what injury have I ever done you, that you ſhould uſe this Treachery againſt me?

Friend. To take advantage any way in VVar, was never counted Treachery——and had I murder'd thee I had not paid thee half the debt I owe thee.

Dar. You bleed too much to hold too long a Parley——come to my Tent, I'll take a charitable care of thee.

Friend. I ſcorn thy Courteſie, who againſt all the Laws of Honour and of Juſtice, haſt raviſh'd innocent Ladies.

Dar. Sir, your upbraiding of my honour ſhall never make me forfeit it, or eſteem you leſs——Is there a Lady here you have a paſſion for?

Friend. Yes, on a Nobler ſcore than thou dareſt own.

Dar. To let you ſee how you're miſtaken, Sir, who e're that Lady be whom you affect, I will reſign, and give you both your Freedoms.

Friend. VVhy, for this Courteſie, which ſhows thee brave, in the next fight I'll ſave thy Life to quit the Obligation.

Dar. I

Dar. I thank you, Sir,——come to my Tent,——and when we've dreſt your VVounds, and yielded up the Ladies, I'll give you my Paſs-port for your ſafe Conduct back, and tell your Friends i'th' Town, we'll viſit them i'th' Morning.

Friend. They'll meet you on your way, Sir——

Dar. Come, my young Soldier, now thou'ſt won my Soul.

An Alarm beats: Enter at another paſſage Boozer *with all the Ladies; they paſs over the Stage, while* Hazard, Downright, *beating back a Party of Soldiers.* Dull. Tim. Whim. *and* Whiff, *prick'd on by their Party to fight, ſo that they lay about them like Madmen.* Bacon, Fearleſs *and* Daring *come in, reſcue their Men, and fight out the other Party, ſome falling dead.* Bacon, Fearleſs *and* Daring *return tired with their Swords drawn. Enter Soldier running.*

Sol. Return, Sir, where your Sword will be more uſeful—a Party of *Indians*, taking advantage of the Night, have ſet Fire on your Tents, and born away the Queen.

Bac. Hah, the Queen! By Heaven this Victory ſhall coſt them dear, come, let us fly to reſcue her. [*Goes out.*

SCENE *Changes to* Wellman's *Tent.*

Enter Wellman, Bragg, Grub *and Officers.*

Well. I cannot ſleep, my impatience is ſo great to engage this haughty Enemy, before they have repoſed their weary Limbs——Is not yon ruddy light the Morning's dawn.

Bragg. 'Tis, and pleaſe your Honour.

Well. Is there no News of *Friendly* yet, and *Hazard*?

Bragg. Not yet—'tis thought they left the Camp to night, with ſome deſign againſt the Enemy.

Well. What Men have they?

Bragg. Only *Boozer*'s Party, Sir.

Well. I know they are brave, and mean to ſurprize me with ſome handſome Action.

Enter Friendly.

Friend. I ask a thouſand pardons, Sir, for quitting the Camp without your leave.

Well. Your Conduct and your Courage cannot Err; I ſee thou'ſt been in Action by thy Blood.

Friend. Sir, I'm aſhamed to own theſe ſlender wounds, ſince without more my luck was to be taken, while *Hazard* did alone effect the buſineſs; the reſcuing of the Ladies.

Well. How got ye Liberty?

Friend. By *Daring*'s generoſity, who ſends you word he'll viſit you this Morning.

Well. We are prepared to meet him.

Enter Downright, Hazard, *Ladies*, Whim. Whiff, Dullman, Tim. *looking big.* Well. *Embraces* Down.—

Well. My worthy Friend, how am I joyed to ſee you?

Dow. We owe our Liberties to theſe brave Youths, who can do wonders when they fight for Ladies.

Tim. With our aſſiſtance, Ladies.

Whim. For my part I'll not take it as I have done, Gad I find when I am damnable angry I can beat both Friend and Foe.

Whiff. When I fight for my *Nancy* here——adsfiſh I'm a Dragon.

Mrs. Whiff. Lord you need not have been ſo haſty.

Friend. Do not upbraid me with your Eyes, *Chriſante*, but let theſe Wounds aſſure you I endeavour'd to ſerve you, tho' *Hazard* had the Honour on't.

Well. But, Ladies, we'll not expoſe you in the Camp,—a Party of our Men ſhall ſee you ſafely conducted to Madam *Surelove*'s; 'tis but a little Mile from our Camp.

Friend. Let me have that honour, Sir.

Chriſ. No, I conjure you let your Wounds be dreſt, obey me if you love me, and *Hazard* ſhall Conduct us home.

Well. He had the toil, 'tis fit he have the recompence.

Whiff. He the toil, Sir, what did we ſtand for Cyphers?

Whim. The very appearance I made in the front of the Battle, aw'd the Enemy.

Tim. Ay, ay, let the Enemy ſay how I maul'd 'em——but Gads zoors, I ſcorn to brag.

Well. Since

Well. Since you've regain'd your Honour ſo glorioufly—I reſtore you to your Commands, you loſt by your ſeeming Cowardiſe.

Dull. Valour is not always in humour, Sir.

Well. Come, Gentlemen, ſince they're reſolv'd to engage us, let's ſet our men in order to receive 'em. [*Exit all but the four Juſtices.*

Tim. Our Commiſſions again—you muſt be bragging, and ſee what comes on't; I was modeſt ye ſee, and ſaid nothing of my Proweſs.

Whiff. What a Devil, does the Colonel think we are made of Iron, continually to be beat on the Anvil?

Whim. Look, Gentlemen, here's two Evils——if we go we are dead Men, if we ſtay we are hang'd—and that will diſorder my Cravat-ſtring——therefore the leaſt Evil is to go ——and ſet a good Face on the matter, as I do—— [*Goes out ſinging.*

SCENE *A thick Wood, Enter Queen dreſt like an* Indian *Man, with a Bow in her hand, and Quiver at her Back,* Anaria *her Confident diſguis'd ſo too, and about a Dozen* Indians *led by* Cavaro.

Queen. I tremble yet, doſt think we're ſafe, *Cavaro*?

Cav. Madam, theſe Woods are intricate and vaſt, and 'twill be difficult to find us out——or if they do, this habit will ſecure you from the fear of being taken.

Queen. Doſt think if *Bacon* find us he will not know me? Alas, my fears and bluſhes will betray me.

Ana. 'Tis certain, Madam, if we ſtay we periſh; for all the Wood's ſurrounded by the Conqueror.

Queen. Alas, 'tis better we ſhou'd periſh here, than ſtay to expect the violence of his Paſſion; to which my heart's too ſenſibly inclin'd.

Ana. Why do you not obey its dictates then, why do you fly the Conqueror?

Queen. Not fly——not fly the Murtherer of my Lord?

Ana. What World, what reſolution can preſerve you, and what he cannot gain by ſoft ſubmiſſion, force will at laſt o'recome.

Queen. I wish there were in Nature one excuse either by Force or Reason to compel me:——For oh, *Anaria*——I adore this General,——take from my Soul a truth——till now conceal'd——At twelve years old——at the *Pawwmungian* Court I saw this Conqueror. I saw him young and gay as new-born Spring, Glorious and Charming as the Mid-days Sun, I watch'd his looks, and listned when he spoke, and thought him more than Mortal.

Ana. He has a graceful Form.

Queen. At last a Fatal Match concluded was, between my Lord and me, I gave my hand, but oh how far my heart was from consenting, the angry Gods are Witness.

Ana. 'Twas pity.

Queen. Twelve tedious Moons I past in silent languishment; Honour endeavouring to destroy my Love, but all in vain, for still my pain return'd whenever I beheld my Conqueror, but now when I consider him as Murderer of my Lord —[*Fiercely.*] I sigh and wish——some other Fatal hand had given him his death—but now there's a necessity I must be brave and overcome my heart: VVhat if I do? ah, whether shall I fly, I have no *Amazonian* fire about me, all my Artillery is sighs and Tears, the Earth my Bed, and Heaven my Canopy. (*weeps.*

(*After a noise of fighting.*

Hah, we are surpriz'd, oh, whether shall I flie? And yet methinks a certain trembling joy, spight of my Soul, spight of my boasted Honour, runs shivering round my heart.

Enter an Indian.

In. Madam, your out guards are surpriz'd by *Bacon*, who hews down all before him, and demands the Queen with such a Voice and Eyes so Fierce and angry, he kills us with his looks.

Cav. Draw up you Poyson'd Arrows to the head, and aim them at his heart, sure some will hit.

Queen. Cruel *Cavaro*,——wou'd 'twere fit for me to contradict thy Justice. (*Aside.*

Bac. within. The Queen, ye slaves, give me the Queen and live!

He Enters furiously beating back some Indians, Cavaro's *Party going to shoot, the Queen runs in.*

Queen. Hold, hold, I do command ye. (Bac. *flies on 'em as they shoot and miss him, and fights like a Fury, and wounds the Queen in the disorder; beats them all out.*

—hold

—hold thy commanding hand, and do not kill me, who wou'd not hurt thee to regain my Kingdom——[*He snatches her in his Arms, she reels.*

Bac. Hah—a Woman's Voice,——what art thou? Oh my fears!

Queen. Thy hand has been too cruel to a heart——whose Crime was only tender thoughts for thee.

Bac. The Queen! What is't my Sacriligious hand has done?

Queen. The nobleſt Office of a gallant Friend, thou'ſt ſav'd my honour, and haſt given me Death.

Bac. Is't poſſible! ye unregarding Gods is't poſſible?

Queen. Now I may Love you without Infamy, and pleaſe my dying heart by gazing on you.

Bac. Oh I am loſt—for ever loſt—I find my Brain turn with the wild confuſion.

Queen. I faint——oh lay me gently on the Earth.

[*Lays her down.*

Bac. Who waits——[*Turns in rage to his Men.*] make of the Trophies of the War a Pile, and ſet it all on Fire, that I may leap into conſuming Flames———while all my Tents are burning round about me. [*wildly.*

Oh thou dear Prize for which alone I toil'd. (*Weeps and lies down by her.*

Enter Fearleſs *with his Sword drawn.*

Fear. Hah, on the Earth——how do you, Sir?

Bac. What wou'dſt thou?

Fear. *Wellman* with all the Forces he can gather attacks us even in our very Camp, aſſiſt us, Sir, or all is loſt.

Bac. Why, prethee let him make the World his Prize, I have no buſineſs with the Trifle now; it now contains nothing that's worth my care, ſince my fair Queen——is dead——and by my hand.

Queen. So charming and obliging is thy mone, that I cou'd wiſh for Life to recompence it; but oh, death falls—all cold—upon my heart like Mildews on the Bloſſoms.

Fear. By Heaven, Sir, this Love will ruin all——riſe, riſe, and ſave us yet.

Bac. Leave me, what e're becomes of me——looſe not thy ſhare of Glory——prethee leave me.

Queen. Alas, I fear thy Fate is drawing on, and I ſhall ſhortly meet the in the Clouds; till then—farewel—even death is pleaſing to me, while thus I find it in thy Arms— [*Dies.*

Bac. There ends my Race of Glory and of Life. (*An Alarm at distance——continues a while.*

Bac. Hah—Why should I idly whine away my Life, since there are Nobler ways to meet with death?——Up, up, and face him then——Hark,——there's the Soldiers knell ——and all the Joys of Life——with thee I bid farewel—

[*Goes out. The* Indians *bear off the Body of the Queen.*

The Alarm continues: Enter Downright, Wellman, *and others, Swords drawn.*

Well. They fight like men possest—I did not think to have found them so prepar'd.

Dow. They've good intelligence—but where's the Rebel?

Well. Sure he's not in the fight, oh that it were my happy chance to meet him, that while our Men look on, we might dispatch the business of the War.—Come, let's fall in again now we have taken breath.

They go out: Enter Daring *and* Fearless *hastily, with their Swords drawn, meet* Whim. Whiff, *with their Swords drawn, running away.*

Dar. How now, whether away? [*In anger.*

Whim. Hah, *Daring* here——we are pursuing of the Enemy, Sir, stop us not in the pursuit of Glory. [*Offers to go.*

Dar. Stay——I have not seen you in my Ranks to day.

Whiff. Lord, does your Honour take us for starters?

Fear. Yes, Sirrah, and believe you are now rubbing off——confess, or I'll run you through.

Whiff. Oh mercy, Sir, mercy, we'll confess.

Whim. What will you confess——we were only going behind yon Hedge to untruss a point; that's all.

Whiff. Ay, your Honours will smell out the truth if you keep us here long.

Dar. Here, carry them Prisoners to my Tent.

[*Exit Sold. with* Whim. *and* Whiff.

Enter Ranter *without a Hat, and Sword drawn.*

(Daring *angrily goes the other way.*

Ran. A Pox of all ill luck, how came I to lose *Daring* in the fight? Ha—who's here?——*Dullman* and *Timerous* dead ——the Rogues are Counterfeits——I'll see what Moveables they

they have about them, all's lawful Prize in War.
(*Takes their Money, Watches and Rings; goes out.*

Tim. What, rob the dead?—Why, what will this Villainous World come to. (*Clashing of Swords, just as they were going to rise.*

Enter Hazard *bringing in* Ranter.

Haz. Thou cou'dst expect no other Fate young Man, thy hands are yet too tender for a Sword.

Ran. Thou look'st like a good natur'd Fellow, use me civilly and *Daring* shall Ransom me.

Haz. Doubt not a generous Treatment. (*Goes out.*

Dull. So, the Coast is clear, I desire to move my Quarters to some place of more safety—— (*They rise and go off.*

Well. 'Twas this way *Bacon* fled. (*Enter* Weliman *and Soldiers hastily.*

Five hundred Pound for him who finds the Rebel. (*Go out.*

SCENE *Changes to a Wood: Enter* Bacon *and* Fearless, *with their Swords drawn, all bloody.*

Bac. 'Tis Just, ye Gods! that when ye took the Prize for which I fought, Fortune and you should all aban'don me.

Fear. Oh flie, Sir, to some place of safe retreat, for there's no mercy to be hop't if taken. What will you do. I know we are pursu'd, by heaven I will not die a shameful Death.

Bac. Oh, they'll have pity on thy Youth and Bravery, but I'm above their Pardon. (*A noise is heard.*

Within. This way—this way——hay——hallow.

Fear. Alas, Sir, we're undone—I'll see which way they take. (*Exit.*

Bac. So near! Nay, then to my last shift. (*Undoes the Pomel of his Sword.*) Come, my good Poyson, like that of *Hannibal*, long I have born a noble remedy for all the ills of life. (*Takes Poyson.*) I have too long survi'd my Queen and Glory, those two bright Stars that influenc'd my life are set to all Eternity. (*Lies down.*

Enter Fearless, *runs to* Bacon *and looks on his Sword.*

Fear. —Hah—what have ye done?

Bac. Secur'd my self from being a publick Spectacle upon the common Theatre of Death.

Enter Daring *and Soldiers.*

Dar. Victory, victory, they fly, they fly, where's the Victorious General?

Fear. Here ——taking his laſt Adieu.

Dar. Dying? Then wither all the Lawrels on my Brows, for I ſhall never Triumph more in War, where is the wounds?

Fear. From his own hand by what he carried here, believing we had loſt the Victory.

Bac. And is the Enemy put to flight, my Hero?

(*Graſps his Neck.*

Dar. All routed Horſe and Foot, I plac'd an Ambuſh, and while they were purſuing you, my Men fell on behind and won the day.

Bac. Thou almoſt makes me wiſh to live again, if I cou'd live now fair *Semernia*'s dead,——but oh——the baneful drug is juſt and kind and haſtens me away——now while you are Victors make a Peace—with the *Engliſh* Councel——and never let Ambition—Love—or Intereſt, make you forget as I have done——your Duty——and Allegiance ——farewel——a long farewel—— (*Dies embracing their necks.*

Dar. So fell the *Roman Caſſius*—by miſtake—

Enter Soldiers with Dunce, Tim. *and* Dullman.

Sol. An't pleaſe your honour we took theſe Men running away.

Dar. Let 'em looſe——the Wars are at an end, ſee where the General lies —— that great Soul'd Man, no private Body e'er contain'd a Nobler, and he that cou'd have conquered all *America*, finds only here his ſcanty length of Earth,—go, bear the Body to his own Pavillion—— (*Soldiers goes out with the Body*) tho' we are Conquerors we ſubmit to treat, and yield upon Conditions, you, Mr. *Dunce*, ſhall bear our Articles to the Council ——

Dow. With joy I will obey you.

Tim. Good General let us be put in the agreement.

Dar. You ſhall be obliged—— (*Exit* Dar. Dunc. Dull. *and* Tim. *as* Fear. *goes out, a Soldier meets him.*

Sol. What does your Honour intend to do with *Whim* and *Whiff*, who are Condemn'd by a Council of War?

Enter

Enter Daring, Dullman, Tim. Fearleſs *and Officers.*

Dar. You come too late, Gentlemen to be put into the Articles, nor am I ſatisfi'd you're worthy of it.

Dull. Why, did not you, Sir, ſee us lie dead in the Field?

Dar. Yes, but I ſee no wound about you.

Tim. We were ſtun'd with being knock'd down, Gads zoors, a Man may be kill'd with the but end of a Muſquet, as ſoon as with the point of a Sword. (*Enter* Dunce.

Dun. The Council, Sir, wiſhes you health and happineſs, and ſends you theſe ſign'd by their hands— (*Gives Papers.*

Dar. Reads. That you ſhall have a general pardon for your ſelf and Friends, that you ſhall have all new Commiſſions, and *Daring* to Command as General; that you ſhall have free leave to Inter your Dead General in *James* Town, and to ratifie this ——we will meet you at Madan *Surelove*'s houſe, which ſtands between the Armies, attended only by our Officers. The Councels noble, and I'll wait upon them.

(*Exit* Dunce.

SCENE *a Grove near Madam* Surelove's, *Enter* Surelove *weeping*, Well. Chriſante, Mrs. Flirt, Ranter *as before*, Down. Haz. Friend. Booz. Brag.

Well. How long, Madam, have you heard the News of Col. *Surelove*'s death?

Sure. By a Veſſel laſt night arriv'd.

Well. You ſhou'd not grieve when men for old pay their debt to nature, you are too fair not to have been reſerved for ſome young lovers Arms.

Haz. I dare not ſpeak,—but give me leave to hope.

Sure. The way to oblige me to't, is never to ſpeak to me of Love till I ſhall think it fit— (Wellman *ſpeaks to* Down.

Well. Come, you ſhan't grant it—'tis a hopeful Youth.

Dow. You are too much my Friend to be denied —— *Chriſante*, do you Love *Friendly*? nay, do not bluſh ——till you have done a fault, your loving him is none ——— here, take her young Man, and with her all my Fortune——when I am dead, Sirrah——not a Groat before——unleſs to buy ye Baby Clouts.

Friend. He merits not this Treaſure, Sir, can wiſh for more.

Enter Daring, Fearleſs, Dunce *and Officers, they meet* Well, *and* Down. *who embrace 'em.* Dull. *and* Tim. *ſtand.*

Dar. Can you forgive us, Sir, our diſobedience.

Well. Your offering Peace while yet you might command it, has made ſuch kind impreſſions on us, that now you may command your Propoſitions; your pardons are all Seal'd and new Commiſſions.

Dar. I'm not Ambitious of that honour, Sir, but in obedience will accept your Goodneſs, but, Sir, I hear I have a young Friend taken Priſoner by Captain *Hazard*, whom I intreat you will render me.

Haz. Sir—here I reſign him to you. (*Gives him* Ranter.

Ran. Faith, General, you left me but ſcurvily in Battle.

Dar. That was to ſee how well you cou'd ſhift for your ſelf, now I find you can bear the brunt of a Campaign you are a fit Wife for a Soldier.

All. A Woman——*Ranter* ——

Haz. Faith, Madam, I ſhould have given you kinder Quarter if I had known my happineſs.

Flirt. I have an humble Petition to you, Sir.

Sure. In which we all joyn.

Flirt. An't pleaſe you, Sir, Mr. *Dunce* has long made Love to me, and on promiſe of Marriage has—— (*Simpers.*

Dow. What has he, Mrs. *Flirt*?

Flirt. Only been a little familiar with my Perſon, Sir——

Well. Do you hear Parſon — you muſt marry Mrs. *Flirt.*

Dun. How, Sir, a Man of my Coat, Sir, marry a Brandy-munger.

Well. Of your calling you mean, a Farrier and no Parſon—(*Aſide to him*) ſhe'll leave her Trade—and ſpark it above all the Ladies at Church, no more——take her, and make her honeſt.

Enter Whim. *and* Whiff *ſtript.*

Chrif. Bleſs me, what have we here?

Whim. Why, an't like your Honours, we were taken by the Enemy——hah, *Daring* here, and *Fearleſs*?

Fear. How now—Gentlemen, were not you two Condemn'd to be ſhot for running from your Colours.

Dow. From your Colours.

Fear. Yes, Sir, they were both liſted in my Regiment.

Dow. Then we muſt hang them for deſerting us.

Whim. So, out of the Frying Pan——you know where, Brother——

Whiff. Ay—

Whiff. Ay—he that's born to be hang'd—you know the reſt, a Pox of theſe Poverbs.

Well. I know ye well ——— you're all rank Cowards, but once more we forgive ye, your Places in the Council ſhall be ſupplied by theſe Gentlemen of ſence and honour. The Governour when he comes ſhall find the Country in better hands than he expects to find it.

Whim. A very fair diſcharge.

Whiff. I'm glad 'tis no worſe, I'll home to my *Nancy*.

Dull. Have we expos'd our Lives and Fortunes for this?

Tim. Gads zoors, I never thriv'd ſince I was a States-man, left Planting, and fell to promiſing and lying, I'll to my old Trade again, bask under the ſhade of my own Tobacco, and drink my Punch in Peace.

Well. *Come, my brave Youths, let all our Forces meet,*
To make this Country happy, rich and great;
Let ſcanted Europe *ſee that we enjoy*
Safer Repoſe, and larger Worlds than they.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. *Currer*.

THe Devil take this curſed plotting Age,
'T has ruin'd all our Plots upon the Stage;
Suſpicions, New Elections, Jelouſies,
Freſh Informations, New Diſcoveries,
Do ſo employ the buſie fearful Town,
Our honeſt calling here is uſeleſs grown;
Each fool turns Politician now, and wears
A formal face, and talks of State-affairs;
Makes Acts, Decrees, and a new Model draws
For regulation both of Church and Laws;
Tires out his empty noddle to invent
What rule and method's beſt in Government;
But Wit, as if 'twere Jeſuitical,
Is an abomination to ye all:
To what a wretched paſs will poor Plays come,
This muſt be damn'd, the Plot is laid in Rome;
'Tis hard——yet——
Not one amongſt ye all I'll undertake,
E're thought that we ſhould ſuffer for Religion's ſake:
Who wou'd have thought that wou'd have been th' occaſion,
Of any conteſt in our hopeful Nation?
For my own principles faith let me tell ye,
I'm ſtill of the Religion of my Cully,
And till theſe dangerous times they'd none to fix on,
But now are ſomething in meer Contradiction,
And pioufly pretend theſe are not days,
For keeping Miſtreſſes and ſeeing Plays.
VVho ſays this Age a Reformation wants,
VVhen Betty Currer's *Lovers all turn Saints?*
In vain, alas, I flatter, ſwear and vow,
You'll ſcarce do any thing for Charity now:
Yet I am handſom ſtill, ſtill young and mad,
Can wheadle, lie, diſſemble, jilt—egad,
As well and artfully as e're I did,

Yet not one Conqueſt can I gain or hope,
No Prentice, not a Foreman of a Shop,
So that I want extreamly new Supplies;
Of my laſt Coxcomb, faith, theſe were the Prize;
And by the tatter'd Enſigns you may know,
Theſe ſpoils were of a Victory long ago:
VVho wou'd have thought ſuch helliſh times to've ſeen,
VVhen I ſhou'd be neglected at Eighteen?
That Youth and Beauty ſhou'd be quite undone,
A Pox upon the VVhore of Babylon.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Smith*.

SO hard the times are, and so thin the Town,
Though but one Playhouse, that must too lie down;
And when we fail what will the Poets do?
They live by us as we are kept by you:
When we disband, they no more Plays will write,
But make Lampoons, and Libel ye in spight;
Discover each false heart that lies within,
Nor Man nor Woman shall in private sin;
The precise whoring Husbands haunts betray,
Which the demurer Lady to repay,
In his own coin does the just debt defray.
The brisk young Beauty link't to Lands and Age,
Shuns the dull property and strokes the youthful Page;
And if the stripling apprehend not soon,
Turns him aside and takes the brawny Groom,
Whilst the kind man so true a Husband proves,
To think all's well done by the thing he loves;
Knows he's a Cuckold, yet content to bear
What 're Heaven sends, or horns or lusty heir;
Fops of all sorts he draws more artfully,
Then ever on the Stage did Nokes *or* Leigh:
And Heaven be prais'd when these are scarce, each Brother
O'th'pen, contrive to set on one another:
These are the effects of angry Poets rage,
Driven from their Winter-Quaters on the Stage,
And when we go, our Women vanish too,
What will the well-fledg'd keeping Gallant do?
And where but here can he expect to find,
A gay young Dam'sel manag'd to his mind,
Who ruins him and yet seems wondrous kind.
One insolent and false, and what is worse,
Governs his heart and manages his purse;
Makes him what 'ere she'd have him to believe,
Spends his Estate, then learns him how to live;
I hope these weighty considerations will
Move ye to keep us altogether still;
To treat us equal to our great desert,
And pay your Tributes with a franker heart,
If not th' aforesaid Ills will come, and we must part.

The

The Actors Names.

Italians.

Mr. *Norris.*	*Morisini.*	An old Count Uncle to *Julio.*
Mr. *Crosby.*	*Julio.*	His Nephew, a young Count, contracted to *Laura Lucretia.*
Mr. *Gilloe.*	*Octavio.*	A young Count, contracted to *Marcella*,---deformed, revengeful.
	Crapine.	*Morisini*'s Man.
Mr. *Leigh.*	*Petro.*	Supposed Pimp to the the two Curtezans.

English.

Mr. *Smith.*	Sir *Harry Fillamour.*	In love with *Marcella.*
Mr. *Betterton.*	Mr. *Galliard.*	In love with *Cornelia.*
Mr. *Nokes.*	Sir *Signal Buffoon.*	A Fool.
Mr. *Underhill.*	Mr. *Tickletext.*	His Governour.
	Jack.	Sir *Signals* Man.

Women.

Mrs. *Lee.*	*Laura Lucretia.*	A young Lady of Quality, contracted to *Julio*, in love with *Galliard*, and Sister to *Octavio.*
Mr. *Currer.* / Mrs. *Barry.*	*Marcella*, and *Cornelia.*	Sisters to *Julio*, and Neices to *Morisini*, pass for Curtizans by the names of *Euphemia* and *Silvianetta.*
Mrs. *Norris.*	*Philipa*,	Their Woman.
Mrs. *Seymour.*	*Sabina*,	Confident to *Laura Lucretia.*

Pages, Musick, Footmen, and Bravo's.

SCENE, *Rome*,

THE

THE Feign'd Curtizans, OR A *NIGHTS INTRIGUE.*

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Enter Laura, Lucretia, *and* Silvio *richly dreſt*; Antonio *attending, coming all in haſte.*

Sil. MAdam, you need not make ſuch haſt away, the Stranger that follow'd us from St. *Peter's* Church purſues us no longer, and we have now loſt ſight of him: Lord who wou'd have thought the approach of a handſome Cavalier ſhould have poſſeſt *Dona Laura Lucretia* with fear?

Lau. I do not fear my *Silvio*, but I wou'd have this new Habitation which I've deſigned for Love, known to none but him to whom I've deſtin'd my heart:——ah wou'd he know the conqueſt he has made, [*Aſide.*] Nor went I this Evening to Church with any other Devotion, but that which warms my heart from my young Engliſh Cavalier, whom I hop't to have ſeen there, and I muſt find ſome way to let him know my paſſion which is too high for Souls like mine to hide.

Sil. Ma-

Sil. Madam, the Cavalier's in view again, and hot in the purſuit.

Lau. Let's haſt away then, and *Silvio* do you lag behind, 'twill give him an opportunity of Enquiring, whilſt I get out of ſight,——be ſure you conceal my name and quality, and tell him———any thing but truth——tell him I am *La Silvianetta* the young Roman Curtizan, or what you pleaſe to hide me from his knowledge. (*Exeunt* Lau.

Enter Julio *and Page in Purſuit.*

Jul. Boy fall you into diſcourſe with that Page, and learn his Ladys Name——whilſt I perſue her farther. (*Ex. Jul.*

Page Salutes *Silvio*, who returns it, they go out as talking to each other.

Enter Sir Harry Filliamour *and* Galliard.

Fill. He follows her cloſe, who're they be: I ſee this trade of Love goes forward ſtill.

Gall. And will whilſt there's difference in Sexes. But *Harry* the Women, the delicate Women I was ſpeaking of.

Fill. Prethee tell me no more of thy fine Women, *Frank*, thou haſt not been in *Rome* above a Month, and thou'aſt been a dozen times in Love as thou call'ſt it: to me there is no pleaſure like conſtancy.

Gall. Conſtancy! and wou'dſt thou have me one of thoſe dull Lovers who believe it their Duty to love a Woman till her Hair and Eyes change Colour for fear of Scandalous Name of an inconſtant! No, my Paſſion like great Victors hates the lazy ſtay, but having vanquiſht, prepares for new Conqueſts.

Fill. Which you gain as they do Towns by Fire, loſe 'em even in the taking, thou wo't grow Penitent and weary of theſe dangerous follys,

Gall. But I am yet to young for both: Let old Age and infirmity bring repentance,——there's her feeble Province, and even then too we find no plague like being deprived of Womankind.

Fill. I hate playing about a Flame that will conſume me.

Gall. Away with your antiquated Notions, and lets once hear ſence from thee: Examine but the whole world *Harry*, and thou wilt find a beautiful woman the deſire of the Nobleſt and the reward of the braveſt.

Fill. And the common Prize of Coxcombs: times are alter'd now *Frank*, why elſe ſhou'd the Virtuous be cornuted, the Coward be careſt, the Villain role with ſix, and the Fool lye with her Ladyſhip.

Gall. Meer accident, Sir: the kindneſs of Fortune, but a pretty witty young Creature, ſuch as this *Silvianetta* and *Euphemia*, is certainly the greateſt bleſſing this wicked World can afford us.

Fill. I believe the Lawful enjoyment of ſuch a Woman, and honeſt too, wou'd be a bleſſing.

Gall. Lawful enjoyment! Prethee what's lawful enjoyment, but to enjoy 'em according to the generous indulgent Law of Nature; enjoy 'em as we do Meat, Drink, Air and Light, and all the reſt of her common bleſſings;——therefore prethee dear Knight, let me govern thee but for a Day, and I will ſhew thee ſuch a *Seigniora*, ſuch a Beauty, another manner of piece than your ſo admired *Vitterboan*, *Dona Marcella* of whom you boaſt ſo much.

Fill. And yet this rare piece is but a Curtizan, in courſe plain Engliſh, a very Whore!——

Who filthily expoſes all her Beauties to him can give her moſt, not love her beſt.

Gall. Whe faith, to thy comfort be it ſpoken, ſhe does diſtribute her charms at that eaſy rate.

Fill. Oh the vaſt diſtance between an innocent paſſion and a poor faithleſs Luſt.

Gall. Innocent Paſſion at *Rome*! Oh 'tis not to be nam'd but in ſome Northern Climate: to be an Anchoret here, is to be an Epicure in *Greenland*; impoſſibilities *Harry*.

Gall. Sure thou haſt been adviſing with Sir *Signal Buffoon's* Governour! that formal piece of Nonſenſe and Hypocriſie.

Fill. No faith, I brought the humour along with me to *Rome*, and for your Governour I have not ſeen him yet, tho' he lodge in this ſame Houſe with us, and you promis'd to bring me acquainted with long ſince.

Gall. I'll do't this very minute!

Fill. No, I'm oblig'd not to engage my ſelf this Evening, becauſe I expect the arrival of Count *Julio*, whoſe laſt Letters aſſured me would be to night.

Gall. Julio! What the young Italian Count you made me acquainted with laſt Summer in *England*?

Fill. The ſame, the Ambaſſadors Nephew, a good Youth, and one I eſteem.

Enter

Enter Julio.

Jul. I hope my Page will bring intelligence who this beauty is.

Fill. Hah *Julio*! Welcome dear Friend. (*Embraces him.*

Jul. Sir *Harry Fillamour*! how glad am I to meet you in a Country where I have power to repay you all thoſe Friendſhips I receiv'd when I was a ſtranger to yours.

Monſieur *Galliard* too, nay, then I'm ſure to want no diverſion whilſt I ſtay in *Rome*. (*Salutes* Galliard.

Fill. But pray, what made you leave *England* ſo ſoon?

Jul. E'en the great buſineſs of Mankind, Matrimony, I have an Uncle here who has provided me Fetters which I muſt put on, he ſays they will be eaſy, I lik't the Character of my Miſtreſs well enough, a brave Maſculine Lady, a Roman of Quality, *Dona Laura Lucretia*, till as luck wou'd have it at my arrival this Evening, ſtepping into St. *Peters* Church I ſaw a Woman there that fir'd my heart, and whom I followed to her houſe; but meeting none that cou'd inform me who ſhe was, I left my Page to make the diſcovery, whilſt I with equal impatience came to look out you; whoſe ſight I prefer even to a new Amour, reſolving not to viſit home, to which I have been a ſtranger this ſeven years, till I had kiſt your hands, and gained your promiſe to accompany me to *Vitterbo*.

Fill. Vitterbo! is that your place of Reſidence?

Jul. Yes; tis a pretty Town, and many noble Familys inhabit there, ſtor'd too with Beauties, at leaſt, 'twas wont to be: have you not ſeen it?

Gall. Yes! and a Beauty there too lately for his repoſe, who has made him ſigh and look ſo like an Aſs ever ſince he came to *Rome*.

Jul. I am glad you have ſo powerful an Argument to invite you back, I know ſhe muſt be rare and of quality that cou'd engage your heart.

Fill. She's both, it moſt unluckily fell out, that I was recommended by a Perſon of Quality in *England* to a Nobleman at *Vitterbo*, who being a Man of a temper frank and gallant, received me with leſs Ceremony than is uſual in *Italy*. I had the freedom of the Houſe, one of the fineſt *Villa*'s belonging to *Vitterbo*, and the pleaſure to ſee and converſe at a diſtance, with one of the loveliеſt Perſons in the World, a Neice of this old Counts.

Jul. Very well, and cou'd you ſee her but at diſtance, Sir?

Fill. Oh, no, 'twas all I durſt deſire, or ſhe durſt give; I came too late to hope; ſhe being before promiſed in Marriage to a more happy man, the Conſummation of which waits only the arrival of a Brother of hers, who is now at the Court of *France*, and every day expected.

Enter Petro *like a Barber.*

Gall. Hah! Signior *Petro.*

Fill. Come Sir, we'll take a turn i'th' gallery, for this Pimp never appears, but *Frances* deſires to be in private.

Gall. Thou wrong'ſt an honeſt ingenious fellow to call him Pimp.

Pet. Ah Seignior, what his worſhip pleaſes!

Gall. That thou art I'il be ſworn, or what any mans worſhip pleaſes, for let me tell ye *Harry*, he is capacitated to oblige in any quality; for Sir, he's your brokering Jew, your Fencing, Dancing and Civility-Maſter, your Linguiſt, your Antiquary, your Bravo, your Pathick, your Whore, your Pimp, and a thouſand more Excellencies he has to ſupply the neceſſities of the wanting ſtranger,——Well ſirrah——what deſign now upon Sir *Signal* and his wiſe Governour;——What do you repreſent now.

Pet. A Barber, Sir.

Gall. And why a Barber, good Seignior *Petro?*

Pet. Oh Sir, the ſooner to take the heights of their judgments, it gives handſome opportunities to commend their faces, for if they are pleaſed with flattery, the certain ſign of a fool's to be moſt tickled when moſt commended, I conclude 'em the fitter for my purpoſe; they already put great confidence in me, will have no Maſters but of my recommending, all which I ſupply my ſelf, by the help of my ſeveral diſguiſes; by which, and my induſtry, I doubt not but to pick up a good honeſt painful livelihood, by cheating theſe two Reverend Coxcombs.

Gall. How the Devil got'ſt thou this credit with 'em?

Pet. Oh eaſily Sir, as knaves get Eſtates, or Fools employments.

Fill. I hope amongſt all your good qualities you forgot not your more natural one of pimping.

Pet. No I aſſure you, Sir, I have told, Sir *Signal Buffoon*; that no Man lives here without his Inamorata, which very word has ſo fir'd him, that he's reſolved to have his Inamorata whatever it coſt him, and as in all things elſe I have in that too promiſed my aſſiſtance.

Gall. If

Gall. If you assist him no better than you have done me, he may stay long enough for his Inamorata

Pet. Whe faith Sir, I lye at my Lady night and day, but she is so loath to part with that same Maiden-head of hers yet—— but to morrow night Sir, there's hopes.——

Gall. To morrow night; Oh 'tis an Age i Love! desire knows no time but the present, 'tis now I wish, and now I wou'd enjoy, a new day ought to bring a new desire.

Pet. Alas Sir, I'm but an humble Bravo.

Gall. Yes thou'rt a Pimp, yet want'st the Art to procure a longing Lover the Woman he adores, tho' but a common Curtizan——Oh confound her Maidenhead—— she understands her trade too well to have that badge of Innocence.

Pet. I offered her her Price, Sir.

Gall. Double it, give any thing, for that's the best receipt I ever found to soften Womens hearts.

Pet. Well, Sir, she will be this Evening in the Garden of *Medices Villa*, there you may get an opportunity to advance your Interest——I must step and trim Mr. *Tickletext*, and then am at your service! (*Exit* Petro.

Ful. What is this Knight and his Governour who have the blessed Fortune to be manag'd by this Squire?

Hill. Certain fools *Galliard* makes use of when he has a mind to laugh: and whom I never thought worth a visit since I came to *Rome*: and he's like to profit much by his Travels who keeps Company with all the English, especially the Fops.

Gall. Faith Sir, I came not abroad to return with the formality of a Judge; and there are such antidotes against Melancholy as wou'd make thee fond of fooling.——Our Knights Father is even the Gentleman of his House, a fellow, who having the good fortune to be much a fool and knave, had the attendant blessing of getting an Estate of some eight thousand a year, with this Coxcomb to inherit it; who (to aggrandize the name and Family of the *Buffoons*) was made a Knight, but to refine throughout and make a compleat Fop, was sent abroad under the Government of one Mr. *Tickletext* his zealous Fathers Chaplain, as errant a blockhead as a man wou'd wish to hear Preach: The Father wisely foreseeing the eminent danger that young Travellers are in of being perverted to Popery.

Ful. 'Twas well considered.

Gall. But for the young spark there is no description can reach him; 'tis only to be done by himself; let it suffice 'tis a pert, sawcy, conceited Animal, whom you shall just now go see, and admire, for he lodges in the house with us.

Ful. With all my heart, I never long'd more for a new acquaintance.

Fill. And in all probability ſhall ſooner deſire to be rid on't aloone. ——— (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Draws off, and diſcovers Mr.* Tickletext *a Trimming, his hair under a cap, a cloath before him, and* Petro *ſnaps his fingers, takes away the Baſon, and goes to wiping his face.*

Tickletext *and* Petro.

Pet. Ah che Bella! Bella! I ſwear by theſe ſparkling Eyes and theſe ſoft plump dimpl'd cheeks, there's not a Seigniora in all *Rome*, cou'd ſhe behold 'em, were able to ſtand their Temptations, and for *La Silvianetta*, my life on't ſhe's your own.

Tick. Teze, teze, ſpeak ſoftly! but honeſt *Barberacho*, do I, do I indeed look plump, and young, and freſh and—hah!

Pet. Ay Sir, as the Roſie Morn, young, as old Time in his Infancy, and plump as the Pale-fac't Moon.

Tick. He——Whe this Travelling muſt needs improve a Man,——Whe how admirably well ſpoken your very Barbers are here,—(*Aſide*)—but *Barberacho*, did the young Gentlewoman ſay ſhe lik't me? did ſhe, Rogue? did ſhe?

Pet. A doated on you Seignior, doated on you.

Tick. Whe, and that's ſtrange now, in the Autumn of my Age too, when Nature began to be impertinent, as a Man may ſay, that a Young Lady ſhou'd fall in love with me—(*aſide* Whe *Barberacho*, I do not conceive any great matter of Sin only in viſiting a Lady that loves a man, hah.

Pet. Sin, Sir, 'tis a frequent thing now adays in Perſons of your Complexion.

Tick. Eſpecially here at *Rome* too, where 'tis no ſcandal.

Pet. Ah Seignior, where the Ladies are *Priviledg'd, and Fornication Licenſed.*

Tick. Right! and when 'tis Licens'd 'tis Lawful, and when 'tis Lawful it can be no Sin: beſides *Barberacho*, I may chance to turn her, who knows!

Pet. Turn her Seignior, alaſs any way, which way you pleaſe.

Tick. He, he, he! There thou wert knaviſh, I doubt——but I mean convert her——Nothing elſe I profeſs *Barberacho.*

Pet, True Seignior, true, ſhe's a Lady of an eaſy nature, and an indifferent Agrument well handled will do't——ha——here's

here's your head of hair——here's your natural Frize! And such an Air it gives the Face!—— So Seignior——Now you have the utmost my Art can do. [*combing out his Hair.*

[*Takes away the cloth and bows.*

Tick. Well Seignior:—and where's your Looking-glass.

Pet. My looking-glass.

Tick. Yes Seignior, your Looking-glass! an English Barber wou'd as soon have forgotten to have snapt his fingers, made his leg, or taken his Money, as have neglected his looking glass.

Pet. Ay Seignior, in your Country the Laiety have so little honesty, they are not to be trusted with the taking off your Beard unless you see't done, ——but here's a Glass, Sir, [*gives him the Glass.*

[Tick. *Sets himself and smirks in the Glass,* Pet. *standing behind him, making horns and grimaces, which* Tick. *sees in the Glass, gravely rises, turns towards* Petro.

Tick. Whe how now, *Barberacho,* what monstrous faces are you making there?

Pet. Ah my Belly, my belly, Seignior: ah this Wind-Collick! this *Hypocondriach* does so torment me! ah——

Tick. Alas poor Knave; *certo,* I thought thou hadst been somewhat uncivil with me, I profess I did;

Pet. Who, I Sir, uncivil?——I abuse my Patrone?—I that have almost made my self a Pimp to serve you?

Tick. Teze, teze, honest *Barberacho!* no, no, no, all's well, all's well:——but hark y'——you will be discreet and secret in this business now, and above all things conceal the knowledge of this Gentlewoman, from Sir *Signal* and Mr. *Galliard.*

Pet. The Rack Seignior, the Rack shall not extort it.

Tick. Hold thy hand—there's somewhat for thee, (*gives him mony.*

but shall I Rogue—shall I see her to night?——

Pet. To night Sir, meet me in the Piatza *D'hispagnia,* about 10 a Clock,——I'll meet you there,——but 'tis fit Seignior ——that I should provide a Collation,——'tis the custom here Sir.——

Tick. Well, well, what will it come to,——here's an Angel.——

Pet. Whe Sir, 'twill come to——about——for you wou'd do't handsomely——some twenty Crowns.——

Tick. How man twenty Crowns.

Pet. Ay Seignior thereabouts.

Tick. Twenty Crowns——Whe 'tis a Sum, a Portion, a Revenue.

Pet. Alaſs Seignior 'tis nothing with her,——ſhe'l look it out in an hour,——ah ſuch an Eye, ſo ſparkling, with an Amorous twire——then Sir——ſhe'll kiſs it out in a moment.—ſuch a Lip, ſo red, ſo round, ſo plump, ſo ſoft and ſo——

Tick. Why has ſhe, has ſhe, Sirrah——hah——here, here, prethee take money, here, and make no words on't——go, go your way, go——but to entertain Sir *Signal* with other matter, pray ſend his Maſters to him; if thou canſt help him to Maſters, and me to Miſtreſſes, thou ſha't be the good Genius of us both: but ſee where he comes.——

Enter Sir Signal.

Sir *Sig.* Hah! *Signior Illuſtriſſimo Barbaracho,* let me hug thee my little *Miphiſtophilougho*——'e yee ſee here, how fine your Brokering Jew has made me, Seignior *Rabbi Manaſſeh-Ben-Nebiton,* and ſo forth; hah—view me round—— (*turns round.*

Tick. I profeſs 'tis as fit as if it had been made for you.

Sir *Sig.* Made for me——Why Sir, he ſwore to me by the old Law, that 'twas never worn but once, and that but by one High German Prince——I have forgot his name——for the Devil can never remember theſe damn'd *Hogan-Mogan* Titles. (*a fart.*

Tick. No matter Sir.

Si *Sig.* Ay, but I ſhou'd be loath to be in any mans cloaths, were he never ſo high a German Prince, except I knew his name tho'.

Tick. Sir, I hold his name unneceſſary to be remembred, ſo long as 'twas a Princely Penniworth.——*Barbaracho* get you gone and ſend the Maſters. (*Ex.* Petro

Sir *Sig.* Whe, how now Governour! how now Seignior *Tickletext*! prethee how cameſt thou ſo tranſmogrified, ha? whe thou look'ſt like any new fledg'd *Cupid.*

Tick. Do I, away you flatter, Do I?

Sir *Sig.* As I hope to breath, your face ſhines thro' your powder'd hairs like you know what on a Barn-door in a froſty morning.

Tick. What a filthy compariſon's there for a man of my coat.

Sir *Sig.* What angry——*Corpo di me* I meant no harm,——Come ſhall's to a *Bonaroba,* where thou ſhalt part with thy paſſage, and that of thy beard together.

Tick. How mean you, Sir, a Curtizan and a Romiſh Curtizan?

Sir *Sig.* Now my Tuter's up, ha, ha, ha,—and ever is when one names a whore; be paciſi'd man, be paciſi'd, I know thou hat'ſt 'em worſe than beads or holy-water.

Tick. Away

Tick. Away you are ſuch another Knight——but leave this naughty diſcourſe, and prepare for your Fencing and Civility Maſters, who are coming,

Sir *Sig.* Ay when Governour, when; oh how I long for my Civility-Maſter, that I may learn to out-complement all the dul Knights and Squires in *Kent*, with a *Servitore Hulichimo* ——*No ſigniora Belliſſima, baſe le Mane, de vos ſigniora ſcuſa mia Illuſtriſſimo, caſpeto de Baceo*, and ſo I'll run on, hah Governour, hah! won't this be pure?

Tick. Notably Ingenious, I profeſs!

Sir *Sig.* Well I'll ſend my *Staffiera* for him *incontinente*.—he, *Jack*——a——*Cazo*, what a damned Engliſh name is *Jack*? let me ſee——I will call him——*Giovanni*, which is as much as to ſay *John*!——he *Giovanni*.

Enter Jack.

Tick. Sir, by your favour his Engliſh Proteſtant-Name is *John Pepper*, and I'll call him by ne're a Popiſh-name in Chriſtiandom.

Sir *Sig.* I'll call my own man Sir, by what name I pleaſe Sir; and let me tell you Reverend Mr. *Tickletext*, I ſcorn to be ſerved by any man whoſe name has not an *Acho* or an *Oucho*, or ſome *Italiano* at the end on't——therefore *Giovanni Peperacho* is the name by which you ſhall be diſtinguiſhed and dignify'd hereafter.

Tick. Sir *Signal*, Sir *Signal*, let me tell you, that to call a man out of his name is unwarrantable, for *Peter* is call'd *Peter*, and *John*, *John*, and I'll not ſee the poor fellow wrong'd of his name for ne're a *Giovanni* in *Rome*.

Sir *Sig.* Sir, I tell you that one Italian name is worth two Engliſh names in *Europe*, and I'll be judg'd by my Civility-Maſter.

Tick. Who ſhall end the diſpute if he be of my opinion.

Sir *Sig.* *Multo vollentiero*, which is as much as to ſay, with all my heart.

Jack. But Sir, my Grandmother wou'd never own me if I ſhould change the curſen name ſhe gave me with her own hands, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Sir *Sig.* He *Beſtia*! I'll have no more of your Worſhip, ſirrah, that old Engliſh Sir Reverence, let me have you call me *Seignior Illuſtriſſimo* or *Patrona Mea*——or——

Tick. I, that I like well enough:——but hold, ſure this is one of your Maſters.

Enter

Enter Petro *dreſt like a French Fencing Maſter.*

Pet. Seignior *Barberacho* has ſent me to teach you de Art of Fencing.

Sir *Sig.* *Illuſtriſſimo Seignior Monſieur*, I am the Perſon who am to learn.

Tick. Stay, Sir, ſtay,——let me ask him ſome few queſtions firſt, for, Sir, I have play'd at Back-Sword, and cou'd have handled ye a weapon as well as any Man of my time in the Univerſity.

Sir *Sig.* Say you ſo, Mr. *Tickletext*, and faith you ſhall have about with him. (Tick. *gravely goes to* Petro.

Tick. Hum—hum—Mr. *Monſieur*—pray what are the Guards that you like beſt?

Pet. *Monſieur eder de Quart or de Terſe*, dey be both French and Italian: den for your Parades, Degagements, your Advancements, your Eloynements and Retierments: dey be de ſame.

Tick. Cart and Horſe, what new found inventions and words have we here, ——Sir, I wou'd know, whether you like St. *George*'s Guard or not.

Pet. Alon—*Monſieur, Mette vous en Guard*! take de Flurette.

Sir *Sig.* Nay, faith and troth, Governor, thou ſhat have a Rubbers with him. (Tick. *Smiling refuſes.*

Tick. Nay, *certo* Sir *Signal*,—and yet you ſhall prevail;—well, Sir, come your ways? (*Takes the fluret.*

Pet: Set your right foot forward, turn up your hand ſo—dat be *de Quart*—now turn it dus—and that be *de Terſe.*

Tick. Hocus, Pocus, Hickſius, Doxius——here be de Cart, and here be de Horſe—why, what's all this for, hah, Sir—and where's your Guard all this while?

Sir *Sig.* Ay, Sir, where's your Guard, Sir as my Governour ſays, Sir, hah?

Tick. Come, come, Sir, I muſt inſtruct you, I ſee——Come your ways, Sir.——

Pet. *A Tande a Tande um pew*,——truſt de right hand and de right leg forward together.——

Tick. I marry Sir, that's a good one indeed: What ſhall become of my head then, Sir? what Guard have I left for that, good Mr. *Monſieur*, hah?

Pet. Ah, Morblew, is not dis for every ting?

Tick. No, marry is not it, Sir, St. *George*'s Guard is beſt for the head whilſt you live——as thus, Sir.——

Pet. Dat,

Pet. Dat, Sir, ha, ha —— dat be de Guard for de Back-Sword.

Tick. Back-ſword, Sir, yes, Back-ſword, what ſhou'd it be elſe?

Pet. And dis be de Single Rapier.

Tick. Single-Rapier with a Vengeance, there's a weapon for a Gentleman indeed; is all this ſtir about Single-Rapier?

Pet. Single-Rapier! What wou'd you have for de Gentleman, de Cudgel for de Gentleman?

Tick. No, Sir, but I wou'd have it for de Raſcally *Frenchman*, who comes to abuſe Perſons of Quality with Paltry Single Rapier.—— Single-Rapier! Come, Sir, come——put your ſelf in your Cart and your Horſe as you call it, and I'll ſhew you the difference. [*Undreſſes himſelf till he appears in a ridiculous Poſture.*

Pet. Ah, *Monſieur*, me ſall run you two or three times thro' the Body, and den you break a me head, what care I for dat: —Pox on his ignorance. (*Aſide.*

Tick. Oh, ho, Sir, do your worſt, Sir.

They put themſelves into ſeveral Guards, and Tick. *beats* Pet. *about the Stage —— Enter* Gall. Fill. *and* Jul.

Pet. Ah *Monſieur*, *Monſieur*, will you kill a me?

Tick. Ah *Monſieur*, where be your Carts now, and your Horſe, Mr. *Monſieur*, hah?—and your Single-Rapier, Mr. *Monſieur*, hah? ——

Gall. Why how now, Mr. *Tickletext*, what mortal Wars are theſe? *Ajax* and *Ulyſſes* contending for *Achilles* his Armour?

Pet. If I be not reveng'd on him, hang me. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Sig.* Ay, why who the Devil wou'd have taken my Governor for ſo tall a man of hands, but *Corpo de me*, Mr. *Galliard*, I have not ſeen his Fellow.

Tick. Ah, Sir, time was, I wou'd have play'd ye a Match at Cudgels with e're a Sophiſter in the Colledge, but verily I have forgotten it, but here's an impudent French-man that wou'd have paſt Single-Rapier upon us.

Gall. How, nay, a my word then he deſerv'd to be chaſtiz'd for't—but now all's at Peace again; pray know my kinſman, Sir *Harry Fillamour*.

Sir *Sig.* *Yo baco les manos*, Seignior *Illuſtriſſimo Cavaliero*,—and yours Seigniors, who are *Multo bien Venito*.

Tick. Oh Lord, Sir, you take me Sir—in ſuch a poſture, Sir, —as I proteſt I have not been in this many years.

(*Dreſſing himſelf whilſt he talks.*

Fill. Ex-

Fill. Exerciſe is good for health, Sir.

Gall. Sir *Signal*, you are grown a perfect *Italian*: Well, Mr. *Tickletext*, you will carry him home a moſt accompliſh'd Gentleman I ſee.

Tick. Hum, verily, Sir, though I ſay it, for a Man that never travell'd before, I think I have done reaſonably well;—I'll tell you, Sir—it was by my directions and advice that he brought over with him,——two *Engliſh* Knives, a thouſand of *Engliſh* Pins, four pair of *Jerſey* Stockings, and as many pair of Buck-skin Gloves,

Sir *Sig.* Ay, Sir, for good Gloves you know are very ſcarce Commodities in this Country.

Ful. Here, Sir, at *Rome*, as you ſay, above all other places.

Tick. *Certo*, meer hedging-Gloves, Sir, and the clouterleſt ſeams. ———

Fill. Very right, Sir,——and now he talks of *Rome*,—Pray, Sir, give me your opinion of the place?——are there not noble Buildings here? rare Statues and admirable Fountains?

Tick. Your Buildings are pretty Buildings, but not comparable to our Univerſity Buildings; your Fountains I confeſs are pretty Springs,—and your Statues reaſonably well carv'd——but, Sir, they are ſo Ancient they are of no value, then your Churches are the worſt that ever I ſaw ——— that ever I ſaw.

Gall. How, Sir, the Churches, why I thought *Rome* had been famous throughout all *Europe* for fine Churches.

Fill. What think you of St. *Peter*'s Church, Sir, Is it not a glorious ſtructure?

Tick. St. *Peter*'s Church, Sir, you may as well call it St. *Peter*'s Hall, Sir; it has neither Pew, Pulpit, Desk, Steeple, nor Ring of Bells, and call you this a Church, Sir? no, Sir, I'll ſay that for little *England*, and a fig for't, for Churches, eaſie Pulpits [Sir *Sig. ſpeaks*, and ſleeping Pews.] they are as well ordered as any Churches in Chriſtendom: and finer Rings of Bells, Sir, I am ſure were never heard.

Ful. Oh, Sir, there's much in what you ſay.

Fill. But then, Sir, your rich Altars, and excellent Pictures of the greateſt Maſters of the World, your delicate Muſick and Voices, make ſome amends for the other wants.

Tick. How, Sir! tell me of your rich Altars, your guegaws and trinkets, and Popiſh Fopperies; with a deal of Sing-ſong—when I ſay, give me, Sir, five hundred cloſe Changes rung by a ſet of good Ringers, and I'll not exchange 'em for all the Anthems in *Europe*: and for the Pictures, Sir, they are Superſtition, Idolatrous, and flat Popery.

Fill. I'll

Fill. I'll convince you of that Errour that perſwades you harmleſs Pictures are Idolatrous.

Tick. How Sir, how Sir, convince me, talk to me of being convinc't and that in favour of Popery; no, Sir, by your favour I ſhall not be convinc't, convinc't quoth a——no, Sir, far you well, an you be for convincing, come away Sir *Signal*, far you well, Sir, far you well, ——— convinc't.

(*Goes out.*

Sir *Sig.* Ha, ha, ha, ſo now is my Governour gone in a Fuſtian-fume, well, he is ever thus when one talks of Whoring and Religion, but come, Sir, walk in, and I'll undertake my Tutor ſhall beg your Pardon, and renounce his Engliſh ill-bred opinion; nay, his Engliſh Churches too——all but his own Vicaridge.

Fill. I have better diverſion, Sir, I thank you—come, *Julio*, are you for a walk in the Garden of *Medices Villa*, 'tis hard by? ———

Jul. I'll wait on you—— [*Exit* Fill. *and* Julio.

Sir *Sig.* How in the Garden of *Medices Villa*——but, harkey, *Galliard*, will the Ladies be there, the Curtizans; the *bona roba*'s, the *inamorata*'s, and the *Bell ingrato*'s, hah.

Gall. Oh, doubtleſs, Sir. (*Exit* Gall.

Sir *Sig.* I'll e'en bring my Governour thither to beg his Pardon, on purpoſe to get an opportunity to ſee the fine Women; it may be I may get a ſight of my new Miſtreſs, *Dona Silvianetta*, whom *Petro* is to bring me acquainted with.

(*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Murifini *and* Octavio.

Oct. BY Heaven I will not eat, nor ſleep, nor pray for any thing but ſwift and ſure Revenge, till I have found *Marcella*, that falſe deceiving beauty or her Lover, my hated Rival *Fillamour!* who wanton in the Arms of the fair Fugitive laughs at my ſhameful eaſineſs, and crys, theſe joys were never meant for tame *Octavio.*

Enter Crapine.

Mur. How now, *Crapine*! What, no News, no News of my Neeces yet, *Mercella* and *Cornelia*?

Crap. None, Sir.

Oct. That's wondrous ſtrange, *Rome*'s a place of that general Intelligence, methinks thou might'ſt have News of ſuch Trivial things as Women, amongſt the Cardinals Pages; I'll undertake to learn the Region *de ſtato*, and preſent juncture of all affairs in *Italy*, of a common Curtizan.

Mur. Sirrah, Sirrah, let it be your care to examine all the Nunneries, for my own part not a Petticoat ſhall eſcape me.

Oct. My task ſhall be for *Fillamour.* (*Aſide.*

Mur. I'll only make a viſit to your ſiſter *Dona Laura Lucretia*, and deliver her a Letter from my Nephew *Julio*, and return to you preſently.— (*Going out, is ſtaid by* Octavio.

Oct. Stay, Sir, defer your viſit to my Siſter *Laura*, ſhe is not yet to know of my being in Town, 'tis therefore I have taken a Lodging in an obſcure ſtreet, and am reſolv'd never to be my ſelf again till I've redeem'd my honour. Come, Sir, let's walk—

Enter to them as they are going out, Marcella *and* Cornelia, *dreſt like Curtizans,* Philipa *and Attendance.*

Mur. Stay, ſtay, what women are theſe?

Oct. Whores,

Oct. Whores, Sir, and ſo 'tis ten to one are all the kind, only theſe differ from the reſt in this, they generouſly own their trade of ſin, which others deal by ſtealth in: They are Curtizans. [*Exeunt.*

Mar. The Evenings ſoft and calm, as happy Lovers thoughts:
And here are Groves where the kind meeting Trees
Will hide us from the Amorous gazing croud.

Cor. What ſhou'd we do there, ſigh till our wandering Breath,
Has rais'd a gentle gale amongſt the boughs;
To whoſe dull melancholy Muſick we
Laid on a Bed of Moſs, and new fallen leaves,
Will read the diſmal tale of Eccho's Love!
—No, I can make better uſe of Famous *Ovid.*
(*Snatches a little Book from her.*
And prethee what a pox have we to do with Trees,
Flowers, Fountains, or naked Statues?

Mar. But prethee mad *Cornelia*, let's be grave and wiſe, at leaſt enough to think a little.

Cor. On what? your *Engliſh* Cavalier *Fillamour*, of whom you tell ſo many dull ſtories of his making Love! Oh how I hate a civil whining Coxcomb.

Mar. And ſo do I, I'll therefore think of him no more.

Cor. Good Lord! what a damnable wicked thing is a Virgin grown up to Woman.

Mar. Why, art thou ſuch a Fool to think I Love this *Fillamour*?

Cor. It may be not at *Rome*, but at *Vitterbo*, where Men are ſcarce you did; and did you follow him to *Rome*, to tell him you cou'd Love no more?

Mar. A too forward Maid, *Cornelia*, hurts her own Fame and that of all her Sex.

Cor. Her Sex! a pretty conſideration, by my Youth, an Oath I ſhall not violate this dozen years, my Sex ſhou'd excuſe me, if to preſerve their fame they expected I ſhou'd ruin my own quiet: In chuſing an ill-favour'd Husband, ſuch as *Octavio* before a young handſome Lover, ſuch as you ſay *Fillamour* is.

Mar. I wou'd fain perſwade my ſelf to be of thy mind,—but the World, *Cornelia* ———

Cor. Hang the malicious World ———

Mar. And there's ſuch Charms in Wealth and Honour too.

Cor. None half ſo powerful as Love, in my opinion, 'life, Siſter, thou art beautiful, and haſt a Fortune too, which before I wou'd lay out upon ſo ſhameful a purchaſe as ſuch a Bedfellow for

for life as *Octavio*; I wou'd turn errant keeping Curtizan, and buy my better Fortune.

Mar. That word too ſtartles me.

Cor. What Curtizan, why, 'tis a Noble Title, and has more *Votaries than Religion*, there's no Merchandize like ours, that of Love, my Siſter; ——— and can you be frighted with the Vizor, which you your ſelf put on.

Mar. 'Twas the only diſguiſe that cou'd ſecure us from the ſearch of my Uncle and *Octavio*, our Brother *Julio* is by this too arriv'd, and I know they'll all be diligent, ——— and ſome honour I was content to ſacrifice to my eternal repoſe.

Cor. Spoke like my Siſter, a little impertinent Honour, we may chance to loſe, 'tis true, but our right down Honeſty I perceive you are reſolv'd we ſhall maintain through all the dangers of Love and Gallantry;—though to ſay truth, I find enough to do, to defend my heart againſt ſome of thoſe Members that nightly Serenade us; and daily ſhow themſelves before our Window, Gay as young Briderooms, and as full of expectation.

Mar. But is't not wondrous, that amongſt all theſe Crowds we ſhould not once ſee *Fillamour*, I thought the Charms of a fair young Curtizan might have oblig'd him to ſome curioſity at leaſt.

Cor. Ay! and an *Engliſh* Cavalier too, a Nation ſo fond of all new Faces.

Mar. Heaven, if I ſhould never ſee him, and I frequent all publick places to meet him! or if he be gone from *Rome*, if he have forgot me, or ſome other Beauty have employ'd his thoughts! — ———

Cor. Whe, if all theſe if's and or's come to paſs, we have no more to do than to advance in this ſame glorious profeſſion, of which now we only ſeem to be:—in which, to give it its due, there are a thouſand ſatisfactions to be found, more than in a dull virtuous life: Oh the World of dark Lanthorn Men we ſhould have; the Serenades, the Songs, the Sighs, the Vows, the Preſents, the Quarrels, and all for a look or a ſmile, which you have been hitherto ſo covetous of, that *Petro* ſwears our Lovers begins to ſuſpect us for ſome honeſt Jilts; which by ſome is accounted much the lewder ſcandal of the two, —therefore I think faith we muſt e'en be kind a little to redeem our Reputations.

Mar. However we may rally, certainly there's nothing ſo hard to Woman, as to expoſe her ſelf to villainous Man.

Cor. Faith,

Cor. Faith, Sister, if 'twere but as easie to satisfie the nice scruples of Religion and Honour, I should find no great difficulty in the rest, —— besides, another Argument I have, our Money's all gone, and without a Miracle can hold out no longer honestly. ——————

Mar. Then we must sell our Jewels!

Cor. When they are gone, what Jewel will you part with next.

Mar. Then we must. ——

Cor. What, go home to *Vitterbo*, ask the Old Gentleman pardon, and be receiv'd to Grace again, you to the embraces of the amiable *Octavio*, and I to St. *Teretia*'s, to whistle thro' a grate like a Bird in a Cage,——for I shall have little heart to sing:——but come, let's leave this sad talk, here's men—let's walk and gain new Conquest, I love it dearly.——

(*Walk down the Garden.*

Enter Gall. Fill. *and* Jul. *See the Women.*

Gall. Women! and by their garbo for our purpose too——they're Curtizans, let's follow 'em.

Fill. What shall we get by gazing but disquiet, if they are fair and honest, we look and perhaps may sigh in vain; if beautiful and loose, they are not worth regarding.

Gall. Dear Notional Knight, leave your satyrical Fopperies, and be at least good humour'd, and let's follow 'em.

Jul. I'll leave you in the pursuit, and take this opportunity to write my Uncle word of my arrival: And wait on you here anon.

Fill. Prethee do so: hah, whose that with such an Equipage?

[*Exit* Jul. Fill. *and* Gall. *going after.*
Marcella *and* Cor. *meet just entring,*
Laura *with her Equipage, dress't like a Man.*

Gall. Pox, let the Tradesmen ask, who cringe for such gay Customers, and follow us the Women!

[*Exit* Fill. *and* Gall. *down the Scene.* Lau. *looking after 'em.*

Lau. 'Tis he, my Cavalier! my Conqueror: *Antonio*, let the Coaches wait,—and stand at distance all: Now, *Silvio*, on thy life forget my Sex and Quality, forget my useless name of *Laura Lucretia*, and call me Count of ——————

Sil. What, Madam?

Lau. Madam! ah foolish Boy; thy feminine courage will betray us all;——but——call me——Count——*Sam's Coate*, ——and tell me, *Silvio*,
How is it I appear!

How doſt thou like my ſhape —— my face and dreſs?
My Mien and Equipage, may I not paſs for Man?
Looks it *en Prince* and Maſculine?

Sil. Now as I live you look all over what you wiſh; and ſuch as will beget a reverence and envy in the Men, and Paſſion in the Women, but what's the cauſe of all this Transformation?

Lau. Love! Love! Dull Boy, cou'dſt thou not gueſs 'twas Love? that dear *Engleſe* I muſt enjoy, my *Silvio.*

Sil. What, he that adores the fair young Curtizan?

Lau. That very he, my window joys to hers, and 'twas with Charms which he'ad prepar'd for her, he took this heart,
Which met the welcome Arrows in their flight.
And ſav'd her from their dangers,
Oft I've return'd the Vows he'as made to her
And ſent him pleas'd away;
When through the errours of the Night, and diſtance
He has miſtook me for that happy wanton,
And gave me Language of ſo ſoft a Power,
As ne're was breath in vain to liſtening Maids.

Sil. But with permiſſion, Madam, how does this change of Petticoat for Breeches, and ſhifting Houſes too, advance that Love?

Lau. This habit, beſides many opportunities 'twill give me, of getting into his acquaintance, ſecures me too from being known by any of my Relations in *Rome*; then I have changed my houſe for one ſo neer to that of *Silvianetta*'s, and ſo like it too, that even you and I have ſo oft miſtook the entrance; by which means Love, Fortune or Chance; may with my induſtry contrive ſome kind miſtake that may make me happier than the reſt of womankind.

Sil. But what ſhall be reſerv'd then for Count *Julio*, whoſe laſt Letters promiſe his arrival within a day or two, and whom you're then to marry?

Lau Reſerv'd for him! a Wife! a Wife, my *Silvio*;
That unconcer'd Domeſtique Neceſſary,
Who rarely brings a heart, or takes it ſoon away:

Sil. But then your Brother, Count *Octavio*, do you not fear his Jealouſie?

Lau. Octavio! Oh, nature has ſet his Soul and mine at odds,
And I can know no fear but where I Love.

Sil. And then that thing that Ladies call their Honour ——

Lau. Honour, that hated Idol, even by thoſe
That ſet it up to worſhip: No,
I have a Soul, my Boy, and that's all Love!

And

And I'll the Tallent which Heaven lent improve?

[*Going out, meets* Marcella *and* Cornelia *followed by* Gall. *and* Fill.

Sil. Here be the Curtizans, my Lord.

Lau. Hah, *Silvianetta* and *Eupbemia*! purſu'd too by my Cavalier, I'll round the Garden and mix my ſelf amongſt 'em.

[*Exeunt with her train.*

Mar. Prethee, Siſter, let's retire into the Grove, to avoid the purſuit of theſe Cavaliers.

Cor. Not I, by theſe killing Eyes!. I'll ſtand my ground were there a thouſand, all Arm'd with Conquering Beauty?

Mar. Hah——now on my Conſcience yonder's *Fillamour*!

Cor. Ha! *Fillamour*!

Mar. My Courage fails me at the ſight of him——I muſt retire.

Cor. And I'll to my Art of Love. [Mar. *retires and leans againſt a Tree,* Cor. *walks about reading.*

Gall. 'Tis ſhe, 'tis *Silvianetta*! Prethee advance, that thou mayſt behold her, and renounce all honeſt women: Since in that one young ſinner there are charms that wou'd excuſe even to thee all frailty.

Fill. The forms of Angels cou'd not reconcile me
To Women of her Trade.

Gall. This is too happy an opportunity, to be loſt in convincing thy ſingularity,—— [Gall. *goes bowing by the ſide of* Cornelia, Fill. *walks about in the Scene.*

—If Creatures ſo fair and charming as your ſelf, had any need of prayer, I ſhou'd believe by your profound attention you were at your Evenings Devotion.

Cor. That you may find your miſtake, in the opinion of my Charms, Pray believe I am ſo, and ought not to be interrupted.

Gall. I hope a man may have leave to make his Devotions by you, at leaſt without danger or offence?

Cor. I know not that, I have reaſon to fear your Devotion may be ominous, like a Blazing Star, it comes but ſeldom,—but ever threatens miſchief,——Pray Heaven, I ſhare not in the Calamity:

Gall. Why, I confeſs, Madam, my fit of zeal does not take me often, but when it does, 'tis very harmleſs and wondrous hearty.——

Cor. You may begin then, I ſhall not be ſo wicked as to diſturb your Oriſons.

Gall. Wou'd I cou'd be well assur'd of that, for mine's Devotion of great necessity, and the blessing I pray infinitely for, conserves me; therefore in Christian Charity keep down your Eyes, and do not ruin a young Man's good intentions, unless they wou'd agree to send kind looks, and save me the expence of prayer.

Cor. Which wou'd be better laid out you think upon some other Blessing.

Gall. Whe faith 'tis good to have a little bank upon occasion, though I hope I shall have no great need hereafter,——if the Charming *Silvianetta* be but kind, 'tis all I ask of Heaven.

Cor. You're very well acquainted with my name, I find.

Gall. Your Name! 'tis all I have to live on!
Like cheerful Birds, 'tis the first tune I sing,
To welcome in the day:
The Groves repeat it, and the Fountains Purle it,
And every pretty sound that fills my Ear,
Turns all to *Silviantta.* [Fill. *looks a while on* Marcella.

Fill. Galliard, look there——look on that lovely Woman; 'tis *Marcella*, the beautiful *Marcella.* [*Offers to run to her,* Gall. *holds him.*

Gall. Hold! *Marcella*, where?

Fill. That Lady there; did'st ever see her equal?

Gall. —Whe faith as you say, *Harry*, that Lady is beautiful —and, make us thankful——kind, whe 'tis *Euphemia*, Sir, the very Curtizan I wou'd have show'd you. ——————

Fill. Forbear, I am not fit for mirth.

Gall. Nor I in humour to make you merry;
I tell ye—yonder woman——is a Curtizan.

Fill. Do not prophane nor rob Heaven of a Saint.

Gall. Nor you rob mankind of such a blessing, by giving it to Heaven before its time.——I tell thee 'tis a whore; a fine desirable expensive whore.

Fill. By heaven it cannot be! I'll speak to her, and call her my *Marcella*, and undeceive thy Lewd opinion. [*Offers to go, he holds him.*

Gall. Do, salute her in good Company for an honest Woman ——do——and spoil her Markets: —'twill be a pretty civil spightful Complement, and no doubt well taken;——come, I'll convince ye, Sir. [*Goes and pulls* Philipa. ——harkey, thou kind help-meet for man—thou gentle child of Night——what is the price of a Night or two of pleasure, with yonder Lady——*Euphemia*, I mean, that Roman Curtizan. ——————

Fill. Oh heavens! a Curtizan!

Phil. Sure

Phil. Sure you're a great ſtranger in *Rome* that cannot tell her price.

Gall. I am ſo, name it, prethee, here's a young *Engliſh* purchaſer—Come forward, Man, and cheapen for your ſelf—
[*Pulls him.*

Phil. Oh ſpare your pains, ſhe wants no Cuſtomers. ——
[*Flings away.*

Fill. No, no, it cannot muſt not be *Marcella*;
She has too much Divinity about her,
Not to defend her from all imputation,
Scandal won'd die to hear her Name pronounc'd.

Phil. Believe me, Madam, he knows you not, I over heard all he ſaid to that Cavalier, and find he's much in Love.

Mar. Not know me, and in Love! puniſh him Heaven for his falſhood, but I'll contribute to deceive him on, and ruin him with perjury.

Fill. I am not yet convinc'd, I'll try her farther, [*Goes to her bowing.*]—but, Madam, is that Heavenly beauty purchaſeable? I'll pay a heart rich with ſuch wounds and flames.——

Gall. Not forgetting the Money too, good Lad, or your wounds and flames will be of little uſe. [*Gall. goes to* Cornelia.

Mar. He tells you truth, Sir, we are not like the Ladies of your Country, who tire out their Men with loving upon the ſquare, heart for heart, till it becomes as dull as Matrimony, to Women of our profeſſion there's no Rhetorick like ready Money, nor Billet-Doux like Bill of Exchange.

Fill. Oh! that Heaven ſhou'd make two perſons ſo reſembling
And yet ſuch different ſouls. [*Looks on her.*
—Sdeath, how ſhe darts me through with every look,
But if ſhe ſpeak, ſhe heals the wound again.

Enters Octavio, *with followers.*

Oct. Hah, my Rival *Fillamour* here! fall on——draw, Sir, ——and ſay I gave you one advantage more and fought thee fairly.

[*Draws on* Fill. Fill. *fights him out; the Ladies run off*: Gall. *falls on the Followers, with whom whilſt he is ingaged, Enters* Julio, *draws and aſſiſts him: and* Laura *at the ſame time on the other ſide; Enter* Petro *dreſt like a Civility-Maſter; Sir* Signal *and* Tickletext, *Sir* Signal *climbs a Tree*: Tick. *runs his head in a buſh, and lies on his hands and knees.* Pet. *aſſiſts* Gall. *and fights out the Bravo's* Pet. *re-enters.*

Lau. Hah, my Cavalier ingaged amongſt the Slaves.

Pet. My Lady's Lovers! and ſet upon by *Octavio*! we muſt be diligent in our affairs, Sir *Signal*, where are ye? Seignior *Tickletext*. I hope they have not miſcarried in the fray.

Sir *Sig.* Oh *vos Servitor*, *vos Seignoria*, miſcarried, no the Fool has wit enough to keep out of harms way.

[*Comes down from the Tree.*

Pet. Oh very diſcreetly done, Seignior.———

[*Sees* Tick. *in a buſh, pulls him out by the heals.*

Sir *Sig.* Whe how now, Governour, what afraid of Swords.

Tick. No, Sir, I am not afraid of Swords, but I am afraid of danger.

Enter Gall. *embracing* Laura; *after 'em*, Jul. *and* Fill. Fill. *looks about.*

Gall. This bravery, Sir, was wondrous.

Lau. 'Twas only Juſtice, Sir, you being oppreſt with odds.

Fill. She's gone, ſhe's gone in Triumph with my Soul.

Jul. What was the matter, Sir, how came this miſchief?

Fill. Oh eaſily, Sir; I did but look, and infinitely lov'd.

Jul. And therefore were you drawn upon, or was it ſome old Pique?

Fill. I know not, Sir, Oh tell me not of Quarrels. The Woman, Friend, the Woman has undone me.

Gall. Oh a bleſſed hearing! I'm glad of the Reformation, Sir, you were ſo ſqueamiſh, forſooth, that a Whore wou'd not down with ye! no, 'twou'd ſpoil your Reputation.———

Fill. A Whore! wou'd I cou'd be convinc'd ſhe were ſo, 'twou'd call my virtue home and make me man again.

Gall. Thou ly'ſt—thou'rt as weak a Brother as the beſt on's and, believe me, *Harry*, theſe ſort of Damſels are like Witches, if they once get hold of a Man, he's their own till the Charm be ended; you gueſs what that is, Sir?

Fill. Oh, *Frank*, hadſt thou then felt how tenderly ſhe preſt my hand in hers, as if ſhe wou'd have kept it there for ever, it wou'd have made thee mad, ſtark mad in Love!——and nothing but *Marcella* cou'd have charm'd me. [*Aſide.*

Gall. Ay, Gad, I'll warrant thee,——well, thou ſhalt this night enjoy her.

Fill. How!

Gall. How, whe, faith *Harry*, e'en the old way, I know no other. Whe thou ſhalt lie with her man; come, let's to her.

Fill. Away, let's follow her inſtantly.

[*Going out, ſtopt by Sir* Signal.

Enter

Enter Sir Sig. Tick. Petro.

Sir *Sig.* Seignior, I have brought Mr. *Tickletext*, to beg your pardon—Sir.

Fill. I've other buſineſs, Sir. (*Goes out.*

Gall. Come, let's follow him, and you my generous Cavalier, muſt give me leave to beg the Honour of your Friendſhip.

Lau. My inclinations, Sir, have given you more—pray let me wait on you to your Lodgings, leſt a farther Inſolence ſhou'd be offer'd you.

Gall. Sir, you oblige too faſt. [*They go out.*

Sir *Sig.* Ah *che Deavilo Ayles* theſe hot-brain'd fellows, ſure they're Drunk.

Pet. Oh fee Seignior, Drunk, for a Man of Quality—'tis intolerable.

Sir *Sig.* Ay: Whe how ſo Seignior *Morigoroſo.*

Pet. Imbriaco had made it a fine ſpeech indeed.

Sir *Sig.* Whe faith, and ſo it had, as thus,—*ach Deavilo Ailes* theſe hot-brain'd fellows, ſure they are *imbriaco*,——now wou'd not I be drunk for a thouſand Crowns: *Imbriaco* ſounds *Cinquat par cent* better,——Come, Noble Seignior, let's *Andiamo a Caſa*, which is as much as to ſay, let's amble home.—

Tick. Introth, wondrous expert——*Cerio* Seignior, he's an apt Scholar.

Sir *Sig.* Ah, Sir, you ſhall ſee, when I come to my Civilties.———

Pet. Where the firſt leſſon you ſhall learn, is, how to give and how to receive with a Bon-Grace.

Tick. That receiving leſſon I will learn my ſelf.

Pet. This unfrequented part of the Garden, Seignior will fit our purpoſe as well as your Lodgings,—firſt then—Seignior your addreſs. [*Puts himſelf in the middle.*

[Petro *bows on both ſides, they do the like.*

—Very well, that's at the approach of any perſon of quality, after which you muſt take out your Snuff Box.

Sir *Sig.* Snuff Box, whe, we take no Snuff, Seignior.

Pet. Then Sir, by all means you muſt learn: For, beſides the Mode and Gravity of it, it inviveates the *Pericranium*; that is, ſapientiat's the brain,——that is, inſpires Wit, Thought, Invention, Underſtanding, and the like——you conceive me, Seigniors——— [*Bowing.*

Sir *Sig.* Moſt profoundly Seignior.—— [*Bowing.*

Pet. ——Then Seigniors, it keeps you in confidance, and countenance; and whilſt you gravely ſeem to take a ſnuſh, you gain time to anſwer to the purpoſe, (and in

a Politique Posture——as thus)——to any intricate question.

Tick. Hum—*certo* I like that well; and 'twere admirable if a man were allow'd to take it when he's out in's Sermon.

Pet. Doubtless, Seignior, you might, it helps the Memory better than Rosemary, therefore I have brought each of you a Snuff-box.

Sir *Sig.* By no means: Excuse me Seignior.

[*Refuses to take 'em.*

Pet. Ah Bagatels, Seignior, Bagatels, and now Seigniors, I'll teach you how to take it with a handsome Grace, Seignior, your hands——and yours, Seignior. [*Lays snuff on their hands.* —So, now draw your hand to and fro under your Noses, and snuff it hard up:—Excellent well.

[*They daub all their Noses, and make grimaces and sneeze.*

Sir *Sig.* Methinks, Seignior, this snuff stinks most damnably: Pray what scent do you call this?

Pet. Cackamarda Orangate, a rare Perfume I'll assure ye, Sir.

Sir *Sig. Cackamarda Orangate*, and 'twere not for the name of *Cackamarda*, and so forth, a Man had as good have a Sir-Reverence at his Nose. [*Sneezes, often he crys bonprovache.*

Pet. Bonprovache—Seignior, you do not understand it yet, bonprovache.

Sir *Sig.* Whe Sir, 'tis impossible to endure this fama *Cackamarda*, Whe Assaffetteda is Odoriferous to it. (*Sneezing.*

Pet. 'Tis your right *Dulce Piquante*, believe me:——but come, Seigniors, wipe your Noses, and proceed to your giving lesson.

Sir *Sig.* As how, Seignior?

Pet. Whe——present me with something—that—Diamond on your finger, to shew the manner of giving handsomly.

(*Sir* Sig. *gives it him.*

——Oh fie, Seignior——between your Finger and Thumb—thus——with you other fingers at a distance——with a speech, and a bow.——

Sir *Sig. Illustrissima*, Seignior; the manifold Obligations,——

Pet. Now a fine turn of your hand—thus—Oh that sets off the present, and makes it sparkle in the Eyes of the receiver—

(*Sir* Sig. *turns his hand.*

Sir *Sig.* Which you have heap'd upon me,——

Pet. There flourish again. (*He flourishes.*

Sir *Sig.* Obliges me to beg your acceptance of this small Present, which will receive a double Lustre from your fair hand,

(*Gives it him.*

Pet. Now kiss your fingers ends and retire back with a bow

Tick.——

Tick. —Moſt admirably perform'd.

Sir *Sig.* Nay, Sir, I have Docity in me, tho' I ſay't: Come Governour, let's ſee how you can out-do me in the Art of preſenting.

Tick. Well, Sir, come, your Snuff-Box will ſerve inſtead of my Ring, will it not?

Pet. By no means, Sir, there is ſuch a certain Relation between a Finger and a Ring, that no preſent becomes either the giving or the receiving hand half ſo well.

Sir *Sig.* VVhe, 'twill be reſtor'd again, 'tis but to practice by.

Pet. Ay, Seignior, the next thing you are to learn is to receive.

Tick. Moſt worthy Seignior, I have ſo Exhauſted the *Cornucopia* of your Favours, [*Flouriſhes*]—and taſted ſo plenteouſly of the fulneſs of your Bounteous Liberality, that to retaliate with this ſmall Jem——is but to offer a ſpark, where I have received a beam of ſuperabundant Sun ſhine.——— (*Gives it.*

Sir *Sig.* Moſt Rhetorically perform'd, as I hope to breath, Tropes and Fugers all over.

Tick. Oh Lord, Sir *Signal.*

Pet. Excellent—Now let's ſee if you can refuſe as civilly as you gave, which is by an Obſtinate denial; ſtand both together, —Illuſtrious Seigniors, upon my honour my little merit has not intitled me to the glory of ſo ſplendid an offering; Trophies worthy to be laid only at your Magnanimous feet.

Sir *Sig.* Ah, Seignior, no, no.

Pet. Seignior *Tickletext.* (*He offers, they refuſe going backward.*

Tick. Nay, *certe* Seignior.——

Pet. VVith what confidence can I receive ſo rich a preſent: Seignior *Tickletext*, ah——Seignior——.

Sir Sig. I vow Seignior——I'm aſhamed you ſhou'd offer it.

Tick. In verity, ſo am I. (*ſtill going back, he follows.*

Pet. *Pardio*, *Baccus*, moſt incomparable.——

Tick. But when Seignior are we to learn to receive again.—

Pet. Oh, Sir, that's always a leſſon of it ſelf:——but now, Seigniors, I'il teach you how to act a ſtory?

Sir Sig. How, how, Seignior to act a ſtory?

Pet. Ay, Sir, no matter for words or ſence, ſo the Body perform its part well.

Sir Sig. How, tell a ſtory without words, whe this were an excellent deviſe for Mr. *Tickletext*, when he's to hold forth to the Congregation, and has loſt his Sermon-Notes—whe this is wonderful.———

Pet.

Pet. Oh, Sir, I have taught it men born deaf and blind,—look ye, ſtand cloſe together and obſerve—cloſer yet:——a certain Eccleſiaſtic, Plump and Rich——Riding along the Rode, meets a Paver ſtrapiao,—un Pavaro ſtrapiao, Paure ſtrapiao:—ſtrapiao —ſtrapiao—ſtrapiao:— Elemoſuna per un Paure ſtrapiao, par a Moure de Dievos—at laſt he begs a Julio—Neinte (*makes the fat Biſhop.*) —then the Paure ſtrapiao begs a Mezo Julio——(*lean*) Neinte (*fat*)—une bacio—(*lean*)—Neinte—(*fat*)— at laſt he begs his Bleſſing——and ſee how willingly the Eccleſiaſtico gave his Benediction. [*Gets between 'em. Makes a ſign of being fat. Galloping about the Stage. [Puts himſelf into the Poſture of a lean Beggar; his hands right down by his ſides,——and picks both their Pockets.* (*Opening his Arms, hits them both in the face.* —Scuſa ſcuſa mea Patrona's—— (*Begs their pardon.*

Sir Sig. Yes, very willingly, which by the way he had never done had it been worth a farthing.

Tick. Marry, I wou'd he had been a little ſparing of that too, at this time—(*ſneezes*) a ſhame on't, it has ſtur'd this ſame *Cackamarda* again moſt foully.

Pet. Your pardon, Seignior,——but come, Sir *Signal*—— let's ſee how you will make this ſilent relation——Come, ſtand between us two——

Sir Sig. Nay, let me alone for a memory—come.

Pet. I think I have reveng'd my Backſword-beating. (*Goes off.*

Sir Sig. Un paureo ſtrapado—plump and rich—no, no, the Eccleſiaſtico meets un paureo ſtrapado—and begs a Julio.

Tick. Oh no, Sir, the ſtrapado begs the Julio.

Sir Sig. Ay, ay, and the Eccleſaſtico crys Neinte—(*ſnaps his nail.*) un meze Julio!—Neinte—un Bacoi, Neinte, your Bleſſing then Seignior Eccleſaſtico. [*Spreads out his Arms to give his bleſſing—and hits* Tick.

Tick. Adds me, you are a little too liberal of this ſame Benediction.

Sir Sig. Hah—but where's Seignior *Morigoroſo*? what, is he gone?—but now I think on't 'tis a point of good manners to go without taking leave.

Tick. It may be ſo, but I wiſh I had my Ring again, I do not like the giving leſſon without the taking one, whe, this is picking a Mans Pocket, *certo.*

Sir Sig. Not ſo, Governour, for then I had had a conſiderable loſs: Look ye here,—how—(*feeling in his Pocket.*) how —(*in another*) how—gone? gone as I live, my Money, Governour; all the Gold *Barberacho* receiv'd of my Merchant to day —all gone.——

Tick. Hah

Tick. Hah—and mine——all my ſtock, the Money which I thought to have made a preſent to the Gentlewoman, *Barberacho* was to bring me too—(*Aſide.*)—undone, undone—Villains, Cutpurſes—Cheats, oh run after him.

Sir Sig. A Pox of all ſilent ſtories: Rogue, Thief——undone.——

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Julio *and his Page.*

Jul. HOw, the Lady whom I followed from St. *Peters* Church a Curtizan?

Pag. A Curtizan, my Lord, fair as the Morning, and as young.

Jul. I know ſhe's fair and young, but is ſhe to be had, Boy?

Pag. My Lord ſhe is——her Footman told me ſhe was a Zittella.

Jul. How, a Zittella!——a Virgin, 'tis impoſſible.

Pag. I cannot ſwear it, Sir, but ſo he told me? he ſaid ſhe had a World of Lovers: Her name is *Silvianetta*, Sir, and her Lodgings——

Jul. I know't, are on the *Corſo*; a Curtizan? and a Zittella too? a pretty contradiction; but I'll bate her the laſt, ſo I might enjoy her as the firſt, what e're the price be, I'm reſolved upon the adventure; and will this minute prepare my ſelf. (*Going off, Enters* Mur. *and* Oct.)—hah—does the light deceive me, or is that indeed my Uncle, in earneſt conference with a Cavalier:——'tis he——I'll ſtep aſide till he's paſt, leſt he hinders this Nights diverſion: (*Goes aſide.*

Mur. I ſay 'twas raſhly done, to fight him unexamin'd.

Oct. I need not ask, my reaſon has inform'd me, and I'm convinc't where ere he has concealed her, that ſhe is fled with *Fillamour.*

Jul. Who is't they ſpeak of?

Mar. Well, well, ſure my Anceſtors committed ſome horried crime againſt Nature, that ſhe ſent this Peſt of Woman kind into our Family,—two Neeces for my ſhare,——by Heaven a proportion ſufficient to undo ſix Generations.

Jul. Hah!

Ful. Hah! two Neeces, what of them? (*Aside.*

Mur. I am like to give a bleſſed account of 'em to their Brother *Julio* my Nephew, at his return, there's a new plague now,—— but my comfort is I ſhall be mad and there's an end on't. (*Weeps.*

Ful. My curioſity muſt be ſatisfied, —have patience Noble Sir,——

Mur. Patience is a flatterer, Sir,—and an Aſs, Sir, and I'll have none on't—hah what art thou?

Ful. Has five or ſix years, made ye loſe the remembrance of your Nephew ——*Julio*!

Mur. Julio! wou'd I had met thee going to thy Grave. (*Weeps.*

Ful. Why ſo, Sir?

Mur. Your Siſters Sir, your ſiſters are both gon. ——(*Weeps.*

Ful. How gone, Sir?

Mur. Run away, Sir, flown, Sir.

Ful. Heavens! which way?

Mur. Nay, who can tell the ways of fickle Women,—in ſhort, Sir, your Siſter *Marcella* was to have been married, to this Noble Gentleman,—— nay was contracted to him, fairly contracted in my own Chapel, but no ſooner was his back turn'd, ——but in a pernicious Moon-light night ſhe ſhews me a fair pair of heels, with a young Baggage your other ſiſter *Cornelia*, who was juſt come from the Monaſtry where I bred her, to ſee her ſiſter married.

Ful. A curſe upon the Sex, why muſt Man's honour
Depend upon their frailty?
—— Come —give me but any light which way they went,
And I will trace 'em with that careful Vengance ——

Oct. Spoke like a Man, that underſtands his Honour,
And I can gueſs how we may find the Fugitives.

Ful. Oh name it quickly, Sir!

Oct. There was a young Cavalier—ſome time at *Vitterbo*,
Who I confeſs had Charms, Heaven has denied to me
That trifle Beauty, which was made to pleaſe,
Vain fooliſh Woman, which the brave and wiſe,
Want leiſure to deſign:

Ful. And what of him!

Oct. This fine gay thing came in your Siſters way, and made that conqueſt nature meant ſuch fools for: and, Sir, ſhe's fled with him.

Ful. Oh ſhow me the Man, the daring hardy Villain,
Bring me but in the view of my Revenge, —— and if I fail to take it,
Brand me with everlaſting Infamy.

Oct. That

Oct. That we muſt leave to Fortune, and our Induſtry,
—Come, Sir, lets walk and think beſt what to do.—
(*Going down the Scene, Enter* Fill. *and* Gall.

Fill. Is not that *Julio*—Boy run and call him back.
(*Ex. Boy, re-enters with* Jul.

Jul. Oh *Fillamour*, I have heard ſuch killing news ſince laſt I left thee.

Fill. What prethee?

Jul. I had a ſiſter Friend—dear as my life,
And bred with all the Virtues of her Sex;
No Veſtals at the Holy fire emply'd themſelves
In innocenter buſineſs than this Virgin;
Till Love the Fatal Fever of her heart,
Betrai'd her harmleſs hours:
And juſt upon the point of being Married,
The Thief ſtole in, and rob'd us of this treaſure:
She's left her Husband, Parents, and her Honour,
And's fled with the baſe ruiner of her Vertue.

Fill. And lives the Villain durſt affront ye thus?

Jul. He does!

Gall. Where in what diſtant World?

Jul. I know not.

Fill. What is he call'd?

Jul. I know not neither,——ſome God direct me to the Raviſher!
And if he ſcape my rage!
May Cowards point me out, for own of their tame herd.

Fill. In all your quarrels I muſt joyn my Sword.

Gall. And if you want,—here's another, Sir, that though it be not often drawn in anger, nor cares to be, ſhall not be idle in good company.

Jul. I thank you both, and if I have occaſion, will borrow their aſſiſtance, but I muſt leave you for a minute, I'll wait on you anon. ————

[*They all three walk as down the ſtreet talking,*
Enter Laura, *with her Equipage.*

Lau. Beyond may wiſh, I'm got into his Frienſhip,
But oh how diſtant Friendſhip is from Love!
That's all beſtowed on the fair Proſtitute!
—Ah *Silvio*, when he took me in his Armes,
Preſſing my willing Boſome to his Breſt,
Kiſſing my cheek, calling me Lovely youth,
And wondering how ſuch Beauty, and ſuch bravery,
Met in a Man ſo young! ah then my Boy!
Then in that happy minute,
How neer was I to telling all my ſoul,

My

My bluſhes and my ſights, were all prepar'd.
My Eyes caſt down, my trembling lips juſt parting,—
But ſtill as I was ready to begin,
He crys out *Silvianetta!*
And to prevent mine, tells me all his Love!
—But ſee — he's here.— [Fill. *and* Gall. *coming up the Scene.*

Gall. Come, lay by all ſullen unreſolves! for now the hour of the Berjeare approaches, night, that was made for Lovers! —Hah! my Dear *Sans-Cœure?* my life! my ſoul! my joy! Thou art of my opinion!

Lau. I'm ſure I am what are it be!

Gall. Whe my Friend here, and I have ſent and paid our Fine for a ſmall Tenement of pleaſure, and I'm for taking preſent poſſeſſion; — but hold—if you ſhou'd be a Rival after all!

Lau. Not in your *Silvianetta!* My love has a nice appetite,
And muſt be fed with high uncommon delicates
I have a Miſtreſs, Sir, of Quality!
Fair! as imagination, paints young Angels!
Wanton and gay as was the firſt *Corina*
That charm'd our beſt of Poets,
Young as the Spring, and Cheerful as the Birds
That wellcome in the day!
Witty as fancy makes the Reveling Gods,
And equally as bountious when ſhe bleſſes!

Gall. Ah, for a fine young Whore, with all theſe Charms! but that ſame quality allys the joy, there's ſuch a damn'd ado with the Obligation, that half the pleaſures loſt in Ceremony,
—Here! for a thouſand Crowns I raign alone,
Revel all day in Love without controle.
—But come to our buſineſs, I have given order for Muſick, Dark Lanthorns, and Piſtols. [*This while* Fill. *ſtands ſtudying.*

Fill.—Death, if it ſhould not be *Marcella* now! [*Pauſing aſide*

Gall. Prethee no more conſidering,——reſolve and let's about it.

Fill. I wou'd not tempt my heart again! for Love
What ere it may be in another's breaſt,
In mine 'twill turn to a Religious fire!
And ſo to burn for her! a common Miſtreſs,
Wou'd be an infamy below her practice!

Gall. Oh if that be all, doubt not *Harry*, but an hours converſation with *Euphemia*, will convert it to as lewd a flame, as a Man wou'd wiſh.

Lau. What a coyles here about a Curtizan! what ado to perſwade a Man to a bleſſing all *Rome* is languiſhing for in vain:

—Come

—Come, Sir, we muſt deal with him, as Phyſitians do with peeviſh Children, force him to take what will cure him!

Fill. And like thoſe damned Phyſitians, kill me for want of method, no, I know my own diſtemper beſt, and your applications will make me mad,

Gall. Pox on't, that one cannot love a Woman like a Man, but one muſt love like an Aſs.

Lau. S'hart I'll be bound to lye with all the Women in *Rome*, with leſs ado than you are brought to one.

Gall. Hear ye that *Henry*, s'death art not aſham'd to be inſtructed by one ſo young! —but ſee—the ſtar there appears, —the ſtar that conducts thee to the ſhore of bliſs —
She comes, let's feel thy [Marcella *and* Cornelia *above.*
Heart! ſhe comes!
So breaks the day on the glad Eaſtern Hills!
Or the bright God of Rays from *Thetis* Lap:
A Rapture now dear Lad, and then fall too, for thou art
Old dog at a long Grace.

Fill. Now I'm meer Man again, with all his frailties—[*Aſide*
—Bright lovely Creature!—

Gall. Damn it, how like my Ladies Eldeſt Son was that.

Fill. May I hope my ſacrifice may be accepted by you?—by Heaven it muſt be ſhe! ſtill ſhe appears more like.—[*Aſide.*

Mar. I've only time to tell you night approaches,
And then I will expect you, [*Enter* Crapine *gazes on the Ladys.*

Crap. 'Tis ſhe, *Donna Marcella* on my life, with the young wild *Cornelia*! —hah—yonders the Engliſh Cavalier too, nay then by this hand I'll be paid for all my fruitleſs jants: for this good news— ſtay let me mark the Houſe. ——

Mar. Now to my diſguiſe! [*Ex.* Marcello.

Gall. And have you no kind meſſage to ſend to my heart; cannot this good example, inſtruct you how to make me happy?

Cor. Faith ſtranger I muſt conſider firſt, ſhe's skillful in the Merchandize of hearts, and has dealt in Love with ſo good ſucceſs hithero, ſhe may loſe on venture, and never miſs it in her ſtock, but this is my firſt, and ſhou'd it prove to be a bad bargan, I were undone for ever.

Gall. I dare ſecure the goods ſound,—

Cor. And I believe will not lye long upon my hands.

Gall. Faith, that's according as you'l diſpoſe on't, Madam, —for let me tell you— gad a good handſome proper fellow, is as ſtaple a commodity as any's in the Nation,—but I wou'd be reſerv'd for your own uſe! faith take a ſample to Night, and as you like it, the whole piece, and that's fair and honeſt dealing I think, or the Devil's in't.

Cor. Hah,

Cor. Ah ſtranger,—you have been ſo over liberal of thoſe ſame ſamples of yours, that I doubt they have ſpoiled the ſale of the reſt,— cou'd you not afford think ye, to throw in a little Love and Conſtancy; to inch out that want of honeſty of yours.

Gall. Love! oh in abundance!
By thoſe dear Eyes, by that ſoft ſmiling Mouth;
By every ſecret grace, thou haſt about thee.
I love thee with a vigorous, eager paſſion,
—Be kind dear *Silvianetta*—prethee do,
Say you believe, and make me bleſt to Night?

Crap. Silvianetta! ſo, that's the Name ſhe has riſl'd for *Cornelia*, I perceive.

Cor. If I ſhou'd be ſo kind hearted! what good uſe wou'd you make of ſo obliging an opportunity?

Gall. That which the happy night was firſt ordain'd for.

Cor. Well Signior, 'tis coming on, and then I'll try what courage the darkneſs will inſpire me with:——till then—farwell.——

Gall. Till then a thouſand times adieu.— [*Blowing up kiſſes to her.*

Phil. Ah, Madam, we're undone,—yonders *Crapine*, your Uncles Valet.

Cor. Now a curſe on him; ſhall we not have one night with our Cavaliers——let's retire, and continue to out-wit him; or never more pretend to't, adieu Signior Cavalier——remember night.——

Gall. Or may I loſe my ſenſe to all Eternity.
[*Kiſſes his fingers and bows, ſhe returns it for a while.*

Ian. Gods, that all this that looks at leaſt like Love,
Should be diſpenc't to one inſenſible!
Whilſt every ſillable of that dear value,
Whiſper'd to me, wou'd make my ſoul all Extaſie,
——Oh ſpare that Treaſure for a greatful purchaſe;
And buy that common Ware with trading Gold,
Love! is too rich a prize:—I ſhall betray my ſelf.—[*Aſide.*

Gall. Away that's an heretical opinion, and which this certain
Reaſon muſt convince thee of:
That Love is Love, where ever beauty is,
Nor can the Name of Whore, make beauty leſs.

Enter Marcella *like a Man, with a cloak about her.*

Mar. Signior, is your Name *Fillamour*?

Phil. It is, what wou'd you, Sir.——

Mar. I

Mar. I have a letter for you—from *Vitterbo*, and your *Marcella*, Sir. [*Gives it him.*

Fill. Hah—*Vitterbo!* and *Marcella!*
It ſhocks me like the Ghoſt of ſome forſaken Miſtreſs,
That met me in the way to happineſs,
With ſome new long'd for Beauty! [*Opens it, reads*

Mar. Now I ſhall try thy Vertue, and my Fate.— [*Aſide*

Fill. What is't that checks the joy, that ſhou'd ſurprize me at the receipt of this.

Gall. How now! what's the cold fit coming on? [*Pawſes.*

Fill. I have no power to go— where this —invites me——
By which I prove 'tis no encreaſe of flame that warms my heart,
But a new fire juſt kindled from thoſe——Eyes——
Whoſe rayes I find more piercing than *Marcella's*.

Gall. —Ay, Gad a thouſand times——prethee what's the matter.

Mar. Oh this falſe—ſouly Man——wou'd I had leiſure
To be reveng'd for this inconſtancy! [*Aſide.*

Fill. —But ſtill ſhe want's that Virtue I admire!

Gall. Virtue! S'death thou art always fumbling, upon that dull ſtring that makes no Muſick. —— What Letters that? [*Reads.*] If the firſt Confeſſion I ever made of Love be grateful to you, come arm'd to night with a friend or too; and behinde the Garden of the Fountains, you will receive—hah *Marcella*!—Oh damn it, from your honeſt Woman!—Well, I ſee the Devils never ſo buſie with a Man, as when he has reſolv'd upon any goodneſs! S'death, what a rub's here in a fair caſt,—how is't man, Alegremente! bear up, defie him and all's works.

Fill. But I have ſworn, ſworn that I lov'd *Marcella*! and Honour Friend obliges me to go, take her away and marry her, —And I conjure thee to aſſiſt me too.

Gall. What to night, this night, that I have given to *Silvianetta*! and you have promis'd to the fair—*Euphemia*!

Lau. If he ſhou'd go, he ruins my deſign, [*Aſide.*
—Nay, if your word, Sir—be already paſt.—

Fill. 'Tis True, I gave my promiſe to *Euphemia*! but that to women of her trade, is eaſily abſolv'd.

Gall. Men keep not Oaths for the ſakes of the wiſe Magiſtrates, to whom they are made, but their own Honour *Harry*: And is't not much a greater crime to rob a Gallant, hoſpitable Man of his Neece, who has treated you with Confidence, and Friendſhip, than to keep touch with a well meaning whore, my Conſciencious friend!

Lau. Infinite degrees, Sir!

Gall. Besides, thou'st an hour or two good, between this and the time requir'd to meet *Marcella.*

Lau. Which an industrious Lover would manage to the best advantage.

Gall. That were not given over to Vertue, and constancy two the best excuses I know for idleness.

Fill.—Yes— I may see this woman.

Gall. Whe Gad a marcy lad!

Fill.——And break my Chans,—if possible.

Gall. Thou wilt give a good essay to that I'll warrant thee, Before she part with thee! come let's about it. [*They go out on either side of* Fill. *perswading him.*

Mar. He's gone! the Curtizen has got the day. [*Aside to* Mar.
Vice has the start of Vertue, every way,
And for one blessing honest Wives obtain,
The happier Mistress does a thousand gain!
I'll home—and practice, all their Art to prove,
That nothing is so cheaply gain'd as Love! [*Exeunt.*

Gall. Stay what farce is this,——prethee let's see a little (*Offering to go.*

[*Enter Sir* Signal, *Mr.* Tickletext, *with his Cloke ty'd about him, a great Ink-horn ty'd at his Girdle, and a great Folio under his Arm,* Petro *dress like an Antiquary.*

——How now Mr. *Tickletext,* what dress as if you were going a Pilgrimage to *Jerusalem.*

Tick. I make no such prophane Journeys, Sir.

Gall. But where have you been Mr. *Tickletext.*

Sir *Sig.* Whe, Sir, this most Reverend and Renowed Antiquary, has been showing us Monumental Rarities and Antiquities.

Gall. 'Tis *Petro* that—Rogue!

Fill.—But what Folio have you gotten there, Sir, *Knox,* or *Cartwright*?

Pet. Nay, if he be got into that heap of Nonsense, I'll steal off and undress. (*Aside.* (*Ex.* Petro.

(Tick. *opening the book.*

Tick. A small Vollum, Sir, into which I transcribe the most memorable and remarkable transactions of the day.

Lau. That doubtless must be worth seeing.

Fill. [*Reads*] April the Twentieth, arose a very great storm of Wind, Thunder, Lightening, and Rain,—which was a shrew'd sign of foul weather.

Fill.

Fill. The 22th. 9 of our 12 Chickens getting loose, flew over-bord, the other three miraculously escaping, by being eaten by me, that Morning for breakfast.

Sir *Sig.* Harkey *Galliard*—thou art my Friend, and 'tis not like a man of Honour, to conceal any thing from on's Friend, —know then I am the most fortunate Rascal, that ever broke bread, ——I am this night to visit sirra—the finest, the most delicious young Harlot, Mum —under the Rose—in all *Rome*! of *Barberacho*'s acquaintance.

Gall. —Hah——my woman on my life! and will she be kind!

Sir *Sig.* Kind, hang kindness Man, I'm resolv'd upon conquest by parly or by Force.

Gall. Spoke like a Roman of the first race, when Noble Rapes not whining Courtship, did the Lovers business.

Sir *Sig.* Sha, Rapes Man! I mean by force of mony, pure dint of Gold faith and troth: for I have given 500 Crowns entrance already, & *Par Dios Baccus* 'tis *tropo Caro*——*tropo Caro* Mr. *Galliard.*

Gall. And what's this high priz'd Ladys name, Sir?

Sir *Sig.* *La Silvianetta*,—and Lodges on the *Corso*, not far from St. *Jame*'s of the incurables—very well scituated in case disaster—hah. ———

Gall. Very well,—and did not your wise worship know, this *Silvianetta* was my Mistress?

Sir *Sig.* How! his Mistress! what a damn'd noddy was I to name her!

Gall. De ye hear fool! renounce me this woman instantly, or I'll first discover it to your Governour, and then cut your throat, Sir.

Sir *Sig.* Oh *Doux Ment*—dear *Galliard*—Renounce her,—*Corpo Demi*, that I will soul and body, if she belong to thee Man. ———

Gall. No more look to't,—look you forget her Name—or but to think of her—farewell——— (*Nods at him.*

Sir *Sig.* Farewell, quoth ye—'tis well I had the Art of dissembling after all, here had been a sweet broyl upon the Coast else.———

Fill. Very well, I'll trouble my self to read no more, since I know you'l be so kind to the world to make it publick?

Tick. At my return, Sir, for the good of the Nation, I will Print it, and I think it will deserve it.

Lau. This is a precious Rogue, to make a Tutor of.

Fill. Yet theſe Mooncalfs, dare pretend to the breeding of our youth, and the time will come, I fear, when none ſhall be reputed to travel like a Man of Quality, who has not the advantage of being impos'd upon, by one of theſe Pedantique Novices, who inſtructs the young Heir, in what himſelf is moſt profoundly ignorant of.

Gall. Come, 'tis dark and time for our deſign,—your ſervant Signiors. (*Exeunt* Fill. Gall. *and* Lau.

Lau. I'll home, and watch the kind deceiving minute, that may conduct him by miſtake to me.

Enter Petro, *like* Barberacho, *juſt as* Tick. *and Sir* Signal *are going out.*

Sir Sig. Oh *Barberacho!* we are undone! Oh the Diavillo take that Maſter, you ſent me?

Pet. Maſter, what Maſter?

Sir Sig. Whe, Signior Morigoroſo!

Pet. Mor—oſo—what ſhou'd he be?

Sir *Sig.* A Civility Maſter he ſhould have been, to have taught us good manners,—but the Cornuto cheated us moſt damnably, and by a willing miſtake taught us nothing in the world but Wit.

Pet. Oh abominable knavery! whe, what a kind of man was he? ——

Sir *Sig.* ——whe——much ſuch another as your ſelf:—

Tick. Higher, Signior, higher!

Sir *Sig.*—Aye ſomewhat higher—but juſt of his pitch.

Pet. Well Sir, and what of this man?

Sir *Sig.* Only pickt our pockets, that's all.

Tick. Yes, and cozen'd us of our Rings.

Sir *Sig.* Ay, and gave us Cackamarda Orangata for ſnuff.

Tick. And his bleſſing to boot when he had done.

Sir *Sig.* A vengeance on't, I feel it ſtill.

Pet. Whe, this 'tis to do things of your own head, for I ſent no ſuch Signior Moroſo—but I'll ſee what I can do to retrieve 'm—I am now a little in haſte, farewell.— (*Offers to go.* Tick *goes out by him and jogs him.*

Tick. Remember to meet me—farewell *Barberacho.*

(*Goes out,* Sir Sig. *pulls him.*

Sir *Sig.* Barberacho —— is the Lady ready?

Pet. Is your mony ready?

Sir *Sig.* Whe now, tho I am threatned, and kill'd, and beaten, and kickt about, this Intrigue I muſt advance! (*Aſide*)——but doſt think there's no danger?

Pet. What in a delicate young amourous Lady, Signior?

Sir *Sig.* No

Sir *Sig.* No, no, mum, I don't much fear the Lady, but this ſame mad fellow *Galliard*, I hear has a kind of a hankering after her ——————

Now dare not I tell him what a diſcovery I have made. (*Aſide.*

Pet. Let me alone to ſecure you, meet me in the *Piatzo Deſpagnia*, as ſoon as you can get your ſelf in order; where the two fools ſhall meet, and prevent eithers coming. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Sig.* Enough,—here's a Bill for 500 Crowns more upon my Merchant, you know him by a good token, I loſt the laſt ſum you receiv'd for me, a pox of that handſel, away here's company. (*Ex.* Pet. *Enter* Octavio.

Now will I diſguiſe my ſelf, according to the mode of the Roman Inamorato's; and deliver my ſelf upon the place appointed. (*Ex.* Sir Sig.

Oct. On the *Corſo* didſt thou ſee 'em?

Crap. On the *Corſo* my Lord, in diſcourſe with three Cavaliers, one of which has given me many a Piſtole, to let him into the Garden a nights at *Vitterbo*: to talk with *Dona Marcella*, from her Chamber Window, I think I ſhou'd remember him.

Oct. Oh that thought fires me, with anger fit for my Revenge, (*Aſide.*

And they are to Serinade 'em thou ſay'ſt.

Crap. I did my Lord! and if you can have patience till they come: you will find your Rival in this very place, if he keep his word.

Oct. I do believe thee, and have prepared my Bravos to attack him: if I can Act but my Revenge to night, how ſhall I worſhip Fortune! keep out of ſight, and when I give the word be ready all. I hear ſome coming, let's walk off a little.——————

[*Enter* Marcella *in mans clothes, and* Philipa *as a woman, with a Lanthorn* Oct. *and* Crap. *go off the other way.*

Mar. Thou canſt never convince me, but if *Crapine* ſaw us, and gaz'd ſo long upon us, he muſt know us too, and then what hinders but by a diligent watch about the Houſe, they will ſurpriſe us, ere we have ſecured our ſelves from 'em.

Phil. And how will this, expoſing your ſelf to danger prevent 'em.

Mar. My deſign now is, to prevent *Fillamours* coming into danger, by hindering his approach to this Houſe: I wou'd preſerve the kind ingrate with any hazard of my own: and 'tis better to die than fall into the hands of *Octavio*. I'm deſperate with that thought; —and fear no danger! however be

you ready at the door, and when I ring admit me—ha— who comes here.—

[*Enter* Tickletext *with a Periwig and Cravat of Sir* Signals: *A Sword by his side, and a dark Lanthorn, she opens hers, looks on him and goes out.*

Tick. A man! now am I though an old sinner, as timerous as a youg thief, 'tis a great inconvenience in these Popish Countrys, that a man cannot have liberty to steal to a wench without danger; not that I need fear who see me except *Galliard*, who suspecting my business, will go neer to think I am wickedly inclin'd, Sir *Signal* I have left hard at his Study, and Sir *Henry* is no Nocturnal Inamorato, unless like me he dissemble it, —well *Certo* 'tis a wonderful pleasure to deceive the World: And as a learned man well observ'd, that *the sin of wenching lay in the habit only*: I having laid that aside, *Timothy Tickletext* principle holder forth of the *Covent Garden* Conventicle, Chaplain of *Buffoon-Hall* in the County of *Kent*, is free to recreate himself, (*Enter* Gall. *with a dark Lanthorn.*

Gall. where the devil is this *Villamour*? And the Musick: which way cou'd he go to lose me thus! (*Looks towards the door.*

—he is not yet come.—

Tick. Not yet come, —that must be *Barberacho*!—where are ye honest *Baberacko*, where are ye? (*Groping towards* Gal.

Gall. Hah! *Barberacho?* that name I am sure is us'd by none but Sir *Signal* and his Coxcomb Tutor, it must be one of those— where are ye Signior, where are ye? (*Goes towards him, and opens the Lanthorn—and shuts it straight.*

—Oh 'tis the Knight,—are you there Signior?

Tick. Oh art thou come, honest Rascal—conduct me quickly, conduct me to the Beautiful and fair *Silvianetta*! (*Gives him his hand.*

Gall. Yes, when your dogship's damn'd, *Silvianetta*! S'death is she a whore for fools! (*Draws.*

Tick. Hah Mr. *Galliard*, as the devil would have it: — I'm, undone if he sees me! (*He retires hastily*, Gall. *gropes for him.*

Gall. Where are you Fop, *Buffoon*! Knight!

[Tickletext *retiring hastily runs against* Octavio, *who is just entring, almost beats him down,* Oct. *strikes him a good blow, beats him back and draws*: Tick. *gets close up in a corner of the stage,* Oct. *gropes for him as* Gall. *does, and both meet and fight with each other.*

—What dare you draw,—you have the impudence to be valiant then in the dark, (*they pass*) I wou'd not kill the Rogue,— death you can fight then, when there's a woman in the case!

Oct. I

Oct. I hope 'tis *Fillamour*; (*Aside.*) you'll find I can, and possibly may spoil your making Love to night.

Gall. Egad sweet heart and that may be, one civil thrust will do't:——and 'twere a damn'd rude thing to disappoint so fine a Woman,——therefore I'll withdraw whilst I'm well.

(*He slips out.*

Enter Sir Signal, *with a Masquerading Coat over his Cloaths, without a Wig or Cravat, with a dark lanthorn.*

Sir Sig. Well, I have most neatly escap'd my Tutor; and in this disguise defie the Devil to claim his own,——ah *Caspeto de Deavilo*;——What's that? (*Advancing softly, and groping with his hands, meets the point of* Oct. *sword, as he is groping for* Gall.

Oct. Traytor, darest thou not stand my sword?

Sir *Sig.* Hah! swords! no, Seignior——*scusa mea*, Seignior,——

Hops to the door: And feeling for his way with his outstretcht Arms, runs his Lanthorn in Julio's *face who is just entring; finds he's oppos'd with a good push backward, and slips aside into a corner over against* Tickletext: Julio *meets* Octavio *and fights him,* Oct. *falls,* Julio *opens his Lanthorn and sees his mistake.*

Jul. Is it you, Sir?

Oct. Julio! from what mistake grew all this violence?

Jul. That I shou'd ask of you, who meet you Arm'd against me.

Oct. I find the night has equally deceiv'd us; and you are fitly come to share with me the hopes of dear Revenge.

(*Gropes for his Lanthorn, which is dropt.*

Jul. I'd rather have pursu'd my kinder passion!
Love! and Desire! that brought me forth to night!

Oct. I've learnt where my false Rival is to be this Evening,
And if you'll joyn your Sword, you'll find it well employ'd.

Jul. Lead on, I'm as impatient of Revenge as you.——

Oct. Come this way then, you'll find more aids to serve us.

(*Go out.*

Tick. —So! thanks be prais'd all's still again, this fright were enough to mortifie any Lover of less Magnanimity than my self,——well of all sins, this itch of whoring is the most hardy, —the most impudent in repulses; the most vigilant in watching, most patient in waiting, most frquent in dangers: In all disasters but disappointment, a Philosopher; yet if *Barbera-*

cho come not quickly, my Philoſophy will be put to't *certo*.

[*This while Sir* Signal *is venturing from his poſt, liſtening, and ſlowly advancing towards the middle of the ſtage.*

Sir *Sig.* The coaſt is once more clear, and I may venture my Carcaſs forth again,——though ſuch a ſalutation as the laſt, wou'd make me very unfit for the matter in hand,——the battoon I cou'd bear with the Fortitude and Courage of *Hero*: But theſe dangerous ſharps I never lov'd; what different rencounters have I met withal to night, *Corpo de me*; a man may more ſafely paſs the Gulf of *Lyons*, than convoy himſelf into a Bawdy Houſe in *Rome*, but I hope all's paſt, and I will ſay with *Alexander*:——*Vivat Eſperance en deſpetto del Fatto.*

(*Advances a little.*

Tick. Sure I heard a noiſe,——No, 'twas only my ſurmiſe!

(*They both advance ſoftly, meeting juſt in the middle of the ſtage, and coming cloſe up to each other; both cautiouſly ſtart back: And ſtand a tipto in the poſture of fear, then gently feeling for each other, (after liſtening and hearing no noiſe) draw back their hands at touching each others; and ſhrinking up their ſhoulders, make grimaſes of more fear!*

Tick. Que Equeſto.

Sir *Sig.* Hah, a man's voice!—I'll try if I can fright him hence. (*Aſide.*

Una Malladette Spiritto Incarnate. (In a horrible tone.

Tick. Hah, *Spiritto Incarnate*! that Devil's voice I ſhou'd know. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Sig.* See, Seignior! *Una ſpiritto*, which is to ſay, *un ſpiritalo, Imortallo, Incorporalla, Inanimate, Imateriall, Philoſophical, Inviſible—Un intelligibile—Diavillo.* (In the ſame tone.

Tick. Ay, ay, 'tis my hopeful Pupil, upon the ſame deſign with me, my life on't,——cunning young Whore-maſter;——I'll cool your Courage—good Seignior *Diavillo*; if you be the *Diavillo* I have *una certaina Imateriale Inviſible Conjuratione*, that will ſo neatly lay your *Inanimate unintelligible Diavilloſhip*.—— (Pulls out his wooden ſword.

Sir *Sig.* How! he muſt needs be valiant indeed that dares fight with the Devil. (*Endeavours to get away,* Tick. *beats him about the ſtage.*)—Ah Seignior, Seignior, *Mia*! ah—*Caſpeto de Baccus—he cornuto*, I am a damn'd ſilly Devil that have no dexterity in vaniſhing.

(*Gropes and finds the Door——going out, meets juſt entring* Fillamour, Galliard *with all the Muſick——he retires and ſtands cloſe.*

—Hah

—Hah,—what have we here, new miſchief?——

(Tick. *and he ſtands againſt each other, on either ſide of the ſtage.*

Fill. Prethee how came we to loſe ye?

Gall. I thought I had follow'd ye,——but 'tis well we are met again. Come tune your Pipes,——

(*They play a little, enter* Marcella *as before.*

Mar. This muſt be he. (*Goes up to 'em.*

Gall. Come, come, your ſong boy, your ſong.

Whilſt 'tis ſinging Enter Octavio, Julio, Crapine *and* Bravo's.

The SONG.

Crudo Amore, Crudo Amore, } bis.
Il mio Core non fa per te
Suffrir non vo tormenti
Senza mai ſperar mercè
Belta che ſia Tiranna,
Bolta che ſia Tiranna
Dell meo offetto recetto non e
Il tuo rigor ſingunna
Se le pene
Le catene
Tenta auolgere al mio pie
See ſee Crudel Amore } bis.
Il mio Core non fa per te.

Luſinghiero, Luſinghiero, } bis.
Pui non Credo alta tua fe
L' incendio del tuo foce
Nel mio Core pui viuo none
Belta che li die Luoce
Belta che li die Luoce
Ma il rigor L' Ardore s'bande
Io non ſato tuo gioce
Ch' il Veleno
Del mio ſeno
Vergoroſo faggito ſe n'e.
See ſee Crudel Amore } bis.
Il mio Core non fa per te.

Oct. 'Tis they we look for, draw and be ready.——

Tick. Hah, draw——then there's no ſafety here *certo* (*Aſide.*

(Octavio,

(Octavio, Julio *and their Party draw, and fight with* Fill. *and* Gall. Marcella *ingages on their ſide, all fight, the Muſick confuſedly amongſt 'em;* Gall. *loſes his Sword, and in the hurry gets a Baſe Viol. and happens to ſtrike* Tickletext, *who is getting away——his head breaks its way quite through, and it hangs about his neck, they fight out.*

Enter Petro *with a Lanthorn.* *Sir* Signal *ſtands cloſe ſtill.*

Tick. Oh undone, undone, where am I, where am I?

Pet. Hah ——that's the voice of my Amorous Ananias,—or I am miſtaken—what the Devil's the matter. (*Opens his Lanthorn.* —Where are ye, Sir,—hah, cuts ſo—what new found pillory have we here?

Tick. Oh honeſt *Barberacho* undo me, undo me quickly.

Pet. So I deſign, Sir, as faſt as I can——or loſe my aim—there, Sir, there: All's well——I have ſet you free, come follow me the back way into the houſe. (*Ex.* Pet. *and* Tickletext.

Enter Fillamour *and* Marcella, *with their ſwords drawn,* Gall. *after 'em.*

Gall. A plague upon 'em, what a quarter's here for a Wench, as if there were no more i'th' Nation,——wou'd I'd my ſword again. (*Gropes for it.*

Mar. Which way ſhall I direct him to be ſafer?—how is it, Sir, I hope you are not hurt.

Fill. Not that I feel, what art thou asks't ſo kindly.

Mar. A ſervant to the Roman Curtizan, who ſent me forth to wait your coming, Sir, but finding you in danger ſhar'd it with you,——Come, let me lead you into ſafety, Sir——

Fill. Thou'ſt been too kind to give me cauſe to doubt thee.

Mar. Follow me, Sir, this key will give us entrance through the Garden. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Octavio *with his Sword in his hand.*

Oct. Oh! what damn'd luck had I ſo poorly to be vanquiſh't when all is huſht, I know he will return,——therefore I'll fix me here, till I become a furious ſtatue——but I'll reach his heart.

Sir *Sig.* Oh *lamentivolo fato*——what bloody Villains theſe Popiſh Italians are.

Enter

Enter Julio.

Oct. Hah——I hear one coming this way——
—hah—the door opens too,—and he makes toward it——pray Heaven he be the right, for this I'm ſure's the houſe.
—Now luck, an't be thy will—— [*Follows* Julio *towards the door ſoftly.*

Jul The Rogues are fled, but how ſecure, I know not,——
And I'll purſue my firſt deſign of Love,
And if this *Silvianetta* will be kind.——

Enter Laura *from the houſe in a Night-gown.*

Lau. Whiſt——who is't names *Silvianetta* ?
Jul. A Lover, and her ſlave— (*ſhe takes him by the hand.*
Lau. Oh, is it you,——are you eſcapt unhurt ?
Come to my Boſom —and be ſafe for ever—
Jul. 'Tis Love that calls, and now Revenge muſt ſtay,——this hour is thine fond Boy, the next that is my own I'll give to anger.——
Oct. Oh ye pernicious pair,——I'll quickly change the Scene of Love into a ruffer and more unexpected entertainment.
[*She leads* Julio *in*,——Oct. *follows cloſe, they ſhut the door upon 'em. Sir* Sig. *thruſts out his head to hearken, hears no body, and advances.*
Sir *Sig.* Sure the Devil raigns to night, wou'd I were ſhelter'd and let him raign fire and brimſtone, for paſs the ſtreets I dare not—this ſhou'd be the houſe——or hereabouts I'm ſure 'tis,—hah—what's this——a ſtring——of a Bell I hope——I'll try to enter; and if I am miſtaken 'tis but crying conlicentia ! [*Rings, Enter* Philipa.
Phil. Whoſe there ?
Sir *Sig.* 'Tis I, 'tis I, let me in quickly.——
Phil. Who——the Engliſh Cavalier.
Sir *Sig.* The ſame——I am right——I ſee I was expected.
Phil. I'm glad you're come——give me your hand.—
Sir *Sig.* I am fortunate at laſt,—and therefore will ſay with the Famous Poet.
—No happineſs like that atchiev'd with danger,
Which once o'recome—I lie at Rack and Manger. [Exeunt.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Fillamour *and* Galliard, *as in* Silvianetta's *apartment.*

Fill.—HOw ſplendidly theſe Common women live?
How rich is all we meet with in this Palace?
And rather ſeems the Apartment of ſome Prince,
Than a Recepticle for luſt and ſhame.

Gall. You ſee, *Harry*, all the keeping fools are not in our Dominions, but this grave this wiſe People, are Miſtreſs riden too.

Fill. I fear we have miſtook the houſe, and the youth that brought us in may have deceived us, on ſome other deſign, however whilſt I've this——cannot fear—— (*draws.*

Gall. A good caution, and I'll ſtand upon my guard with this, but ſee——here's one will put us out of doubt.
(*Pulls a Piſtol out of his pocket.*

Fill. Hah! the fair Inchantreſs. (*Enter* Mar. *richly and looſly dreſt.*

Mar. What on your guard my lovely Cavalier; lies there a danger
In this Face and Eyes, that needs that rough reſiſtance?
—Hide, hide that mark of anger from my ſight,
And if thou wou'd'ſt be abſolute Conqueror here,
Put on ſoft looks with Eyes all languiſhing,
Words tender, gentle ſighs, and kind deſires.

Gall. Death, with what unconcern he hears all this? Art thou poſſeſt——Pox, why doſt not anſwer her?

Mar. I hope he will not yield— (*Aſide.*
—He ſtands unmov'd—
Surely I was miſtaken in this face,
And I believe in Charms that have no power.

Gall. 'Sdeath thou deſerveſt not ſuch a Noble Creature,—I'll have 'em both my ſelf.—— (*Aſide.*

Fill. —Yes, thou haſt wondrous power,
And I have felt it long. (*Paſſingly.*

Mar. How!

Gall. —I've often ſeen that face——but 'twas in dreams:
And ſleeping lov'd extreamly!

And

And waking—ſigh't to find it but a dream,
The lovely Phantom vaniſh'd with my ſlumbers,
But left a ſtrong Idea on my heart;
Of what I find in perfect Beauty here,
—But with this difference, ſhe was Virtuous too.
Mar. What ſilly ſhe was that!
Fill. She whom I dream'd I lov'd.
Mar. You only dreamt that ſhe was virtuous too;
Virtue it ſelf's a dream of ſo ſlight force,
The very fluttering of love's wings deſtroys it,
Ambition, or the meaner hope of intereſt, wakes it to nothing,
In men a feeble beauty ſhakes the dull ſlumber off,——
Gall. Egad ſhe argues like an Angel, *Harry.*
Fill. —What haſt thou'ſt made to damn thy ſelf ſo young!
Haſt thou been long thus wicked? haſt thou ſin'd paſt Repentance,
Heaven may do much to ſave ſo fair a Criminal,
Turn yet and be forgiven.
Gall. What a Pox doſt thou mean by all this canting?
Mar. A very pretty Sermon, and from a Prieſt ſo gay,
It cannot chuſe but edifie.
Do Holy men of your Religion, Seignior, wear all this habit,
Are they thus young and lovely? Sure if they are,
Your Congregation's all compos'd of Ladies,
The Layety muſt come abroad for Miſtreſſes.
Fill. Oh that this Charming Woman were but honeſt.
Gall. 'Twere better thou wert damn'd; honeſt!
Pox thou doſt come out with things ſo malapropo——
Mar. Come leave this Mask of foolish modeſty,
And let us haſt where Love and Muſick calls;
Muſick; that heightens Love; and makes the ſoul,
Ready for ſoft impreſſions.
Gall. So, ſhe will do his buſineſs with a Vengeance.
Fill. Plague of this tempting Woman ſhe will ruin me,
I find weak Virtue melt from round my heart,
To give her Tyrant Image a Poſſeſſion:
So the warm Sun thaws Rivers Icy tops,
Till in the ſtream he ſees his own bright face.
Gall. Now he comes on apace,—how is't, my friend?
Thou ſtand'ſt as thou'dſt forgot thy buſineſs here.
—The Woman, *Harry*, the fair Curtizan;
Canſt thou withſtand her Charms? I've buſineſs of my own,
Prethee fall too——and talk of Love to her.
Fill. Oh, I cou'd talk Eternity away,
In nothing elſe but Love;——cou'dſt thou be honeſt?

Mar. He-

Mar. Honeſt! was it for that you ſent two thouſand Crowns,
Or did believe that trifling ſum ſufficient
To buy me to the ſlavery of honeſty.
Gall. Hold there my brave Virago.
Fill. No, I wou'd ſacrifice a nobler Fortune,
To buy thy Virtue home.
Mar. What ſhou'd it idling there.
Fill. Whe—make thee conſtant to ſome happy Man,
That wou'd adore thee for't.
Mar. Unconſcionable! conſtant at my years?
—Oh 'twere to cheat a thouſand,
Who between this and my dull Age of Conſtancy,
Expect the diſtribution of my Beauty.
Gall. 'Tis a brave Wench,—— (*Aſide.*
Fill. Yet Charming as thou art, the time will come
When all that Beauty like declining Flowers,
Will wither on the ſtalk,——but with this difference,
The next kind Spring, brings youth to Flowers again,
But faded Beauty never more can bloom,
—If Intereſt make thee wicked, I can ſupply thy Pride.——
Mar. Curſe on your neceſſary traſh!—which I deſpiſe, but as 'tisuſeful to advance our Love,
Fill. Is Love thy buſineſs, who is there born ſo high?
But Love and Beauty equals,
And thou mayſt chuſe from all the wiſhing world?
This wealth together wou'd inrich one Man,
Which dealt to all, wou'd ſcarce be Charity.
Mar. Together! 'tis a Mas wou'd ranſom Kings:
Was all this Beauty given for one poor petty Conqueſt;
—I might have made a hundred hearts my ſlaves,
In this loſt time of bringing one to Reaſon.——
Farewel thou dull Philoſopher in Love;
When Age has made me wiſe, I'll ſend for you again.
(*Offers to go,* Gall. *holds her.*
Gall. By this good light a noble glorious Whore.
Fill. Oh ſtay, I muſt not let ſuch Beauty fall,
—A Whore—conſider yet the Charms of Reputation:
The eaſe, the quiet and content of Innocence,
The awful Reverence all good Men will pay thee,
Who, as thou art, will gaze without reſpect,
—And cry—what pity 'tis ſhe is—a Whore ——
Mar. O you may give it what courſe name you pleaſe,
But all this Youth and Beauty ne're was given,
Like Gold to Miſers, to be kept from uſe. (*Going out.*
Fill. Loſt, loſt,—paſt all Redemption.

Gall. Nay,

Gall. Nay, Gad, thou ſhalt not loſe her ſo,—I'll fetch her back, and thou ſhalt ask her pardon. (*Runs out after her.*

Fill. By Heaven 'twas all a dream! an Airy dream! The Viſionary pleaſure diſappears,——and I'm my ſelf again, —I'll fly before the drowſie fit or'e take me.

(*Going out, Enter* Gall. *and then* Marcella.

Gall. Turn back—ſhe yields, ſhe yields to pardon thee,—gone—Nay, hang me if ye part. (*Runs after him, ſtill his Piſtol in his hand.*

Mar. Gone——I have no leiſure now for more diſſembling. (*Takes the Candle and goes in.*

Enter Petro, *leading in Mr.* Tickletext, *as by dark.*

Pet. Remain here, Seignior, whilſt I ſtep and fetch a light.

Tick. Do ſo, do ſo honeſt *Barberacho*!——well, my eſcape even now from Sir *Signal* was Miraculous! thanks to my prudence and proweſs, had he diſcover'd me, my dominion had ended; and my Authority been of non effect *certo.* (Philipa *at the door puts in Sir* Signal.

Phil. Now, Seignior, you're out of danger, I'll fetch a Candle, and let my Lady know of your being here! (*Exit* Phil.

(Sir Sig. *advances a little.*

Enter Petro *with a light, goes between 'em and ſtarts.*

Tick. Sir *Signal*!———

Sir *Sig.* My Governour!

Pet. The two fools met! a pox of all ill luck: Now ſhall I loſe my credit with both my wife Patrons, my Knight I cou'd have put off, with a ſmall Harlot of my own, but my Levite having ſeen my Lady *Cornelia*, that is, *La Silvianetta*,——none but that *Suſanna* wou'd ſatisfie his Elderſhip: But now they have both ſav'd me the labour of a farther invention to diſpatch 'em.

Sir *Sig.* I perceive my Governour's as much confounded as my ſelf;——I'll take advantage by the forelock, be very impudent and put it upon him faith——Ah, Governour, will you never leave your whoring? never be ſtaid, ſober and diſcreet as I am.

Tick. So, ſo, undone, undone, juſt my Documents to him.— (*Walks about, Sir* Sig. *follows.*

Sir *Sig.* And muſt I neglect my precious ſtudies, to follow you, in pure zeal and tender care of your Perſon? will you never conſider where you are? In a Lewd Papiſt Country amongſt the Romiſh Heathens,—and for you a Governour, a Tutor, a Director

rector of unbridled Youth, a Gownman, a Politician, for you I say to be taken at this unrighteous time of the Night, in a flaunting Cavaliero dress, an unlawful weapon by your side, going the high way to Satan to a Curtizan; and to a Romish Curtizan! Oh Abomination, Oh *scandalum infiniti.*

Tick. Paid in my own Coyn!

Pet. So, I'll leave the Devil to rebuke sin; and to my young Lady, for a little of her assistance in the management of this Affair. (*Exit* Pet. Tick.

Tick. ——I do confess,——I grant ye I am in the house of a Curtizan, and that I came to visit a Curtizan, and do intend to visit each Night a several Curtizan:—till I have finish'd my work.——

Sir *Sig.* Every night one! Oh glutton!

Tick. —My great work of Conversion,—upon the whole Nation, Generation and Vocation of this wicked provoking sort of Womankind call'd Curtizans:—I will turn 'em——yes, I will turn 'em,——for 'tis a shame that man——shou'd bow down to those that worship Idols;——and now I think, Sir, I have sufficiently explain'd the business in hand,——as honest *Barbaracho* is my witness;——And for you——to——scandalize ——me—with so naughty an interpretation—afflicteth me wonderfully.——— (*Pulls out his handkerchief and weeps.*

Sir *Sig.* —Alas, poor Mr. *Tickletext*, now as I hope to be sav'd it grieves my heart to see him weep,——faith and troth now, I thought thou had'st some Carnal Assignation,——but ne'er stir I beg thy pardon, and think thee as innocent as my self, that Ido—but see the Lady's here—s'lite dry your Eyes, man. (*Enter* Cornelia, Phil. *and* Pet.

Cor. I cou'd beat thee for being thus mistaken,——and am resolv'd to flatter him into some mischief, to be reveng'd on 'em for this disappointment, go you and watch for my Cavalier the while.

Tick. Is she come——Nay then turn me loose to her.——

Cor. My Cavalier! (*Addressing to Sir* Sig. Tick. *pulls him by, and speaks.*

Tick. ——Lady———

Sir *Sig.* You, Sir, whe who the Devil made you a Cavalier, —most *Potentissimo Seigniora*, I am the man of Title, by name Sir *Signal Buffoon*, sole Son and heir to Eight Thousand pound a year.———

Tick. Oh Sir, are you the Man she looks for?

Sir *Sig.* I Sir, no Sir, I'd have ye to know, I Sir, scorn any Woman be she never so fair, unless her design be Honest and Honourable,

Cor. The

Cor. The Man of all the World I've choſen out, from all the Wits and Beauties I have ſeen; ——— to have moſt finely beaten.

Sir *Sig.* How! in Love with me already,——ſhe's damnable handſome too, now wou'd my Tutor were hang'd a little for an hour or two, out of the way. (*Aſide.*

Cor. Why fly you not into my Arms, [*She approaching, he ſhunning.*
Theſe Arms that were deſign'd for ſoft embraces?

Sir *Sig.* Ay, and if my Tutor were not here, the Devil take him that wou'd hinder 'em,——and I think that's civil, egad.

Tick. Whe how now, *Barberacho*, what, am I cuzen'd then and is Sir *Signal* the Man in favour? (*Aſide to* Pietro.

Pet. Lord Seignior, that ſo wiſe a man as you cannot perceive her meaning, for the Devil take me if I can——(*Aſide.*) —Whe this is done to take off all ſuſpition from you—and lay it on him;——don't you conceive it, Seignior.

Tick. Yes, honeſt Rogue,——Oh the witty wag-tail,——I have a part to play too, that ſhall confirm it——young Gentlewoman.———

Cor. Ah bell ingrate, is't thus you recompence my ſuffering Love? to fly this beauty ſo ador'd by all, that ſlight the ready Conqueſt of the world to truſt a heart with you,—ah—— Traditor Cruella.

Sir *Sig.* Poor heart, it goes to the very ſoul of me to be ſo coy and ſcornful to her, that it does, but a pox on't her overfondneſs will diſcover all.

Tick. Fly, fly, young man, whilſt yet thou haſt a ſpark of Vertue ſhining in thee, fly the temptations of this young Hypocrite; the Love that ſhe pretends with ſo much zeal and ardour, is indecent, unwarrantable and unlawful; firſt indecent as ſhe is Woman——for thou art Woman—and beautiful Woman—yes, very beautiful Woman; on whom nature hath ſhew'd her heighth of excellence in the outwork, but left thee in unfiniſht, imperfect and impure.

Cor. Heavens, what have we hear?

Sir *Sig.* A Pox of my Sir *Dominie*, now is he beſide his Text, and will ſpoil all.

Tick. Secondly, Unwarrantable; by what Authority doſt thou ſeduce with the Allurements of thine Eyes, and the Conjurements of thy Tongue, the Waſtings of thy Hands, and the Tinklings of thy Feet, the young men in the Villages?

Cor. Sirrah, how got this madman in? ſeize him, and take him hence.

Sir *Sig. Corpo de mi*, my Governour tickles her notably i'faith—but had he let the care of my ſoul alone to night, and have let me taken care of my Body, 'twould have been more material at this time.

Tick. Thirdly. Unlawful——

Cor. Quite diſtracted, in pity take him hence, and lead him into darkneſs, 'twill ſuit his madneſs beſt.

Tick. How, diſtracted! take him hence!

Pet. This was lucky——I knew ſhe wou'd come again—take him hence—yes, into her Bed chamber—pretty device to get you to her ſelf, Seignior.

Tick. Why, but is it—nay, then I will facillitate my departure—therefore I ſay—oh moſt beautiful and tempting Woman—

(*Beginning to preach again.*

Cor. Away with him, give him clean ſtraw and darkneſs, And chain him faſt for fear of further miſchief.

Pet. She means for fear of loſing ye.

Tick. Ah baggage! as faſt as ſhe will in thoſe pretty arms,

[*Going to lead him off.*

Sir *Sig.* Hold, hold, man, mad ſaid ye—ha, ha, ha—mad! whe we have a thouſand of theſe in *England* that go looſe about the ſtreets, and paſs with us for as ſober diſcreet Religious perſons—

As a man ſhall wiſh to talk nonſence withal.

Pet. ——You are miſtaken, Seignior, I ſay he is mad——ſtark mad.

Sir *Sig.* Prethee Barberacho what doſt thou mean——

Pet. To rid him hence that ſhe may be alone with you——'slife, Sir, you're madder than he——don't you conceive——

Sir *Sig.* Ay, ay! nay, I confeſs, Illuſtriſſima Seigniora, my Governour has a Fit that takes him now and then, a kind of a frenſie,——a figary——a whimſie—a maggot that bites always at naming of Popery:——ſo——he's gone.——Belliſſimo Seigniora,——you have moſt artificially remov'd him—and this extraordinary proof of your affection is a ſign of ſome ſmall kindneſs towards me, and though I was ſomething coy and reſerv'd before my Governour, Excellentiſſimo Seigniora, let me tell you, your love is not caſt away.

Cor. Oh, Sir, you bleſs too faſt; but will you ever love me—

Sir *Sig.* Love thee! I and lie with thee too, moſt magnanimous Seigniora, and beget a whole Race of Roman *Julius Cæſar*'s upon thee; nay, now we're alone, turn me looſe to impudence, i'faith. [*Ruffles her, Enter* Philipa *in haſte, ſhutting the door after her.*

Phil. Oh,

Phil. Oh, Madam, here's the young mad *Engliſh* Cavalier got into the houſe, and will not be deny'd ſeeing you.

Cor. This was lucky!

Sir *Sig.* How, the mad *Engliſh* Cavalier! If this ſhou'd be our young Count *Galliard* now——I were in a ſweet taking—oh, I know by my fears 'tis he; oh, prethee what kind of a manner of man is he?

Phil. A handſome—reſolute—brave—bold—

Sir *Sig.* Oh, enough, enough—Madam—I'll take my leave—I ſee you are—ſomething buſie at preſent,—and I'll—

Cor. Not for the World, —*Philipa*—bring in the Cavalier—that you may ſee there's none here fears him Seignior.

Sir *Sig.* Oh, hold, hold —— Madam you are miſtaken in that point, for, to tell you the truth, I do fear, — having—a certain —— Averſion or Antipathy, —— to——Madam ——a Gentleman —— whe Madam, they're the very Monſters of the Nation, they devour every day a Virgin.——

Cor. Good Heavens! and is he ſuch a Fury!

Sir *Sig.* Oh, and the veryeſt Belzebub,——beſides, Madam, he vow'd my Death, if ever he catch me near this Houſe, and he ever keeps his word in caſes of this Nature——Oh, that's he, [*Knocking at the door.*] I know it by a certain trembling inſtinct about me —— Oh, what ſhall I do——

Cor. Whe—I know not,——can you leap a high window?

Sir *Sig.* ——He knocks again,——I proteſt I'm the worſt Vaulter in Chriſtendom,——have you no moderate danger,——between the two extreams of the Window or the mad Count? no Cloſet,——fear has dwindled me to the ſcantling of a Mouſehole.

Cor. —Let me ſee,—I have no leiſure to purſue my Revenge farther, and will reſt ſatisfied with this,—for this time—(*Aſide.*—Give me the Candle,—and whilſt *Philipa* is conducting the Cavalier to the Alcove by dark,—you may have an opportunity to ſlip out,——perhaps there may be danger in his being ſeen—— (*Aſide.*) ——Farewel Fool.——

[*Ex.* Cornelia *with the Candle*, Phil. *goes to the door, lets in* Gall. *takes him by the hand.*

Gall. Pox on't, my Knight's bound for *Viterbo*, and there's no perſwading him into ſafe harbour again, —— he has given me but two hours to diſpatch matters here, —— and then I'm to imbark with him upon this new diſcovery of honourable love, as he calls it, whoſe adventurers are Fools, and the returning Cargo, that dead Commodity call'd a Wife! a Voyage very ſutable to my humour, —— who's there? ——

Phil. A Slave of *Silvianetta*, Sir, give me your hand.——
[*Ex. over the ſtage, Sir* Sig. *goesout ſoftly.*

The SCENE *changes to a Bed Chamber Alcove,* Petro *leading in* Tickletext.

Pet. Now, Seignior, you're ſafe and happy in the Bed-Chamber of your Miſtreſs.——who will be here immediately I'm ſure, I'll fetch a light and put you to Bed in the mean time.——

Tick. Not before Supper I hope, honeſt *Barberacho.*

Pet. Oh Seignior, that you ſhall do lying, after the manner of the Ancient *Romans.*

Tick. Certo, and that was a marvellous good lazy cuſtom.
(*Ex.* Pet.

Enter Philipa *with* Galliard *by dark*,——

Phil. My Lady will be with you inſtantly— (*Goes out.*

Tick. Hah, ſure I heard ſome body come ſoftly in at the door: I hope 'tis the young Gentlewoman! (*He advances forward.*

Gall. Silence and Night! Love and dear Opportunity.
(*In a ſoft tone.*

Joyn all your aids to make my *Silvia* kind,
For I am fil'd with the expecting bliſs,
(Tick. *thruſts his head out to liſten.*
And much delay, or diſappointment kills me.

Tick. Diſappointment kills me,——and me too, *certo*——'tis ſhe.—— [*Gropes about.*

Gall. Oh haſte, my fair, haſt to my longing Arms,——
Where are you dear and lovely'ſt of your Sex?

Tick. That's I, that's I, *mi Alma*! *mea core mea vita!*——
(*Groping and ſpeaking low.*

Gall. Hah—art thou come, my life! my ſoul, my joy!——
(*Goes to embrace* Tick. *they meet and kiſs.*
—'Sdeath what's this, a bearded Miſtreſs! Lights, lights there, quickly lights,——nay, curſe me if thou ſcap'ſt me.——
[Tick. *ſtruggles to get away, he holds him by the Cravat and Perriwig, Enter* Petro *with a Candle.*

Gall. Barberacho,—confound him, 'tis the Fool! whom I found this Evening about the houſe, hovering to rooſt him here!—ha—what the Devil have I caught—a *Tartar*? Eſcap'd again! the Devil's his confederate.—— (*Groping.*

(Pet. *puts out the Candle, comes to* Tick. *unties his Cravat behind, and he ſlips his head out of the Perriwig and gets away, leaving both in* Gall.'s *hands.*

Pet. Give

Pet. Give me your hand, I'll lead you a back pair of ſtairs through the Garden.

Tick. Oh, any way to ſave my Reputation—oh—

Gall. Let me but once more graſp thee, and thou ſhall find more ſafety in the Devils clutches! none but my Miſtreſs ſerve ye. (*Gropes out after him.*

[Pet. *with* Tick. *running over the ſtage,* Gall. *after 'em, with the Cravat and Periwig in one hand, his Piſtol in t'other.*

Enter Philipa *with a light.*

Phil. Mercy upon us, what's the matter—what noiſe is this—hah a Piſtole—what can this mean? (*A Piſtole goes off.*

Enter Sir Signal *running.*

Sir *Sig.* Oh ſave me, gentle devil, ſave me, the ſtairs are fortified with Canons and double Culverins; I m perſu'd by a whole Regiment of arm'd men! here's gold in abundance ſave me ———

Phil. What Canons? what arm'd men?

Sir *Sig.* Finding my ſelf purſu'd as I was groping my way through the Hall, and not being able to find the door, I made towards the ſtairs again, at the foot of which I was ſaluted with a great gaun—a pox of the courteſie.

Gall. [*Without*] Where are ye Knight, buffoon, dog of *Egypt*?

Sir *Sig.* Thunder and Lightning? 'tis *Galliard*'s voice—

Phil. Here, ſtep behind this hanging—there's a Chimney which may ſhelter ye till the ſtorm be over, ——if you be not ſmother'd before. (*Puts him behinde the Arras,*

—*Enter* Gall. *as before, and* Corn. *at the other door.*

Cor. Heavens! what rude noiſe is this?

Gall. Where have you hid this fool, this lucky fool?
He whom blind chance, and more ill-judging woman
Has rais'd to that degree of happineſs
That witty men muſt ſigh and toyl in vain for.

Cor. What fool, what happineſs?

Gall. Ceaſe cunning falſe one to excuſe thy ſelf,
See here the Trophies of your ſhameful choice,
And of my ruin, cruel—fair ——deceiver!

Cor. Deceiver, Sir, of whom—in what deſpairing minute did I ſwear to be a conſtant Miſtreſs? to what dull whining Lover did I vow and had the heart to break it.

Gall. Or if thou hadſt, I know of no ſuch dog as would believe thee; no, thou art falſe to thy own charms, and haſt betray'd 'em
To the poſſeſſion of the vileſt wretch
That ever Fortune curſt with happineſs
Falſe to thy joys, falſe to thy wit and youth
All which thou'ſt damn'd with ſo much careful induſtury
To an eternal fool,

That all the arts of Love can ne're redeem thee!

Sir *Sig.* Meaning me, meaning me: (*Peeping out of the Chimny his face black.*

Cor. A fool, what indiſcretion have you ſeen in me, ſhou'd make ye think I wou'd chooſe a witty man for a Lover, who perhaps loves out his month in pure good husbandy, and in that time does more miſchief than a hundred fools; ye conquer without reſiſtance, ye treat without pity, and triumph without mercy; and when you are gone, the world crys—— ſhe had not wit enough to keep him, when indeed you are not fool enough to be kept! thus we forfeit both our liberties and diſcretion with you villanous witty men; for wiſdom is but good ſucceſs in things, and thoſe that fail are fools!

Gall. Moſt gloriouſly diſputed!
You're grown a Machivilian in your Art.

Cor. Oh, neceſſary Maxims only, and the firſt Politiques we learn from obſervation—I have known a Curtezan grown infamous, deſpis'd, decay'd, and ruin'd, in the poſſeſſion of you wity men, who when ſhe had the luck to break her chains, and caſt her net for fools, has liv'd in ſtate, finer than Brides upon their wedding-day, and more profuſe than the young amorous Coxcomb that ſet her up an Idol.

Sir *Sig.* Well argued of my ſide, I ſee the Baggage loves me! (*Peeping out with a face more ſmutted.*

Gall. And haſt thou! oh, but prethee ſilt me on,
And ſay thou haſt not, deſtin'd all thy charms,
To ſuch a wicked uſe;
Is that dear face and mouth for ſlaves to kiſs:
Shall thoſe bright Eyes be gaz'd upon, and ſerve
But to reflect the Images of fools?

Sir *Sig.* That's I ſtill. (*Peeping more black.*

Gall. Shall that ſoft tender boſome be approacht.
By one who wants a Soul, to breath in langniſhment,
At every kiſs that preſſes it.

Sir *Sig.* Soul, what a pox care I for Soul,—as long as my perſon is ſo Amiable. ——————

Gall.—No, Renounce that dull diſcretion that undoes thee.
Cunning, is cheaply to be wiſe, leave it to thoſe that have
No other powers to gain a Conqueſt by,
It is below they charms;
—Come ſwear,—and be forſworn moſt damnably,—
Thou haſt not yielded yet; ſay 'twas intended only,—
And though thou ly'ſt, by Heaven I muſt believe thee,—
—Say—,—haſt thou—given him - all?

Cor. I've done as bad, we have diſcourſt th' affair,
And 'tis concluded on. ——————

Gall.

Gall. As bad! by Heaven much worſe! diſcours'd with him,
Were't thou ſo wretched, ſo depriv'd of ſenſe,
To hold diſcourſe with ſuch an Animal?
Damn it! the ſin is ne're to be forgiven!
—Had'ſt thou been wanton to that lewd degree,
By dark he might have been conducted to thee;
Where ſilently he might have ſerv'd thy purpoſe,
And thou had'ſt had ſome poor excuſe for that!
But bartering words with fools admits of none.

Cor. I grant ye,—— had I talk't ſenſe to him, which had been enough to have loſt him for ever.

Sir *Sig.* Poor Devil, how fearful 'tis of loſing me! (*Aſide.*

Gall. That's ſome atonement for thy other ſins,—come break thy word and waſh it quite away.

Sir *Sig.* That cogging won't do my good friend, that won't do.

Gall. Thou ſhalt be juſt and perjur'd, and pay may heart the debt of Love you owe it.

Cor. And wou'd you have the Heart—to make a whore of me?

Gall. With all my Soul, and the devils in't if I can give thee a greater proof of my paſſion.

Cor. I rather fear you wou'd debauch me, into that dull ſlave call'd a Wife:

Gall. A Wife, have I no Conſcience, no Honour in me!
Prethee believe I wou'd not be ſo wicked,—
No,—my deſires are generous, and Noble,
To ſet the up, that glorious inſolent thing,
That makes mankind ſuch ſlaves! almighty Curtizan!
—Come! to thy private Chamber let's haſte,
The ſacred Temple of the God of Love!
And conſecrate thy power! (*Offers to bear her off.*

Cor. Stay, do you take me then for what I ſeem!

Gall. I'm ſure I do! and wou'd not be miſtaken for a Kingdom!
But if thou art not! I can ſoon mend that fault,
And make thee ſo,—come—I'm impatient to begin the Experiment, (*Offers again to carry her off.*

Cor. Nay then I am in earneſt,—hold miſtaken ſtranger!—I am of Noble birth! and ſhou'd I in one hapleſs loving minute, deſtroy the Honour of my Houſe, ruin my youth and Beauty! and all that virtuous Education, my hoping parents gave me?

Gall. Pretty diſſemb'd pride and innocence! and wounds no leſs than ſmiles!— come let us in,—where I will give thee leave to frown and Jilt, ſuch pretty frauds advance the appetite. (*Offers again.*

Cor. By all that's good I'm a Maid of Quality!
Bleſt with a Fortune equal to my Birth!
Gall. I do not credit thee, or if I did!
For once I wou'd diſpence with Quality,
And to expreſs my Love! take thee with all theſe faults!
Cor. And being ſo, can you expect I'll yield?
Gall. The ſooner for that reaſon if thou'rt wiſe;
The Quality will take away the ſcandal, ——
Do not torment me longer— (*Offers to lead her agin.*
Cor. Stay and be undeceiv'd,—I do conjure ye. ——
Gall. Art thou no Curtizan?
Cor. Not on my life, nor do intend to be!
Gall. No proſtitute! nor doſt intend to be?
Cor. By all that's good, I only feign'd to be ſo!
Gall. No Curtizan! haſt thou deceiv'd me then;
Tell me thou wicked honeſt couzening Beauty!
Why didſt thou draw me in, with ſuch a fair pretence,
Why ſuch a tempting preface to invite,
And the whole piece ſo uſeleſs and unedifying?
—Heavens! not a Curtizan!
Why from thy window didſt thou take my vows,
And make ſuch kind returns? Oh damn your quality, what honeſt
Whore but wou'd have ſcorn'd thy cunning.
Cor. I make ye kind returns!
Gall.—Perſwade me out of that too! 'twill be like thee!
Cor. By all my wiſhes I never held diſcourſe with you—but this Evening ſince I firſt ſaw your face!
Gall. Oh the Impudence of Honeſty and Quality in Woman!
A plague upon 'em both, they have undone me,
Bear witneſs, Oh, thou gentle Queen of night,
Goddeſs of ſhades, ador'd by Lovers moſt;
How oft under thy covert ſhe has damn'd her ſelf,
With faign'd love to me! (*In paſſion.*
Cor. Heavens! this is Impudence, that power I call to witneſs too how damnably thou injur'ſt me; (*Angry.*
Gall. you never from your Window talk't of love to me?
Cor. Never.
Gall. So, nor you're no Curtizan;
Cor. No by my life!
Gall. So, nor do intend to be, by all that's good;
Cor. By all that's good never.
Gall. So,—and you are real honeſt, and of quality?
Cor. Or may I ſtill be wretched!

Gall. So

Gall. So, then farewell honesty and quality!—S'death what a night, what hopes, and what a Mistress; have I all lost for honesty and quality! (*Offers to go.*

Cor. Stay.———

Gall. I will be wreck't first let go thy hold! (*In fury.*

———Unless thou wou'dst repent,— (*In a soft tone.*

Cor. I cannot of my fixt resolves for Vertue!
—But if you could but—love me—Honourably—
For I assum'd this habit and this dress—

Gall. To cheat me of my heart the readyest way!
And now like gaming Rooks, unwilling to give o're till you have hook't in my last stake, my body too, you couzen me with honesty,——oh Damn the Dice——I'll have no more on't I, the games too deep for me! unless you play'd upon the square, Or I cou'd cheat like you—farewell Quality!— (*Goes out.*

Cor. He's gone, *Philipa* run and fetch him back;
I have but this short night allow'd for Liberty;
Perhaps to morrow I may be a slave. (*Ex.* Phil.
—Now a my Conscience there never came good of this troublesome vertue—hang't I was too serious, but a Devil on't he looks so Charmingly—and was so very pressing I durst trust my gay Humour and good Nature no farther. (*She walks about,* *Sir* Signal *peeps and then comes out.*

Sir *Sig.* He's gone!—so—ha, ha, ha—
As I hope to breath, Madam, you have most neatly dispatcht him; poor fool—to compare his wit and his person to mine.—

Cor. Hah, the Coxcomb here still.———

Sir *Sig.* Well this Countenance of mine never fail'd me yet:

Cor. Ah—— (*Looking about on him sees his face black squeeks and runs away.*

Sir *Sig.* Ah, whe what the Deavilo's that for,
—Whe 'tis I, 'tis I most *Serenissimo Signiora*! (Gall. *returns and* Philipa.

Gall. What noise is that, or is't some new design.
To fetch me back again?

Sir *Sig.* How! *Galliard*, return'd!

Gall. Hah! what art thou? a Mortal or a Devil?

Sir *Sig.* How not know me? now might I pass upon him most daintily for a Devil, but that I have been beaten out of one Devilship already, and dare venture no more Conjurationing.

Gall. Dog, what art thou—not speak! Nay then I'll inform my self; and try if you be flesh and blood. (*Kicks him, he avoids.*

Sir *Sig.*

Sir *Sig.* No matter for all this—'tis better to be kickt than diſcovered, for then I ſhall be kill'd! —and I can ſacrifice a limb or two to my reputation at any time!

Gall. Death, 'tis the fool, the fool for whom I am abus'd and jilted, 'tis ſome revenge to diſappoint her cunning, and drive the ſlave before me—Dog! were you her laſt reſerve—
(*Kicks him, he keeps in his cry.*

Sir *Sig.* Still I ſay Mum!

Gall. The Aſs will ſtill appear through all diſguiſes,
Nor can the Devils ſhape ſecure the fool—(*Kicks him, he runs out as* Cor. *enters and holds* Gall.

Cor. Hold Tyrant ——

Gall. Oh Women! Women! fonder in your Appetites.
Than Beaſts; and more unnatural!
For they but couple with their kind, but you
Promiſcuouſly ſhuffle your Brutes together,
The Fop of buſineſs with the lazy Gown-man—the learned Aſs with the Illiterate wit. The empty coxcombe with the Pollitian, as Dull and inſignicant as he, from the gay fool made more a beaſt by fortune to all the loath'd imfirmities of Age! —Farewell—I ſcorn to crowd with the dull Herd! or graze upon the Common where they Fatten—— (*Goes out.*

Fill. I know he loves, by this concern I know it,
And will not let him part diſatisfied! (*Goes out.*

Cor.—By all that's good I love him more each moment, and know he's deſtin'd to be mine.—— (Enter *Marcella.*
—What hopes *Marcella*, what i'ſt we next ſhall do?

Mar. Fly to our laſt reſerve, come let's haſte and dreſs! in that diſguiſe we took our flight from *Vitterbo* in,— and ſomething I reſolve:

Cor. My ſoul informs me what!—I ha't! a project worthy of us both—Which whilſt we dreſs I'll tell thee,—and by which
My dear *Marcella* we will ſtand or fall,
'Tis our laſt ſtake we ſet; and have at all.—

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Petro, Tickletext, *from the Garden.*

Tick. HAſte honeſt *Barberacho*, before the day diſcover us to the wicked world, and that more wicked *Galliard.*

Pet. Well.

Pet. Well Signior, of a bad turn it was a good one, that he took you for Sir *Signal!* the ſcandal lies at his door now Sir,—ſo the Ladders faſt, you may now mount and away.—

Tick. Very well, go your ways, and commend me honeſt *Barberacho* to the young Gentlewoman! and let her know as ſoon as I may be certain to run no hazard in my reputation, I'll viſit her again!

Pet. I'll warrant ye Signior for the future!

Tick. So, now get you gone leſt we be diſcover'd!

Pet. Farewell Signior, *a bon viage.* (*Ex.* Pet. Tick. *deſcends.*

Tick. 'Tis marvelous dark, and I have loſt my Lanthorn in the fray! [*Groping*]—hah—where abouts am I—hum——what have we here! —ah, help, help, help! [*Stumbles at the Well, gets hold of the rope and ſlides down in the Bucket.* I ſhall be drown'd, fire, fire, fire, for I have water enough! Oh for ſome houſe,——ſome ſtreet, nay wou'd *Rome* it ſelf were a ſecond time in flames, that my deliverance might be wrought by the neceſſity for water,——but no human help is nigh—oh,

Enter Sir Sig. *as before.*

Sir *Sig.* Did ever any Knight adventurer, run through ſo many diſaſters in one night! my worſhipful carkaſs has been cudgel'd moſt plentifully, firſt bang'd for a coward, which by the way was none of my fault, I cannot help Nature! then clawed away for a *Diavillo*! there I was the fool! but who can help that too! frighted with *Gall*'s coming into an Ague, then chimney'd into a Fever, where I had a fine regale of ſoot a perfume which nothing but my *Cacamarda Orangate* cou'd excell: and which I find by—[*ſnufs*] my ſmelling has defac'd Natures Image, and a ſecond time made me be ſuſpected for a devil!—let me ſee,—— (*Opens his Lanthorn and looks on his hands.*

—'tis ſo—I am in a cleanly pickle! If my face be of the ſame peice, I am fit to ſcare away old *Belzebub* himſelf efaith: [*Wipes his face.*

——Ay—'tis ſo—like to like quoth the devil to the Collier! well I'll home ſcrub my ſelf clean if poſſible, get me to bed, deviſe a handſome lie to excuſe my long ſtay to my governor and all's well, and the man has his Mare again! (*Shuts his Lanthorn and gropes away, runs againſt the Well.*

——*Que queſto* [feels gently.]
Make me thankful 'tis ſubſtantial wood, by your leave——— [*Opens his Lanthorn.*,
How! a Well! ſent by Prouldence that I may waſh my ſelf leaſt people ſmoke me by the ſcent, and beat me anew for ſtinking: [*Sets down his Lanthorn, pulls of his Masking Coat, and goes to draw water.*

'Tis

'Tis a damnable heavy Bucket, now do I fancy I ſhall look when I am waſhing my ſelf, like the ſign of the Labour in vain.

Tick. So, my cry is gone forth, and I am delivered by Miracle from this Dungeon of death and darkneſs; this cold Element of deſtruction. ———

Sir *Sig.* Hah—ſure I heard a diſmal hollow voice. ———

[Tick. *appears in the Bucket above the Well.*

Tick. What art thou com'ſt in charity? ———

Sir *Sig.* Ah *le Diavilo, le Diavilo, le Diavilo.* ———

[*Lets go the Bucket, and is running frighted away.*

Enter Fillamour *and Page, he returns.*

—How, a man! was ever wretched wite ſo miſerable, the Devil at one hand, and a Roman Night-walker at the other; which danger ſhall I chooſe:—— (*Gets to the door of the Houſe.*

Tick. So, I am got up at laſt——thanks to my Knight, for I am ſure 'twas he! hah he's here—I'll hear his buſineſs.

[*Goes near to* Fillamour.

Fill. Confound this Woman, this bewitching Woman,
I cannot ſhake her from my ſullen heart,
Spight of my Soul I linger here abouts,
And cannot to *Vitterbo.*

Tick. Very good; a dainty Raſcal this!

Enter Galliard *with a Lanthorn, as from* Silvia's *houſe, held by* Philipa.

Fill. —Hah, who's this coming from her houſe, perhaps 'tis *Galliard.*

Gall. No Argument ſhall fetch me back, by Heaven.

Fill. 'Tis the mad Rogue.

Tick. Oh Lord, 'tis *Galliard*, and angry too, now cou'd I but get off and leave Sir *Signal* to be beaten, 'twere a rare project——but 'tis impoſſible without diſcovery.

Fill. But will you hear her, Seignior?

Gall. That is, will I looſe more time about her; plague on't I have thrown away already ſuch Songs and Sonets, ſuch Madrigals and Poſies, ſuch Night walks, ſighs, and direful Lovers looks, as wou'd have mollify'd any woman of Conſcience and Religion; and now to be popt i'th' mouth with Quality! well, if ever you catch me lying with any but honeſt well meaning Damzells hereafter, hang me:——farewel, old ſecret, farewel. (*Ex.* Philipa.

—Now

—Now am I asham'd of being couzen'd so damnably, *Fillamour* that Virtuous Rascal will so laugh at me; s'heart cou'd I but have debaucht him, we had been on equal terms,—but I must help my self with lying, and swear I have—a—

Fill. You shall not need, I'll keep you're Councel, Sir.

Gall. Hah—*este vous la.* ————

Tick. How, *Fillamour* all this while, some comfort yet, I am not the only professor that dissembles; but how to get away.—

Gall. Oh *Harry*, the most damnably defeated!

[*A noise of Swords.*

Fill. Hold! what noise is that? two men coming this way as from the house of the Curtizans.

Enter Julio *backwards fighting* Octavio *and Bravo's.*

Gall. Hah on retreating,——S'death I've no sword!

Enter Julio *and* Octavio *fighting.*

Fill. Here's one, I'll take my Page's. [*Takes the Boy's sword.*

Gall. Now am I mad for mischief, here, hold my Lanthorn, Boy.

[*They fight on* Julio's *side, and fight* Octavio *out at t'other side: Enter* Laura *and* Sabina *at the fore-door* —— *which is the same where Sir* Signal *stands,* Tick. *groping up that way; finds Sir* Sig. *just entring in:* Lau. *and* Sab. *pass over the stage.*

Sir *Sig.* Hah, a door open! I care not who it belongs too, 'tis better dying within doors like a Man than in the street like a dog. [*Going in* Tick. *in great fear comes up and pulls him.*

Tick. Seignior, a gentle Seignior, who e're you are that owns this Mansion, I beseech you to give protection to a wretched man half dead with fear and injury.

Sir *Sig.* Nay, I defie the Devil to be more dead with fear than I——Seignior you may enter, perhaps 'tis some body that will make an excuse for us both,—— but hark, they return.

[*And both go in, just after* Laura *and* Sabina *enter.*

Lau. He's gone! he's gone! perhaps for ever gone,—tell me, thou silly manager of Love, how got this Ruffian in? how was it possible without thy knowledge—— he cou'd get admittance.

Sab. Now as I hope to live and learn I know not, Madam, unless he follow'd you when you let in the Cavalier, which being by dark he easily conceal'd himself; no doubt some

Lover

Lover of the *Silvianetta*'s who miſtaking you for her, took him too for a Rival.

Lau. 'Tis likely, and my Fortune is too blame, my curſed Fortune
Who like Miſers deals her ſcanty bounties with ſo ſlow a hand,
That or we die before the Bleſſing falls,
Or have it ſnatcht e're we can call it ours.
[*Raving.*] To have him in my houſe, to have him kind,
Kind as young Lovers when they meet by ſtealth:
As fond as Age to Beauty, and as ſoft
As Love and Wit cou'd make impatient youth,
Preventing even my wiſhes and deſires,
—Oh Gods! and then, even then to be defeated,
Then from my o're joy'd Arms to have him ſnatcht;
Then when our Vows had made our freedom Lawful;
What Maid cou'd ſuffer a ſurprize ſo cruel?
—The day begins to break,—go ſearch the ſtreets,
And bring me News he's ſafe, or I am loſt.

Enter Gall. Fill. *and* Jul.

Fill. Galliard, where art thou?

Gall. Here ſafe, and by thy ſide.——————

Lau. 'Tis he!

Jul. Who e're he were, the Rogue fought like a fury, and but for your timely aid I'd been in ſome danger.

Fill. But *Galliard*, thou wer't telling me thy adventure with *Silvianetta*; there may be comfort in't.

Lau. So, now I ſhall hear with what concern he ſpeaks of me.—————— (*Aſide.*

Gall. Oh damn her, damn her.

Lau. Hah! (*Aſide.*

Gall. The verieſt Jilt that ever learnt the Art.

Lau. Heavens!

Gall. Death, the Whore took me for ſome Amorous *Engliſh* Elder Brother, and was for Matrimony in the Devil's name, thought me a loving fool that ne're had ſeen ſo glorious a fight before, and wou'd at any rate enjoy.

Lau. Oh Heaven! I'm amaz'd, how much he differs from the thing he was, but a few minutes ſince. [*Aſide.*

Gall. And to advance her price, ſet up for Quality! nay ſwore ſhe was a Maid, and that ſhe did but Act the Curtizan.

Lau. Which then he ſeem'd to give a credit too, —— oh the forſworn diſſembler.

Gall. But

Gall. But when I came to the matter then in debate, ſhe was for honourable Love forſooth, and wou'd not yield no marry wou'd ſhe, not under a Licence from the Parſon of the Pariſh.

Jul. Who was it, prethee, 'twere a good deed to be ſo reveng'd on her.

Gall. Pox on her no, I'm ſure ſhe's a damn'd gipſie, for at the ſame time ſhe had her Lovers in reſerve, lay hid in her Bed-Chamber.

Lau. 'Twas that he took unkindly,
And makes me guilty of that rude Addreſs.

Fill. Another Lover had ſhe.

Gall. Yes, our Coxcomb Knight *Buffoon*, laid by for a reliſhing bit, in caſe I prov'd not ſeaſon'd to her mind.

Lau. Hah, he knew him then.

Gall. But damn her, ſhe paſſes with the Night, the day will bring new Objects.

Fill. Oh I do not doubt it, *Frank.*

Lau. Falſe and Inconſtant! Oh I ſhall rave *Silvio.*——
(*Aſide to* Sil.

Enter Cornelia *in Mans Cloaths with a Letter.*

Cor. Here be the Cavaliers! give me kind Heaven but hold of him, and if I keep him not, I here renounce my Charms of Wit and Beauty?—Seigniors, is there a Cavalier amongſt ye call'd *Fillamour*?

Fill. I own that name; what wou'd you, Sir?

Cor. Only deliver this, Seignior. (Fill. *goes aſide, opens his Lanthorn and reads*, Jul. *and* Gall. *talk aſide.*

Fill. [*Reads.*] I'll only tell you I am Brother to that *Marcella* whom you have injur'd; to oblige you to meet me an hour hence, in the *Piazo Diſpagnia*! I need not ſay with your ſword in your hand, ſince you will there meet, *Julio Sebaſtiano, Muriſini*:—hah! her Brother ſure return'd from Travel, (*Aſide.*
——Seignior,——I will not fail to anſwer it as he deſires,
(*to* Cornelia.
I'll take this opportunity to ſteal off undiſcover'd.
(*Aſide going out.*

Cor. So, I've done my ſiſters buſineſs now for my own.

Gall. But my good friend, pray what adventure have you been on to night?

Jul. Faith, Sir, 'twas like to have prov'd a pleaſant one, I came juſt now from the *Silvianetta*——the fair young Curtizan.

Cor. Hah! what ſaid the Man——came from me! (*Aſide.*

Gall. How,

Gall. How, Sir, you with *Silvianetta*! when?

Ful. Now, all the dear live long night.

Cor. A Pox take him, who can this be?— (*Aside.*

Gall. This night! this night! that is not yet departed.

Ful. This very happy night:—I told you I saw a lovely woman at St. *Peter's* Church.

Gall. You did so.

Ful. I told you too I followed her home, but cou'd learn neither her name nor quality, but my Page getting into the acquaintance of one of hers, brought me news of both: her name *Silvianetta*, her quality a Curtizan!

Cor. I at Church yesterday! now hang me if I had any such devout thoughts about me, whe what a damn'd scandalous Rascal's this.

Ful. Fill'd with hopes of success, at Night I made her a visit, and under her window had a skirmish with some Rival, who was then serenading her:

Gall. Was't he that fought us then,——(*Aside.*)——but it seems you were not mistaken in the house—on with your story pray—death, I grow jealous now—(*Aside.*) you came at night you said?

Ful. Yes, and was receiv'd at the door by the kind *Silvianetta*, who softly whisper'd me, come to my bosom and be safe for ever! and doubtless took me for some happier man.

Lau. Confusion on him, 'twas my very language!

(*Aside raving.*

Ful. Then led me by dark into her Chamber.

Cor. Oh this damn'd lying Rascal, I do this? (*Aside.*

Ful. But oh the things, the dear obliging things, the kind, the fair young charmer said and did.

Gall. To thee?

Ful. To me.

Gall. Did *Silvianetta* do this, *Silvianetta* the Curtizan?

Ful. That passes, Sir, for such, but is indeed of quality.

Cor. This stranger is the Devil, how shou'd he know that secret else.

Ful. She told me too 'twas for my sake alone, whom from the first minute she saw she lov'd! she had assum'd that Name and that Disguise the sooner to invite me.

Lau. 'Tis plain, the things I utter'd!—oh my heart!

Gall. Curse on the publick Jilt, the very flattery she wou'd have past on me.

Cor. Pox take him, I must draw on him, I cannot hold!

(*Aside.*

Gall. Was

Gall. Was ever ſuch a Whore.

Lau. Oh that I knew this man whom by miſtake (*Aſide.*
I layiſht all the ſecrets of my ſoul too! (*Aſide.*

Ful. I preſt for ſomething more than dear expreſſions,
And found her yield apace,
But ſighing told me of a fatal contract,
She was oblig'd to make to one ſhe never ſaw,
And yet if I wou'd vow to marry her, when ſhe cou'd prove to
Merit it, ſhe wou'd deny me nothing.

Lau. 'Twas I by Heaven that heedleſs fool was I.

Ful. Which I with Lovers eager joy perform'd,
And on my knees utter'd the haſty words,
Which ſhe repeated o're and gave me back!

Gall. So, he has ſwallow'd with a Vengeance the very bait ſhe had prepar'd for me, or any body that wou'd bite. (*Aſide.*

Ful. But e're I cou'd receive the dear reward of all my vows,
I was drawn upon, by a Man that lay hid in her Chamber:
Whether by chance or deſign I know not, who fought me out,
And was the ſame you found me engag'd with.

Cor. A pleaſant Raſcal this, as e're the devil taught his leſſon too.

Gall. So, my comfort is ſhe has jilted him too moſt damnably.

Cor. S'life, I have anger enough to make me valiant, why ſhou'd I not make uſe on't, and beat this lying Villain whilſt the fit holds.

Gall. And you deſign to keep theſe Vows, though you're contracted to another woman?

Ful. I neither thought of breaking thoſe, or keeping theſe,
My ſoul was all employ'd another way.

Lau. —It ſhall be ſo, *Silvio*,——I've thought upon a way that muſt redeem all,—hark and obſerve me.——————

[*Takes* Sil. *and whiſpers to him.*

Ful. But I'm impatient to purſue my adventure,
Which I muſt endeavour to do, before the light diſcover the miſtake;——Farewel, Sir. (*Ex.* Julio.

Gall. Go and be ruin'd quite, ſhe has the knack of doing it.

Sil. I'll warrant ye Madam for my part. (*Ex.* Laura.

Gall. —I have a damn'd hankering after this Woman, why cou'd not I have put the cheat on her, as *Julio* has, I ſtand as little on my word as he! a good round Oath or two had done the buſineſs,—but a pox on't I lov'd too well to be ſo wiſe.

[Silvio *comes up to him.*

Sab. *Conlicentia* Seignior; is your name *Galliard?*

Gall. I am the man ſweet-heart,—let me behold thee—hah —*San Cæur*'s Page.

Sab. A dews of his Lanthorn, what ſhall I ſay now? (*Aſide.* —Softly, Seignior, I am that Page whoſe chiefeſt buſineſs is to attend my Lord's Miſtreſs, Sir.

Cor. His Miſtreſs! whoſe Miſtreſs, what Miſtreſs? s'life how that little word has nettled me. (*Aſide liſtening cloſe.*

Gall. Upon my life the Woman that he boaſted of (*Aſide hugging himſelf.*
—A fair young Amorous —— Noble ——Wanton a —— And ſhe wou'd ſpeak with me, my lovely Boy?

Sab. You have prevented the commands I had, but ſhould my Lord know of it. ———

Gall. Thou wert undone, I underſtand thee——— And will be as ſecret as a Confeſſor—— As lonely ſhades, or everlaſting night——Come, lead the way.———

Cor. Where I will follow thee, though to the bed of her thou'rt going too, and even prevent thy very buſineſs there.— [*Aſide.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Laura *as before in a night-gown.* SCENE *A Chamber.*

Lau. Now for a power that never yet was known
To charm this ſtranger quickly into Love,
Aſſiſt my Eyes thou God of kind deſires;
Inſpire my language with a moving force
That may at once gain and ſecure the Victory.

Enter Silvio.

Sab. Madam, your Lover's here: your time's but ſhort, conſider too Count *Julio* may arrive.

Lau. Let him arrive, having ſecur'd my ſelf of what I love, I'll leave him to complain his unknown loſs
To careleſs winds as pittileſs as I: *Sabina* ſee the Rooms
Be fill'd with lights, whilſt I prepare my ſelf to entertain him.
Darkneſs ſhall ne're deceive me more——
[*Enter to* Sil. Gall. *gazing about him,* Cor. *peeping at the door.*

Gall. All's wonderous rich,—Gay as the Court of Love,
But ſtill and ſilent as the ſhades of death;
—Hah—Muſick! an! Excellent! [*Soft Muſick whilſt they ſpeak.*
Pox on't—but where's the Woman—I need no preparation.—

Cor. No

Cor. No you are always provided for ſuch incounters and can fall too *Sans* Ceremony,——but I may ſpoil your ſtomach.

[*A Song tuning.*

Gall. A voice too, by Heaven and 'tis a ſweet one:
Grant ſhe be young and I'll excuſe the reſt.
Yet vie for pleaſure with the happieſt *Roman.*

[*The Song as by* Laura, *after which ſoft Muſick till ſhe enters.*

The SONG by a perſon of Quality.

Farewel the World and mortal cares
The raviſh'd Strophon *cry'd,*
As full of joy and tender tears
He lay by Phillis *ſide:*
Let others toil for wealth and fame,
Whilſt not one thought of mine,
At any other bliſs ſhall aim,
But thoſe dear arms, but thoſe dear arms of thine.

Still let me gaze on thy bright eyes,
And hear thy charming tongue,
I nothing ask t' increaſe my joys
But thus to feel 'em long;
In cloſe embraces let us lie,
And ſpend our lives to come,
Then let us both together die
And be each others, be each others Tomb.

—Death, I'm fir'd already with her Voice——

Cor. So, I am like to thrive.——

Enter Julio.

Jul. What means theſe lights in every room, as if to make the day without the Sun: and quite deſtroy my hopes!—hah *Gulliard* here!

Cor. A man; grant it ſome Lover, or ſome Husband heaven,
Or any thing that will but ſpoil the ſport,
The Lady! oh blaſt her, how fair ſhe is.

Enter Laura *with her Lute, dreſt in a careleſs rich dreſs, follow'd by* Sabina, *to whom ſhe gives her Lute.*

Jul. Hah! 'tis the ſame woman. [*Sees* Julio *and ſtarts.*
Lau. A ſtranger here! what art can help me now?——
[*She pauſes.*
Gall. By all my joys a lovely woman 'tis,
Lau. Help me deceipt, diſſembling, all that's Woman——
(*She ſtarts and gazes on* Gall. *pulling* Silvio.
Cor. Sure I ſhou'd know that face.——
Lau. Ah look my *Silvio*, is't not he; ——it is!
That ſmile, that Air, that meen, that bow is his.
'Tis he by all my hopes, by all my wiſhes.
Gall. He, yes, yes, I am he, I thank my ſtars,
And never bleſt 'em half ſo much for being ſo,
As for the dear variety of Woman.
Cor. Curſe on her Charms, ſhe'll make him Love in earneſt.
Lau. It is my Brother; and report was falſe.
[*Going towards him.*
Gall. How, her Brother? Gad I'm ſorry we are ſo near akin with all my ſoul; for I am damnably pleas'd with her.
Lau. Ah why do ye ſhun my Arms——or are ye Air?
And not to be enclos'd in human twines——
Perhaps you are the Ghoſt of that dead Lord
That comes to whiſper vengeance to my Soul.
Gall. S'hart a Ghoſt! this is an odd preparative to Love.
(*Aſide.*
Cor. 'Tis *Laura*; my Brother *Julio*'s Miſtreſs, and Siſter to *Octavio*.
Gall. Death, Madam, do not ſcare away my love with tales of Ghoſts, and fancies of the Dead, I'll give ye proofs I'm living loving man, as errant an Amorous a Mortal as heart can wiſh——I hope ſhe will not Jilt me too. (*Aſide.*
Cor. So! he's at his common proof for all Arguments
If ſhe ſhou'd take him at his word now, and ſhe'll be ſure to do't.
Lau. Amiable ſtranger pardon the miſtake,
And charge it on a paſſion for a Brother:
Devotion was not more retir'd than I,
Veſtals or widow'd Matrons when they weep,
Till by a fatal chance I ſaw in you;
The dear reſemblance of a Murther'd Brother. [*Weeps.*
Jul. What the Devil can ſhe mean by this? [*Aſide.*

Lau. I

Lau. I durſt not truſt my Eyes, yet ſtill I gaz'd,
And that increas'd my faith you were my Brother,
But ſince they err'd, and he indeed is dead,
Oh give me leave to pay you all that love,
That tenderneſs and paſſion that was his. (*Weeping.*

Cor. So, I knew ſhe wou'd bring matters about ſome way or other, Oh miſchief, miſchief help me; S'life I can be wicked enough when I have no uſe on't, and now I have, I'm as harmleſs as a fool. [*As* Gall. *is earneſtly talking to* Lau. Julio *pulls him by the ſleeve.*

Lau. Oh ſave me, ſave me from the Murderer.

Jul. Hah!

Gall. A Murderer, where?

Lau. I faint, I die with horror of the ſight.

Gall. Hah——my Friend a Murderer! ſure you miſtake him, Madam, he ſaw not *Rome* till yeſterday, an honeſt youth, Madam, and one that knows his diſtance upon occaſion!——s'life how cam'ſt thou here——prethee begone and leave us.

Jul. Why, do you know this Lady, Sir?

Gall. Know her!——a——ay, ay——man——and all her Relations, ſhe's of Quality,——withdraw, withdraw——Madam——a——he is my friend, and ſhall be civil.——

Lau. I have an eaſie faith for all you ſay,——but yet however innocent he be, or dear to you, I beg he wou'd depart—he is ſo like my Brothers Murtherer, that one look more would kill me——

Jul. A Murtherer! charge me with Cowardiſe, with Rapes or Treaſons—Gods, a Murtherer!

Cor. A Devil on her, ſhe has rob'd the Sex of all their Arts of cunning.

Gall. Pox on't thou'rt rude; go, in good manners go—

Lau. I do conjure ye torture me no more,
If you would have me think you're not that Murtherer.
Be gone—and leave your Friend to calm my heart
Into ſome kinder thoughts.

Gall. Ay, ay, prethee go, I'll be ſure to do thy buſineſs for thee.

Cor. Yes, yes, you will not fail to do a Friendly part, no doubt——

Jul. Tis but in vain to ſtay——I ſee ſhe did miſtake her man laſt night, and 'twas to chance I am in debt for that good Fortune;——I will retire to ſhow my obedience, Madam.
(*Exit* Jul. Gall. *going to the door with him.*

Lau. He's gone, and left me Miſtreſs of my wiſh.
Deſcend ye little winged Gods of Love,
Deſcend and hover round our bower of bliſs.
Play all in various forms about the youth; (*Aſide.*
And empty all our quivers at his heart:
[Gall. *returns, ſhe takes him by the hand.*
—Advance thou dearer to my Soul than kindred,
Thou more than Friend or Brother,
Let meaner ſouls born baſe conceal the God;
Love owns his Monarchy within my heart,
So Kings that daign to viſit humble roofs:
Enter diſguis'd but in a Noble Palace,
Own their great Power, and ſhow themſelves in glory.

Gall. I am all tranſport with this ſuddain bliſs,
and want ſome kind allay to fit my Soul for recompence.

Cor. Yes, yes, my forward friend you ſhall have an allay, if all my Art can do't, to damp thee even to diſappointment.

Gall. My Souls all wonder now let us retire,
And gaze till I have ſoften'd it to Love. (*Going out is met by* Cor.

Cor. Madam!

Lau. More interruption——hah— (*Turns.*

Cor. My Maſter the young Count *Fulio.*

Lau. Fulio.

Gall. What of him. [*Aſide.*

Cor. Being juſt now arriv'd at *Rome.*

Lau. Heavens, arriv'd! [*Aſide.*

Cor. Sent me to beg the Honour of waiting on you.

Lau. Sure ſtranger you miſtake. ——

Cor. If Madam you are *Laura Lucretia.*——

Gall. *Laura Lucretia*; by Heaven the very Woman he's to marry. [*Aſide.*

Lau. This would ſurprize a Virgin leſs reſolve.
But what have I to do with ought but Love? [*Aſide.*
—And can your Lord imagine this an hour
To make a ceremonious viſit in?

Gall. Ridles by Love; or is't ſome trick again? [*Aſide.*

Cor. Madam, where vows are paſt, the want of ceremony may be pardon'd.

Lau. I do not uſe to have my will diſputed,
Begone, and let him know I'll be obey'd.

Cor. S'life ſhe'll out-wit me yet,—— [*Aſide.*
Madam I ſee this niceneſs is not general,
You can except ſome Lovers.

Gall. My

Gall. My pert young Confident depart, and let your Master know he'll find a better welcome from the fair vain Curtizan, *la Silvianetta*, where he has past the night and given his Vows.

Lau. Dearly devis'd, and I must take the hint. [*Aside smiling.*

Cor. He knows me sure, and says all this to plague me. [*Aside.*
My Lord, my Master with a Curtizan, he's but just now arriv'd.

Gall. A pretty forward sawcy lying boy this; and may do well in time,——Madam, believe him not, I saw his Master yesterday,——converst with him,——I know him, he's my Friend;——'twas he that parted hence but now,——he told me all his passion for a Curtizan scarce half an hour since.

Cor. So!

Lau. I do not doubt it, oh how I Love him for this seasonable lie,
—And can you think I'll see a perjur'd man, [*To* Cor.
Who gives my interest in him to another,
—Do I not help ye out most Artfully?—[*And laughing to* Gall.

Cor. I see they are resolv'd to out-face me.

Gall. Nay, vow'd to marry her.

Lau. Heavens, to Marry her.

Cor. To be conquer'd at my own Weapon too,—lying, 'tis a hard case.—— [*Aside.*

Gall. Go Boy you may be gone, you have your Answer Child, and may depart—come, Madam, let us leave him.

Cor. Gone, no help, death I'll quarrel with him,——nay fight him,——damn him,——rather than loose him thus,——stay, Seignior, [*Pulls him.*] ——You call me Boy,——but you may find your self mistaken, Sir,——And know——I've that about me may convince ye, (*Showing his Sword.*
—'Thas done some Execution.

Gall. Prethee on whom, or what small Village Curs?
The barking of a Mastive wou'd unman thee. (*Offers to go.*

Cor. Hold——follow me from the refuge of her Arms;
As thou'rt a man, I do conjure thee do't:
—I hope he will, I'll venture beating for't. (*Aside.*

Gall. Yes, my brisk—little Rascal—I will—a—

Lau. By all that's good you shall not stir from hence, ho, who waits there, *Antonio, Silvio, Gaspero,* (*Enter all.*)—take that fierce youth and bear him from my sight.

Cor. You ſhall not need, s'life theſe rough Rogues will be too hard for me,—I've one prevention left,—farewel,

Maiſt thou ſupply her with as feable Art,
As I ſhou'd do, were I to play thy part.

[Goes out with the reſt.

Gall. He's gone, now let's redeem our bleſſed minutes loſt.

(*Go in.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*— Piazo Deſpagnia.

Enter Julio *alone.*

Jul. Now by this breaking day light I cou'd rave, I knew ſhe miſtook me laſt Night which made me ſo eager to improve my luckey minutes,— ſure *Galliard* is not the Man, I long to know the myſtery,—hah——who's here—*Fillamour.*

Enter Fillamour *met by* Marcella *in Mans Clothes, they paſs by each other—cock and juſtle.*

Mar. I take it—you are he I look for, Sir.
Fill. My name is *Fillamour.*
Mar. Mine——*Julio Sebaſtiano Muriſini.*
Jul. Hah, my name, by Heaven. [*Aſide.*
Fill. I doubt it not, ſince in that lovely face.
I ſee the charming Image of *Marcella.*
Jul. Hah? ——
Mar. You might, e're Travel ruſled me to man,
——I ſhou'd return thy praiſe whilſt I ſurvey thee,
But that I came not here to Complement,—draw— (*Draws.*
Fill. Why, cauſe thou'rt like *Marcella?*
Mar. That were ſufficient reaſon for thy hate,
But mine's becauſe thou haſt betray'd her baſely;
—She told me all the ſtory of her Love,
How well you meant, how honeſtly you ſwore,
And with a thouſand tears imploy'd my Aid
To break the Contract ſhe was forc'd to make
T' *Octavio*, and give her to your Arms:
I did, and brought you word of our deſign,
—I need not tell ye what returns you made,
Let it ſuffice, my Siſter was neglected,
Neglected for a Curtizan,——a Whore;
I watcht and ſaw each Circumſtance of falſhood.

Jul. Dam-

Ful. Damnation! what means this?

Fill. I ſcorn to ſave my life by lies or flatteries,
But credit me, the Viſit that I made
I durſt have ſworn had been to my *Marcella*,
Her Face, her Eyes, her Beauty was the ſame,
Only the buſineſs of her language differ'd,
And undeceiv'd my hope.

Mar. In vain thou think'ſt to flatter me to ſaith,——
When thou'dſt my Siſters Letter in thy hand, which ended that diſpute
Even then I ſaw with what regret you read it;
What care you took to diſobey it too ———
The ſhivering Maid half dead with fears and terrors of the Night,
In vain expected a relief from Love or thee,
Draw, that I may return her the glad news I have reveng'd her.

Ful. Hold, much miſtaken youth, 'tis I am *Julio*, thou *Fillamour* know'ſt my name, knows I arriv'd but yeſterday at *Rome*, and heard the killing News of both my Siſters flights, *Marcella* and *Cornelia*,——— and thou art ſome Impoſture. (*To* Marcella.

Mar. If this now ſhou'd be true, I were in a fine condition.———

Fill. Fled! *Marcella* fled!

Ful. 'Twas ſhe I told thee yeſterday was loſt,
But why art thou concern'd,——explain the Myſtery.

Fill. I lov'd her more than Life; nay, even than Heaven;
And doſt thou queſtion my concern for her,
Say how, and why, and whether is ſhe fled?

Ful. Oh wou'd I knew, that I might kill her in her Lovers Arms, or if I found her Innocent, reſtore her to *Octavio*.

Fill. To *Octavio*! and is my Friendſhip of ſo little worth, You cannot think I merit her.

Ful. This is ſome trick between 'em; but I have ſworn moſt ſolemnly, have ſworn by Heaven and my Honour to reſign her, and I will do't or die—therefore declare quickly, declare where ſhe is, or I will leave thee dead upon the place. (*To* Marcella.

Mar. So, death or *Octavio*, a pretty hopeful choice this.

Fill. Hold, by Heaven you ſhall not touch a ſingle hair, thus——will I guard the ſecret in his boſom.
(*Puts himſelf between 'em, draws.*

Ful. 'Tis plain thou'ſt injur'd me,——and to my Honour I'll ſacrifice my Friendſhip, follow me.

Enter

Enter Petro *and* Cornelia.

Mar. Ah *Petro*, fly, fly, ſwift and reſcue him.— (*Ex.* Pet. *with his Sword in his hand.*

Cor. Oh have I found thee, fit for my purpoſe too. Come, haſte along with me,——thou muſt preſent my Brother *Julio* inſtantly, or I am loſt, and my project's loſt, and my Mans loſt, and all's loſt.

Enter Petro.

Pet. Victoria, Victoria, your Cavaliers and Conqueror; the other wounded in his Sword hand, was eaſily diſarmed.

Mar. Then let's retire, if I am ſeen I'm loſt,—*Petro* ſtay here for the Cavalier, and conduct him to me to this houſe; ——I muſt be ſpeedy now.——

Cor. Remember this is *Julio.* (*Pointing to* Marcella.

Pet. I know your deſign and warrant ye my part:——hah, *Octavio.*

Enter Octavio, Muriſini *and* Crapine.

Oct. Now Cowardiſe that everlaſting infamy, dwell ever on my face, that Men may point me out that hated Lover that ſaw his Miſtreſs falſe, ſtood tamely by whilſt ſhe repeated Vows; nay, was ſo infamous, ſo dully tame to hear her ſwear her hatred and averſion, yet ſtill I calmly liſten'd; though my Sword were ready and did not cut his throat for't.

Mur. I thought you'd ſaid you'd fought.

Oct. Yes, I did rouſe at laſt and wak'd my wrongs,
But like an Aſs, a patient fool of honour,
I gave him friendly notice I wou'd kill him;
And fought like Prizers, not as angry Rivals.

Mur. Why that was handſome,—I love fair play; what wou'd you elſe have done?

Oct. Have fall'n upon him like a ſuddain ſtorm, (*Enter* Pet. *and* Fill.) quick unexpected in his height of Love:——ſee——ſee yonder; or I'm miſtaken by this glimering day or that is *Fillamour* now entring at her door, 'tis he, by my revenge:—What ſay you, Sir.

Mur. By th' Maſs I think it was he.—— (*Enter* Julio.

Oct. Julio, I've caught the wantons in their toil,
I have 'em faſt, thy ſiſter and her Lover. (*Embraces him.*

Jul. E-

Ful. Eternal ſhame light on me if they ſcape then.
Oct. Follow me quick,—whilſt we can get admittance.
Ful. Where——here?
Oct. Here,—come all and ſee her ſhame and my revenge.
Ful. And are you not miſtaken in the houſe.
Oct. Miſtaken! I ſaw the Raviſher enter juſt now, thy Uncle ſaw it too, oh my exceſſive Joy, come, if I lye—ſay I'm a Dog, a Villain. (*Exeunt as into the houſe.*

SCENE *changes to a Chamber. Enter Sir* Signal *—a little groping.*

Sir *Sig.* There's no finding my way out,—and now does fear make me fancy,—this ſome Inchanted Caſtle.—

Enter Tick. *liſtening.*

Tick. Hah an Inchanted Caſtle.
Sir *Sig.* Belonging to a monſterous Giant; who having ſpirited away the King of *Tropicipopican*'s Daughter, keeps her here incloſ'd, and that I wandering Knight am by fickle Fortune ſent to her deliverance. (Tick. *liſtens.*
Tick. How's that! ſpirited away the King of *Tropicipopican*'s Daughter; bleſs me, what unlawful wickedneſs is practis'd in this Romiſh Heathenish Countries. (*Aſide.*
Sir *Sig.* And yet the Devil of any Dwarf, Squire or Damzel have I met with yet:—wou'd I were cleanlily off a this buſineſs,—hah, Lights as I live; and people coming this way;——bleſs me from the Giant,——Oh Lord what ſhall I do?—— (*Falls on his knees.*
Tick. I fear no Giants, having Juſtice on my ſide, but Reputation makes me tender of my perſon;—hah—what's this, a Curtain: I'll wind my ſelf in this, it may ſecure me.
(*Winds himſelf in a Window Curtain.*
Sir *Sig.* —They're entering; what ſhall I do—hah—here's a corner; defend me from a Chimney.
(*Creeps to the corner of the Window, and feels a ſpace between* Tick. *legs and the corner, creeps in and ſtands up juſt behind* Tickletext, *Enter* Gall. *leading* Laura; Sab. *with Lights juſt after 'em:* Jul. Oct. Mur. *and* Crap.
Oct. I ſt in the happy minute.

Gall. I've

Gall. I've ſworn by every God! by every power Divine, to Marry thee, and ſave thee from the Tyranny of a forc't Contract,—Nay Gad, if I looſe a fine Wench for want of Oaths this bout, the Devil's in me.

Oct. What think ye now, Sir?

Jul. Damnation on her, ſet my rage at liberty,

(Mur. *holds him.*

That I may kill 'em both.

Mur. I ſee no cauſe for that, ſhe may be virtuous yet.

Oct. De ye think as ſuch to paſs her off on me,
Or that I'll bear the infamy of your Family?
No, I ſcorn her now, but can revenge my Honour on a Rival.

Mur, Nay then I'll ſee fair play,—turn and defend thy life.

(*Goes to* Gall. *who turns.*

Jul. Whilſt I do juſtice on the Proſtitute:—hah—
Defend me, 'tis the woman that I love. (*He gazes, ſhe runs to* Gall.

Lau. Octavio!

Oct. Laura! my ſiſter, perfidious ſhameful.——

(*Offers to kill her.*

Jul. Hold, thy ſiſter this? that ſiſter I'm to marry?

Lau. Is this then *Julio*! and do all the powers conſpire to make me wretched.

Oct. May I be dumb for ever.

[*Holds his Sword down and looks ſadly,* Jul. *holds* Lau. *by one hand pleads with* Oct. *with the other, Enter* Fillamour *and* Pet.

Fill. —Hah, *Galliard*! in danger too. (*Draws.*

(*Steps to 'em,* Mur. *puts between.*

Oct. Fillamour here, how now, what's the matter, Friend?

(*They talk whilſt enter* Marcella *and* Cornelia.

Cor. Hah, new broils, ſure the Devil's broke looſe to night.—my Uncle as I live! (Mur. *pleads between* Fill. *and* Octavio.

Mar. And *Octavio*, where ſhall we fly for ſafety?

Cor. I'll e'en truſt to my Breeches, 'tis too late to retreat;—s'life here be our Cavaliers too, nay then ne'er fear falling into the Enemies hands.

Fill. I, I fled with *Marcella*; had I been bleſt with ſo much Love from her, I wou'd have boaſted on't i'th' face of heaven.

Mur. La ye, Sir. (*To* Octavio.

Fill. The lovely Maid I own I have a paſſion for,
But by the powers above the flame was ſacred,
And wou'd no more have paſt the bounds of honour
Or hoſpitally, than I wou'd baſely Murther, and were ſhe free,
I wou'd from all the World make her for ever mine.

Mur. Look

Mur. Look ye, Sir, a plain caſe this.

Gall. He tells ye ſimple truth, Sir.

Oct. Was it not you this ſcarce paſt night I fought with here, in the houſe by dark, juſt when you had exchanged your Vows with her?

Lau. Heavens! was it he? (*Aſide.*

Fill. This minute was the firſt I ever entred here.

Ful. 'Twas I, Sir, was that interrupted Lover,—and this the Lady.

Lau. And muſt I yield at laſt. (*Aſide.*

Oct. Wonders and Riddles!

Gall. And was this the *Silvianetta*, Sir, you told the ſtory of? (*Slily.*

Ful. The ſame whom inclination, friends and deſtiny,
Conſpire to make me bleſt with.

Gall. So many diſappointments in one night wou'd make a man turn honeſt in ſpight of Nature. (*Sir* Sig. *peeps from behind.*

Sir *Sig.* Some comfort yet, that I am not the only fool defeated.

Oct. I'm ſatisfied (*to* Fill.)— but what cou'd move you, Sir?—(*to* Gall.) to injure me, one of my Birth and Quality?

Gall. Faith, Sir, I never ſtand upon Ceremony when there's a Woman in the caſe,——nor knew I 'twas your Siſter: Or if I had I ſhou'd alik'd her ne'er the worſe for that, had ſhe been kind.

Ful. It is my buſineſs to account with him,
And I am ſatisfy'd he has not injur'd me, he is my friend.

Gall. That's frankly ſaid; and uncompell'd I ſwear ſhe's innocent.

Oct. If you're convinc'd, I too am ſatisfy'd,
And give her to you whilſt that faith continues, (*Gives him her.*

Lau. And muſt I, muſt I force my heart to yield? (*Aſide.*
And yet his generous confidence obliges me. (*Aſide.*

Oct. And here I vow by all the ſacred Powers, (*kneels.*) that puniſh perjury, never to ſet my heart on faithleſs Woman;—never to Love nor Marry: (*Riſes,*) Travel ſhall be my buſineſs ——thou my heir. (*To* Julio.

Sir *Sig.* So, poor ſoul, I'll warrant he has been defeated too.

Mar. *Marcella*, Sir, will take ye at your word.

Fill. *Marcella!*

Mur. Who owns with bluſhes truths ſhould be conceal'd, but to prevent more miſchief,——that I was yours, Sir, was againſt my will, (*to* Oct.) my ſoul was *Fillamour's* e're you claim'd a right in me; tho' I ne'er ſaw or held diſcourſe with him, but at an awful diſtance,—nor knew he of my flight.

Oct. I do believe, and give thee back my claim, I ſcorn the brutal part of Love; the nobleſt body where the heart is wanting. (*They all talk aſide,* Cornelia *comes up to* Galliard.

Cor. Whe how now, Cavalier, how like a diſcarded favourite do you look now, who whilſt your Authority laſted laid about ye; domineer'd huft and bluſter'd, as if there had been no end on't, now a man may approach ye without terror;——you ſee the meat's ſnatcht out of your mouth, Sir, the Lady's diſpoſed on; who's Friends and Relations you were ſo well acquainted with.

Gall. Peace Boy, I ſhall be angry elſe.———

Cor. Have you never a caſt Miſtreſs that will take compaſſion on you: Faith what think ye of the little Curtizan now?

Gall. As ill as e're I did; what's that to thee?

Cor. Much more than you're aware on, Sir——and faith to tell you truth, I'm no ſervant to Count *Julio*, but e'en a little miſchievous inſtrument ſhe ſent hither to prevent your making Love to *Dona Laura.*

Gall. 'Tis ſhe her ſelf.——how cou'd that Beauty hide it ſelf ſo long from being known? (*Aſide.*) —Malicious little dog in a Manger, that wou'd neither eat, nor ſuffer the hungry to feed themſelves? what ſpiteful Devil could move thee to treat a Lover thus? but I am pretty well reveng'd on ye.

Cor. On me!

Gall. You think I did not know thoſe pretty Eyes; that lovely Mouth I have ſo often kiſt in cold imagination.

Cor. Softly tormentor. (*They talk aſide,*

Mar. In this diſguiſe we parted from *Vitterbo*, attended only by *Petro* and *Philipa*: At *Rome* we took the Title and Habit of two Curtizans; both to ſhelter us from knowledge, and to oblige *Fillamour* to viſit us, which we believ'd he would in curioſity, and yeſterday it ſo fell out as we deſired.

Fill. How e're my eyes might be impoſed upon, you ſee my heart was firm to its firſt object, can you forget and pardon the miſtake.

Ful. She ſhall, and with *Octavio*'s—and my Uncle's leave, —thus make your Title good.—— [*Gives her to* Fill.

Oct. 'Tis vain to ſtrive with deſtiny. (*Gives her.*

Mar. With all my heart,——but where's *Cornelia* all this while?

Gall. Here's the fair ſtragler, Sir.

(*Leads her to* Mar. *he holds his Cane up at her.*

Mar. Why

Mur. Why thou Baggage, thou wicked contriver of miſchief, what excuſe had'ſt thou for running away, thou had'ſt no Lover?

Cor. 'Twas therefore, Sir, I went to find one, and if I am not miſtaken in the mark, 'tis this Cavalier I pitch upon for that uſe and purpoſe.

Gall. Gad I thank ye for that,—I hope you'll ask my leave firſt, I'm finely drawn in faith;——have I been dreaming all this night of the poſſeſſion of a new gotten Miſtreſs, to wake and find my ſelf noos'd to a dull Wife in the morning.

Fill. Thou talk'ſt like a man that never knew the pleaſures thou deſpiſeſt; faith try it, *Frank*, and thou wilt hate thy paſt looſe way of living,

Cor. And to encourage a young ſetter up, I do here promiſe to be the moſt Miſtreſs like wife,—you know, Seignior, I have learnt the trade, though I had not ſtock to practice, and will be as expenſive, inſolent, vain, extravagant and inconſtant, as if you only had the keeping part, and another the Amorous Aſſignations, what think ye, Sir?

Fill. Faith ſhe pleads well and ought to carry the cauſe.

Gall. She ſpeaks reaſon, and I'm reſolv'd to truſt good Nature:—— Give me thy dear hand.——

(*They all joyn to give it him, he kiſſes it.*

Mur. And now ye are both ſpeed, pray give me leave to ask ye a civil queſtion, are you ſure you have been honeſt? if you have I know not by what Miracle you have liv'd.

Pet. Oh, Sir, as for that, I had a ſmall ſtock of caſh in the hands of a Couple of *Engliſh* Bankers, one Sir *Signal Buffoon*—

Sir *Sig.* Sir *Signal Buffoon*, what a pox does he mean me trow?

(*Peeping.*

Pet. —And one Mr. *Tickletext.*

Tick. How was that? - *certo* my Name!

(*Peeps out and both ſee each other, their faces being cloſe together, one at one ſide the Curtain, and t'other at t'other.*

Gall. and *Fill.* Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Sig.* And have I caught you faith, Mr. Governour? Nay ne're put in your head for the matter, here's none but Friends, mun.

Gall. How now, what have we here?

Sir *Sig.* Speak of the Devil and he appears.

(*Pulls his Governour forward.*

Tick. I am undone,—but good Sir *Signal* do not cry Whore firſt; as the old Proverb ſays.

Sir *Sig.* And good Mr. Governour, as another old Proverb ſays, do not let the kettle call the pot black arſe? ——

Fill. How

Fill. How came you hither, Gentlemen?

Sir *Sig.* Whe faith, Sir, divining of a Wedding or two forward, I brought Mr. *Chaplain* to give you a caſt of his Office, as the ſaying is.

Fill. What, without Book, Mr. *Tickletext*?

Cor. How now, ſure you miſtake, theſe are two Lovers of mine.

Sir *Sig.* How, Sir, your Lovers! we are none of thoſe, Sir, we are *Engliſhmen.*

Gall. You miſtake, Sir *Signal*, this is *Silviaretta.*

Sir *Sig.* and *Tick.* How! (*Aſide.*

Gall. Here's another ſpark of your acquaintance,—do you know him.

Tick. How *Barberacho*! nay then all will out.——

Gall. Yes, and your Fencing and Civility Maſter.

Sir *Sig.* Ay,—Whe what was it you that pickt our Pockets then, and cheated us?

Gall. Moſt damnably,—but ſince 'twas for the ſupply of two fair Ladies, all ſhall be reſtor'd again.

Tick. Some comfort that.

Fill. Come, let's in and forgive all, 'twas but one Nights Intrigue, in which all were a little faulty.

Sir *Sig.* And Governour pray let me have no more domineering and uſurpation! But as we have hitherto been honeſt Brothers in iniquity, ſo let's wink hereafter at each others frailties:

Since Love and Women eaſily betray man,
From the grave Gown-man to the buſy Lay-man.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. *Jevern.*

LOng, and at vaſt Expence the induſtrious Stage
Has ſtrove to pleaſe a dull ungrateful Age:
With Hero's and with Gods we firſt began,
And thunder'd to you in Heroick Strain.
Some dying Love-ſick Queen each Night you injoy'd,
And with Magnificence, at laſt were cloy'd:
Our Drums and Trumpets frighted all the Women;
Our fighting ſcar'd the *Beaux* and *Billet Deux* Men.
So Spark in an intrigue of Quality,
Grows weary of his ſplendid Drudgery;
Hates the Fatigue, and cries, a Pox upon her,
What a damn'd Buſtle's here with Love and Honour.
In humbler Comedy, we next appear,
No Fop or Cuckold, but ſlap-daſh we had him here;
We ſhow'd you all, but you malicious grown,
Friends Vices to expoſe, and hide your own;
Cry, Dam it——This is ſuch, or ſuch a one.
Yet netled, Plague, What does the Scribler mean?
With his damn'd Characters, and Plot obſcene.
No Woman without Vizard in the Nation
Can ſee it twice, and keep her Reputation ——
That's certain, Forgetting ——

That he himſelf, in every groſs Lampoon,
Her lewder Secrets ſpread about the Town;
Whilſt their feign'd Niceneſs it but cautious Fear,
Their own Intrigues ſhould be unravel'd here.
Our next Recourſe was dwindling down to Farce,
Then——Zounds, what Stuff's here? 'tis all o're my ——
Well, Gentlemen, ſince none of theſe has ſped,
'Gad, we have bought a ſhare i' th' ſpeaking Head.
So there you'll ſave a Sice,
You love good husbandry in all but Vice;
Whoring and Drinking, only bears a Price.

The Head riſes upon a twiſted Poſt, on a Bench from under the Stage. After Jevern *ſpeaks to its Mouth.*

Oh! —— Oh! —— Oh!
Stentor. Oh! —— Oh! —— Oh!

After this it ſings Sawny, *Laughs, crys God bleſs the King in order.*

Stentor Anſwers. Speak lowder *Jevern*, if you'd have me repeat;
Plague of this Rogue, he will betray the Cheat.

He ſpeaks lowder, it anſwers indirectly.

—— Hum —— There 'tis again,
Pox of your Echo with a Northern Strain.
Well—This will be but a nine days wonder too;
There's nothing laſting but the Puppets Show.
What Ladies heart ſo hard, but it would move,
To hear *Philander* and *Irene*'s Love.

Thoſe

PROLOGUE.

Thoſe Siſters too, the ſcandalous Wits do ſay,
Two nameleſs, Keeping-*Beaux*, have made ſo gay;
But thoſe Amours are perfect Sympathy,
Their Gallants being as meer Machines as they.
Oh! how the City Wife, with her nown Ninny.
Is charm'd with, Come into my Coach —— Mis
Finny, Mis *Finny*.
But overturning —— *Frible* crys —— Adzings,
The jogling Rogue has murder'd all his Kids.
The Men of War cry Pox on't, this is dull,
We are for rough Sports, —— Dog Hector,
and the Bull.
Thus each in his degree, Diverſion finds,
Your Sports are ſuited to your mighty Minds;
Whilſt ſo much Judgment in your Choice you ſhow,
The Puppets have more Sence than ſome of you.

Persons Names.

Doctor Baliardo.	Mr. *Underhill*
Scaramouch, *his Man.*	Mr. *Lee.*
Pedro, *his Boy.*	
Don Cinthio, Don Charmante *both Nephews to the Vice-Roy, and Lovers of* Elaria *and* Bellemante.	Young Mr. *Powel.* Mr. *Mumford.*
Harlequin, Cinthio's *Man.*	Mr. *Jevern.*
Officer and Clark.	
Elaria, *Daughter to the* Doctor.	Mrs. *Cooke.*
Bellemante, *Niece to the* Doctor.	Mrs. *Mumford.*
Mopsophil, *Governante to the young Ladies.*	Mrs. *Cory.*

The Persons in the Moon, are Don Cinthio, *Emperor*; Don Charmante, *Prince of* Thunderland.

Their Attendants, Persons that represent the Court Cards.

Keeplait *and* Gallileus, *two Philosophers.*

Twelve Persons, representing the Figures of the Twelve Signs of the Zodiack.

Negroes, and Persons that Dance.

Musick, Kettle-Drums, and Trumpets.

The SCENE, NAPLES.

THE

THE EMPEROR OF THE MOON: A FARCE.

ACT I. SCENE I. *A Chamber.*

Enter Elaria *and* Mopſophil.

L.

A Curſe upon that faithleſs Maid,
Who firſt her Sexes Liberty betrayed;
Born free as Man to Love and Range,
Till Nobler Nature did to Cuſtom change.
Cuſtom, that dull excuſe for Fools,
Who think all Vertue to conſiſt in Rules.

II.

From Love our Fetters never ſprung,
That ſmiling God, all wanton, gay and young,
Shows by his Wings he cannot be
Confined to a reſtleſs Slavery;
But here and there at random roves,
Not fixt to glittering Courts, or ſhady Groves.

III.

Then ſhe that Conſtancy profeſt,
Was but a well diſſembler at the beſt;
And that imaginary ſway
She feign'd to give, in ſeeming to obey,
Was but the height of Prudent Art,
To deal with greater liberty her Heart.

[*After the Song* Elaria *gives her Lute to* Mopſophil.

Ela. This does not divert me:
Nor nothing will, till *Scaramouch* return,
And bring me News of *Cinthio.*

Mop. Truly I was ſo ſleepy laſt Night, I know nothing of the Adventure, for which you are kept ſo cloſe a Priſoner to day, and more ſtrictly guarded than uſual.

Ela. Cinthio came with Muſick laſt Night under my Window, which my Father hearing, ſallyed out with his *Mermidons* upon him; and claſhing of Swords I heard, but what hurt was done, or whether *Cinthio* were diſcovered to him, I know not; but the Billet I ſent him now by *Scaramouch*, will occaſion me ſoon intelligence.

Mop. And ſee Madam where your truſty *Roger* comes.

Enter Scaramouch, *peeping on all ſides before he enters.*

——You may advance, and fear none but your Friends

Scar. Away and keep the door.

Ela. Oh dear *Scaramouch*! haſt thou been at the Vice-Roys!

Scar. Yes, yes. —— [*In heat.*

Ela. And haſt thou delivered my Letter to his Nephew, Don *Cinthio*?

Scar. Yes, yes, what ſhould I deliver elſe?

Ela. Well——and how does he?

[*Fanning himself with his Cap.*

Scar. Lord, how shou'd he do? Why, what a Laborious thing it is to be a Pimp?

Ela. Why, well he shou'd do.

Scar. So he is, as well as a Night adventuring Lover can be,——he has got but one wound, Madam.

Ela. How! wounded say you? Oh Heavens! 'tis not Mortal?

Scar. Why, I have no great skill,——— but they say it may be Dangerous.

Ela. I Dye with fear, where is he wounded?

Scar. Why, Madam, he is run ——— quite thorough the ——— Heart, ——— but the Man may Live, if I please.

Ela. Thou please! Torment me not with Ridles.

Scar. Why, Madam, there is a certain cordial Balsam, call'd a fair Lady; which outwardly applied to his Bosom, will prove a better cure than all your Weapon or Sympathetick Powder, meaning your Ladyship.

Ela. Is *Cinthio* then not wounded?

Scar. No otherwise than by your fair Eyes, Madam, he got away unseen and unknown.

Ela. Dost know how precious time is, and dost thou Fool it away thus? What said he to my Letter?

Scar. What should he say?

Ela. Why a hundred dear soft things of Love, kiss it as often, and bless me for my goodness.

Scar. Why so he did.

Ela. Ask thee a thousand questions of my health after my last nights fright.

Scar. So he did.

Ela. Expressing all the kind concern Love cou'd inspire, for the punishment my Father has inflicted on me, for entertaining him at my Window last Night.

Scar. All this he did.

Ela. And for my being confin'd a Prisoner to my Apartment, without the hope or almost possibility of seeing him any more.

Scar. There I think you are a little mistaken, for besides the Plot that I have laid to bring you together all this Night, ——— there are such Stratagems abrewing, not only to bring you together, but with your Father's consent too; Such a Plot, Madam.

Ela. Ay, that wou'd be worthy of thy Brain; prethee what ———

Scar. Such a device.

Ela. I'm impatient.

Scar. Such a Canundrum, ——— Well, if there be wise Men and Conjurers in the World, they are intriguing Lovers.

Ela. Out with it.

Scar. You muſt know, Madam, your Father (my Maſter, the Doctor) is a little Whimſical, Romantick, or Don Quick-ſottiſh, or ſo. ———

Ela. Or rather Mad.

Scar. That were uncivil to be ſuppoſed by me; but Lunatick we may call him without breaking the Decorum of good Manners; for he is always travelling to the Moon.

Ela. And ſo Religiouſly believes there is a World there, that he diſcourſes as gravely of the People, their Government, Inſtitutions, Laws, Manners, Religion, and Conſtitution, as if he had been bred a *Machiavel* there.

Scar. How came he thus infected firſt?

Ela. With reading fooliſh Books, *Lucian's Dialogue of the Lofty Traveller*, who flew up to the Moon, and thence to Heaven; an Heroick buſineſs, call'd, *The Man in the Moon*, if you'll believe a *Spaniard*, who was carried thither, upon an Engine drawn by wild Geeſe; with another Philoſophical Piece, *A Diſcourſe of the World in the Moon*; with a thouſand other ridiculous Volumes, too hard to name.

Scar. Ay, this reading of Books is a pernicious thing. I was like to have run Mad once, reading Sir *John Mandivel*; ——— but to the buſineſs, ——— I went, as you know, to Don *Cinthio's* Lodgings, where I found him with his dear Friend *Charmante*, laying their heads together for a Farce.

Ela. Farce. ———

Scar. Ay, a Farce, which ſhall be call'd, ——— *The World in the Moon*: Wherein your Father ſhall be ſo impos'd on, as ſhall bring matters moſt magnificently about. ———

Ela. I cannot conceive thee, but the deſign muſt be good ſince *Cinthio* and *Charmante* own it.

Scar. In order to this, *Charmante* is dreſſing himſelf like one of the Caballiſts of the *Roſacruſian* Order, and is coming to prepare my credulous Maſter for the greater impoſition. I have his trinckets here to play upon him, which ſhall be ready.

Ela. But the Farce, where is It to be Acted?

Scar. Here, here, in this very Houſe; I am to order the Decoration, adorn a Stage, and place Scenes proper.

Ela. How can this be done without my Father's knowledge?

Scar. You know the old Apartment next the great Orchard, and the Worm-eaten Gallery that opens to the River; which place for ſeveral years no-body has frequented, there all things ſhall be Acted proper for our purpoſe.

Enter

Enter Mopſa *running.*

Mopſa. Run, Run *Scaramouch*, my Maſter's Conjuring for you like mad below, he calls up all his little Divels with horrid Names, his *Microſcope*, his *Horoſcope*, his *Teleſcope*, and all his *Scopes*.

Scar. Here, here, ——— I had almoſt forgot the Letters; here's one for you, and one for Mrs. *Bellemante*. [*runs out.*

Enter Bellemante *with a Book.*

Bell. Here, take my Prayer Book, Oh *Matres chear.*

[*Embraces her.*

Ela. Thy Eyes are always laughing, *Bellemante.*

Bell. And ſo would yours, had they been ſo well employed as mine, this Morning. I have been at the Chapel, and ſeen ſo many Beaus, ſuch a number of Plumeys, I cou'd not tell which I ſhou'd look on moſt; ſometimes my heart was charm'd with the gay Blonding, then with the melancholy Noire, anon the amiable Brunet; ſometimes the baſhful, then again the bold; the little now, anon the lovely tall! In fine, my Dear, I was embaraſs'd on all ſides, I did nothing but deal my Heart *tout au toore.*

Ela. Oh, there was then no danger, Couſin.

Bell. No, but abundance of pleaſure.

Ela. Why, this is better than ſighing for *Charmarte.*

Bell. That's when he's preſent only, and makes his Court to me; I can ſigh to a Lover, but will never ſigh after him, ——— but Oh the Beaus, the Beaus, Couſin, that I ſaw at Church.

Ela. Oh you had great Devotion to Heaven then!

Bell. And ſo I had; for I did nothing but admire its Handy-work, but I cou'd not have pray'd heartily, if I had been dying; but a deuce on't, who ſhou'd come in and ſpoil all but my Lover *Charmante*, ſo Dreſs'd, ſo Gallant, that he drew together all the ſcatter'd fragments of my Heart, confin'd my wandering Thoughts, and fixt 'em all on him: Oh how he look'd, how he was dreſs'd.

SINGS.

SINGS.

Chivalier, a Chevave Blond,
Plus de Mouche, Plus de Powdre
Plus de Ribons et Cannous.

——Oh what a dear raviſhing thing is the beginning of an Amour?

Ela. Thou'rt ſtill in Tune, when wilt thou be tame, *Bellemante?*

Bell. When I am weary of Loving, *Elaria.*

Ela. To keep up your Humor, here's a Letter from your *Charmante.*

Bell. *reads.* *MAlicious Creature, when wilt thou ceaſe to torment me, and either appear leſs charming, or more kind. I languiſh when from you, and am wounded when I ſee you, and yet I am eternally Courting my Pain.* Cinthio *and I, are contriving how we ſhall ſee you to Night. Let us not toyl in vain; we ask but your conſent; the pleaſure will be all ours; 'tis therefore fit we ſuffer all the fatigue. Grant this, and Love me, if you will ſave the Life of*

Your *Charmante.*

——Live then *Charmante*! Live as long as Love can laſt!

Ela. Well, Couſin, *Scaramouch* tells me of a rare deſign's a hatching, to relieve us from this Captivity; here are we mew'd up to be eſpous'd to two Moon-calfs for ought I know; for the Devil of any Human thing is ſuffer'd to come near us, without our Governante and Keeper, Mr. *Scaramouch.*

Bell. Who, if he had no more Honeſty, and Conſcience, than my Uncle, wou'd let us pine for want of Lovers; but thanks be prais'd, the Generoſity of our Cavaliers has open'd their obdurate Hearts with a Golden Key, that lets 'em in at all opportunities. Come, come, let's in, and anſwer their Billet Deux. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Garden.*

Enter Doctor, *with all manner of Mathematical Inſtruments hanging at his Girdle*; Scaramouch *bearing a Teleſcope twenty (or more) Foot long.*

Doct. Set down the Teleſcope.——— Let me ſee, what Hour is it?

Scar. About ſix a Clock, Sir.

Doct. Then 'tis about the Hour that the great Monarch of the upper World enters into his Cloſet; Mount, mount the Teleſcope.

Scar. What to do, Sir?

Doct. I underſtand, at certain moments Critical, one may be ſnatch'd of ſuch a mighty conſequence, to let the ſight into the ſecret Cloſet.

Scar. How, Sir, peep into the King's Cloſet; under favour Sir, that will be ſomething uncivil.

Doct. Uncivil, it were flat Treaſon if it ſhou'd be known, but thus unſeen, and as wiſe Politicians ſhou'd, I take Survey of all: This is the Stateſman's Peeping-hole, thorough which he ſteals the ſecrets of his King, and ſeems to wink at diſtance.

Scar. The very Key-hole, Sir, thorough which with half an Eye, he ſees him even at his Devotion, Sir.

[*A knocking at the Garden Gate.*

Doct. Take care none enter—— [*Scar goes to the Door.*

Scar. Oh, Sir, Sir, here's ſome ſtrange great Man come to wait on you.

Doct. Great Man! from whence?

Scar. Nay, from the Moon-World, for ought I know, for he looks not like the People of the lower Orb.

Doct. Ha! and that may be; wait on him in.

[*Ex. Scar.*

Enter Scaramouch *bare, bowing before* Charmante, *dreſs'd in a ſtrange Fantaſtical Habit, with Harliquin, Salutes the Doctor.*

Char. Doctor *Baliardo*, moſt learned Sir, all Hail; Hail from the great Caballa—— of *Eutopia*,

Doct.

Doct. Moſt Reverend *Bard*, thrice welcome. [*Salutes him low.*

Char. The Fame of your great Learning, Sir, and Vertue, is known with Joy to the renown'd Society.

Doct. Fame, Sir, has done me too much Honour, to bear my Name to the renown'd *Caballa*.

Char. You muſt not attribute it all to Fame, Sir, they are too learned and wiſe to take up things from Fame, Sir; our intelligence is by ways more ſecret and ſublime, the Stars, and little Dæmons of the Air inform us all things, paſt, preſent, and to come.

Doct. I muſt confeſs the Count of *Gabaliſt*, renders it plain, from Writ Divine and Humane, there are ſuch friendly and intelligent Dæmons.

Char. I hope you do not doubt that Doctrine, Sir, which holds that the Four Elements are Peopl'd with Perſons of a Form and Species more Divine than Vulgar Mortals —— thoſe of the fiery Regions we call the *Salamanders*, they beget Kings and *Heroes*, with Spirits like their Deietical Sires; the lovely Inhabitants of the Water, we call Nymphs. Thoſe of the Earth are Gnomes or Fayries. Thoſe of the Air are Silfs. Theſe, Sir, when in Conjunction with Mortals, beget Immortal Races. Such as the firſt born man, which had continu'd ſo, had the firſt Man ne'er doated on a Woman.

Doct. I am of that opinion, Sir, Man was not made for Woman.

Char. Moſt certain, Sir, Man was to have been Immortalliz'd by the Love and Converſation of theſe Charming Silfs and Nymphs, and Woman by the Gnomes and Salamanders, and to have ſtock'd the World with Demy-Gods, ſuch as at this Day inhabit the Empire of the *Moon*.

Doct. Moſt admirable Philoſophy and Reaſon —— But do theſe Silfs and Nymphs appear in ſhapes?

Char. Of the moſt Beautiful of all the Sons and Daughters of the *Univerſe*: Fancy, Imagination is not half ſo Charming: And then ſo ſoft, ſo kind! but none but the *Caballa* and their Families are bleſt with their Divine Addreſſes. Were you but once admitted to that Society ——

Doct. Ay, Sir, what Vertues or what Merits can accompliſh me for that great Honour?

Char. An abſolute abſtinence from carnal thought, devout and pure of Spirit; free from Sin.

Doct. I dare not boaſt my Vertues, Sir; Is there no way to try my Purity?

Char. Are you very ſecret.

Doct. 'Tis my firſt Principle, Sir, —— ——

Char.

Char. And one, the moſt material in our *Roſocruſian* order.

Char. Pleaſe you to make a Tryal.

Doct. As how, Sir, I beſeech you?———

Char. If you be throughly purg'd from Vice, the opticles of your ſight will be ſo illuminated, that glancing through this *Teleſcope*, you may behold one of theſe lovely Creatures, that people the vaſt Region of the Air.

Doct. Sir, you oblige profoundly.

Char. Kneel then, and try your ſtrength of Vertue, Sir.——Keep your Eye fix't and open. [*He looks in the* Teleſcope.

[*While he is looking,* Charmante *goes to the Door to* Scaramouch, *who waited on purpoſe without, and takes a Glaſs with a Picture of a Nymph on it, and a light behind it; that as he brings it, it ſhews to the Audience. Goes to the end of the* Teleſcope.

——Can you diſcern, Sir?

Doct. Methinks I ſee a kind of Glorious Cloud drawn up———and now———'tis gone again.

Char. Saw you no ſuger?

Doct. None.

Char. Then make a ſhort Prayer to *Alikin*, the Spirit of the Eaſt; ſhake off all Earthly thoughts, and look again.

[*He prays.* Charmante *puts the Glaſs into the Mouth of the* Teleſcope.

Doct. ——Aſtoniſht, Raviſht with delight, I ſee a Beauty young and Angel-like, leaning upon a Cloud——

Char. Seems ſhe on a Bed, then ſhe's repoſing, and you muſt not gaze——

Doct. Now a Cloud Veils her from me.

Char. She ſaw you peeping then, and drew the Curtain of the Air between.

Doct. I am all Rapture, Sir, at this rare Viſion—is't poſſible, Sir, that I may ever hope the Converſation of ſo Divine a Beauty?

Char. Moſt poſſible, Sir; they will Court you, their whole delight is to Immortalize—— *Alexander* was begot by a *Salamander*, that viſited his Mother in the form of a Serpent, becauſe he wou'd not make King *Philip* Jealous, and that famous Philoſopher *Merlin*, was begotten on a Veſtal *Nun*, a certain Kings Daughter, by a moſt beautiful young *Salamander*; as indeed all the *Heroes*, and men of mighty minds are.

Doct. Moſt excellent!

Char. The Nymph *Egeria* inamour'd on *Numa Pompilius*, came to him inviſible to all Eyes elſe, and gave him all his Wiſdom and Philoſophy *Zoriaſtes*, *Triſmegiſtus*, *Apuleius*, *Aquinius*, *Albertus*,

Albertus Magnus, *Socrates* and *Virgil* had their Zilphid, which foolish call'd their Dæmon or Devil. But you are wiſe, Sir.—

Doct. But do you imagine Sir, they will fall in Love with an old Mortal?

Char. They love not like the Vulgar, 'tis the Immortal Part they doat upon.

Doct. But Sir, I have a Niece and Daughter which I love equally, were in not poſſible they might be Immortaliz'd?

Char. No doubt on't Sir, if they be Pure and Chaſt.

Doct. I think they are, and I'll take care to keep 'em ſo; for I confeſs, Sir, I wou'd fain have a Hero to my Grand-ſon.

Char. You never ſaw the Emperor of the Moon, Sir, the mighty *Iredonozar?*

Doct. Never, Sir; his Court I have, but 'twas confuſedly too.

Char. Refine your Thoughts, Sir, by a moments Pray, and try again. [*He prays.* Char. *claps the Glaſs with the Emperor on it, he looks in and ſees it.*

Doct. It is too much, too much for mortal Eyes! I ſee a Monarch ſeated on a Throne —— But ſeems moſt ſad and penſive.

Char. Forbear then, Sir, for now his Love-Fit's on, and then he wou'd be private.

Doct. His Love-Fit, Sir!

Char. Ay, Sir, the Emperor's in Love with ſome fair Mortal.

Doct. And can he not command her?

Char. Yes, but her Quality being too mean, he ſtruggles, tho' a King, 'twixt Love and Honour.

Doct. It were too much to know the Mortal, Sir?

Char. 'Tis yet unknown, Sir, to the Caballiſts, who now are uſing all their Arts to find her, and ſerve His Majeſty; but now my great Affair deprives me of you: To morrow, Sir, I'll wait on you again; and now I've try'd your Vertue, tell you Wonders.

Doct. I humbly kiſs your Hands, moſt Learned Sir.

[Charmante *goes out.* Doctor *waits on him to the Door, and returns, to him* Scaramouch. *All this while,* Harelquin *was hid in the Hedges, peeping now and then, and when his Maſter went out he was left behind.*

Sca. So, ſo, *Don Charmante* has plaid his Part moſt exquiſitely; I'll in and ſee how it works in his Pericranium.——Did you call Sir?

Doct. *Scaramouch*, I have, for thy ſingular Wit and Honeſty, always had a Tenderneſs for thee above that of a Maſter to a Servant.

Sca. I muſt confeſs it, Sir.

Doct. Thou has Vertue and Merit that deſerves much.

Sca. Oh Lord, Sir!

Doct.

Doct. And I may make thee great, ——all I require, is, that thou wilt double thy diligent Care of my Daughter and my Niece, for there are mighty things design'd for them, if we can keep 'em from the sight of Man.

Sca. The sight of Man, Sir!

Doct. Ay, and the very Thoughts of Man.

Sca. What Antidote is there to be given to a young Wench, against the Disease of Love and Longing?

Doct. Do you your Part, and because I know thee Discreet and very Secret, I will hereafter discover Wonders to thee.—— On pain of Life, look to the Girls; that's your Charge.

Sca. Doubt me not, Sir, and I hope your Reverence will reward my faithful Service with *Mopsophil*, your Daughters Governante, who is Rich, and has long had my Affection, Sir,

[Harlequ. *Peeping, cries—Oh Traitor!*

Doct. Set not thy Heart on Transitor mortal, there's better things in store——besides, I have promis'd her to a Farmer for his Son.——Come in with me, and bring the Telescope,

[*Ex.* Doctor *and* Scaramouch.

[Harelequin *comes out on the Stage.*

Har. My Mistress *Mopsophil* to marry a Farmers Son!
What, am I then forsaken, abandon'd by the false fair One?
——If I have Honour, I must die with Rage;
Reproaching gently, and complaining madly.
——It is resolv'd, I'll hang my self.——No,—When did I ever hear of a Hero that hang'd himself? —No,—'tis the Death of Rogues. What If I drown my self?——No,——Useless Dogs and Puppies are drown'd; a Pistol, or a Caper on my own Sword wou'd look more nobly, but that I have a natural Aversion to Pain. Besides, it is as Vulgar as Rats-bane, or the slicing of the Weasand. No, I'll die a Death uncommon, and leave behind me an eternal Fame. I have somewhere read an Author, either Antient or Modern, of a Man that laugh'd to death.—— I am very Tickliſh, and am resolv'd——to dye that Death—Oh *Mopsophil*, my cruel *Mosophil*! [*Pulls off his Hat, Sword and Shooes,*
——And now, farewel the World, fond Love, and mortal Cares [*He falls to tickle, himself, his Head, his Ears, his Arm-pits, Hands, Sides, and Soles of his Feet; making ridiculous Cries and Noises of Laughing several ways, with Antick Leaps and Skips, at last falls down as dead.*

After

Enter Scaramouch.

Scar. *Harlequin* was left in the Garden, I'll tell him the News of *Mopſophil.* [*Going forward, tumbles over him.* Ha, whats here? *Harlequin* Dead!— [*Heaving him up, he flies into a Rage.*

Har. Who is't that thus wou'd rob me of my Honour?

Sca. Honour, why I thought thou'dſt been dead.

Har. What ſo I was, and the moſt agreeably dead. ——

Sca. I came to bemoan with thee, the mutual loſs of our Miſtriſs.

Har. I know it, Sir, I know it, and that thou'rt as falſe as ſhe: Was't not a Covenant between us, that neither ſhou'd take advantage of the other, but both ſhou'd have fair Play, and yet you baſely went to undermine me, and ask her of the Doctor; but ſince ſhe's gone, I ſcorn to quarrel for her——But let's like loving Brothers, hand in hand, leap from ſome Precipice into the Sea.

Sca. What, and ſpoil all my Cloaths? I thank you for that; no, I have a newer way: you know I lodge fore pair of Stairs high, let's aſcend thither, and after ſaying our Prayers.—

Har. ————Prayers! I never hard of a dying Hero that ever pray'd.

Sca. Well, I'll not ſtand with you for a Trifle——Being come up, I'll open the Caſement, take you by the Heels, and fling you out into the Street,——after which, you have no more to do, but to come up and throw me down in my turn.

Har. The Atchivement's great and new; but now I think on't, I'm reſolv'd to hear my Sentence from the Mouth of the perfidious Trollop, for yet I cannot credit it.

I'll to the Gypſie, tho' I venture banging,
To be undeceiv'd, 'tis hardly worth the hanging. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Chamber of* Bellemante.

Enter Scaramouch *groping.*

Sca. So, I have got rid of my Rival, and ſhall here get an Opportunity to ſpeak with *Moſophil*, for hither ſhe muſt come anon, to lay the young Ladies Night-things in order; I'll hide my ſelf in ſome Corner till ſhe come.

[*Goes on to the further ſide of the Stage.*

Enter Harlequin *groping.*

Har. So, I made my Rival believe I was gone, and hid my ſelf, till I got this Opportunity to ſteal to *Mopſophil*s Apartment, which muſt be hereabouts, for from theſe Windows ſhe us'd to entertain

entertain my Love. [*Advances.*

Scar. Ha, I hear a ſoft Tread, ——— if it were *Mopſophil's*, ſhe wou'd not come by Dark. [Har. *advancing runs againſt a Table, and almoſt ſtrikes himſelf backwards*

Har. What was that? ——— a Table, —— There I may obſcure my ſelf.——— [*Groping for the Table*

———What a Devil, is it vaniſh'd?

Sca. Devil,———Vaniſh'd,——What can this mean? 'Tis a Mans Voice.——— If it ſhou'd be my Maſter the Doctor, now, I were a dead Man; ——he can't ſee me,——and I'll put my ſelf into ſuch a Poſture, that if he feel me, he ſhall as ſoon take me for a Church Spout as a Man.

[*He puts himſelf into a Poſture ridiculous, his Arms a-kimbo, his Knees wide open, his Backſide almoſt touching the Ground, his Mouth, ſtretched wide, and his Eyes ſtairing.* Harl. *groping, thruſts his Hand into his Mouth, he bits him, the other dares not cry out.*

Har. Ha, what's this? all Mouth, with twenty Rows of Teeth.———Now dare not I cry out, leſt the Doctor ſhou'd come, find me here, and kill me——I'll try if it be mortal.——

[*Making damnable Faces and Signs of Pain, he draws a Dagger.* Scar. *feels the Point of it, and ſhrinks back, letting go his Hand.*

Scar. Who the Devil can this be? I felt a Poniard, and am glad I ſav'd my Skin from pinking. [*Steals out.*

[Harlequin *groping about, finds the Table, on which there is a Carpet, and creeps under it, liſtning*

Enter Bellemante, *with a Candle in one Hand, and a Book in the other.*

Bel. I am in a *Belle* Humor for Poetry to Night,——— I'll make ſome Boremes on Love. [*She Writes and Studies.*

Out of a great Curioſity,—A Shepherd did demand of me.——
No, no,———*A Shepherd this implor'd of me.*———

[*Scratches out, and Writes a new*

Ay, ay, ſo it ſhall go.———*Tell me, ſaid he,* ———*Can you Reſign?* ——*Reſign*, ay,———what ſhall Rhime to *Reſign?* —*Tell me, ſaid he,*— [*She lays down the Tablet, and walks about.*

[Harlequin *peeps from under the Table, takes the Book, writes in it, and lays it up before ſhe can turn.*

[*Reads.*] Ay, Ay,——So it ſhall be,——*Tell me ſaid he, my* Bellemante;———*Will you be kind to your* Charmante?

[*Reads thoſe two Lines, and is amaz'd.*

—Ha,—Heav'ns! What's this? I am amaz'd!
—And yet I'll venture once more.— [*Writes and ſtudies.*

[*Writes.*]—*I bluſh'd and veil'd my wiſhing Eyes.*
[*Lays down the Book, and walks as before.*
——*Wiſhings Eyes*—— [Har. *Writes as before.*
[Har. *writes.*]——*And anſwer'd only with my Sighs.*
[*She turns and takes the Tablet.*
Bell. ——Ha,——What is this? Witchcraft or ſome Divinity of Love? ſome *Cupid* ſure inviſible.——
Once more I'll try the Charm.——
[Bell. *writes.*]——*Cou'd I a better way my Love impart?*
[*Studies and walks.*
——*Impart*—— [*He writes as before.*
[Har. *wri.*]—*And without ſpeaking, tell him all my Heart.*
Bell.——'Tis here again, but where's the Hand that writ it?
[*Looks about.*
——The little Deity that will be ſeen
But only in his Miracles. It cannot be a Devil,
For here's no Sin nor Miſchief in all this.

Enter Charmante. *She hides the Tablet, he ſteps to her, and ſnatches it from her and Reads.*

Char. Reads, *Out of a great Curioſity,*
A Shepherd this implor'd of me.
Tell me, ſaid he, my Bellemante.
Will you be kind to your Charmante?
I bluſh'd, and veil'd my wiſhing Eyes,
And anſwer'd only with my Sighs.
Cou'd I a better way my Love impart?
And without ſpeaking, tell him all my Heart.

Char. Whoſe is this different Character? [*Looks angry.*
Bell. 'Tis yours for ought I know.
Char. Away, my Name was put here for a blind.
What Rhiming Fop have you been clubbing Wit withal?
Bell. Ah, *mon Dieu*!——*Charmante* Jealous?
Char. Have I not cauſe?——Who writ theſe Boremes?
Bell. Some kind aſſiſting Deity, for ought I know.
Char. Some kind aſſiſting Coxcomb, that I know,
The Ink's yet wet, the Spark is near I find.——
Bell. Ah, *Maluruſe*! How was I miſtaken in this Man?
Char. Miſtaken! What, did you take me for, an eaſy Fool to be impos'd upon?——One what wou'd be cuckolded be every feather'd Fool; that you you'd call a—*Beau un Gallant Homme.* 'sdeath! Who wou'd doat upon a fond She-Fop?——A vain conceited Amorous Cocquett.
[*Goes out, ſhe pulls him back.*
Enter,

Enter Scaramouch, *running.*

Sca. Oh Madam! hide your Lover, or we are all undone.

Char. I will not hide, till I know the thing that made the Verſes. [*The Doctor calling as on the Stairs.*

Doct. *Bellemante*, Neece,——*Bellemante.*

Scar. She's coming Sir.——Where, where ſhall I hide him?——Oh, the Cloſet's open! [*Thruſts him into the Cloſet by force.*

Doct. Oh Neece! Ill Luck, Ill Luck, I muſt leave you to night; my Brother the Advocate is ſick, and has ſent for me; 'tis three long Leagues, and dark as 'tis, I muſt go.—They ſay he's dying. * Here, take my Keys, and go into my Study, and look over all my Papers, and bring me all thoſe Mark'd with a Croſs and Figure of Three, they concern my Brother and I [* *Pulls out his Keys; one falls down.*

[*She looks on* Scaramouch, *and makes pitiful Signs, and goes out.*

——Come *Scaramouch*, and get me ready for my Journey and on your Life, let not a Door be open'd till my Return. [*Ex.*

Enter Mopſophil. Har. *peeps from under the Table.*

Har. Ha! *Mopſophil*, and alone!

Mop. Well, 'tis a delicious thing to be Rich; what a World of Lovers it invites: I have one for every Hand, and the Favorite for my Lips.

Har. Ay, him wou'd I be glad to know. [*And peeping.*

Mop. But of all my Lovers, I am for the Farmers Son, becauſe he keeps a Calaſh——and Ill ſwear a Coach is the moſt agreeable thing about a man.

Har. Ho, ho!

Mop. Ah, me,—What's that? [*He anſwers in a ſhrill Voice.*

Har. The Ghoſt of a poor Lover, dwindl'd into a Heyho. [*He riſes from under the Table and falls at her Feet.* Scaramouch *enters. She runs off ſqueaking.*

Sca. Ha, my Rival and my Miſtreſs!—— Is this done like a Man of Honour, Monſieur *Harlequin*, To take Advantages to injure me? *Draws.*

Har. Advantages are lawful in Love and War.

Scar. 'Twas contrary to our League and Covenant; therefore I defy thee as a Traytor.

Har. I ſcorn to fight with thee, becauſe I once call'd thee Brother.

Scar. Then thou'rt a Paltroon, that's to ſay, a Coward.

Har. Coward, nay, then I am provok'd, come on———

Scar. Pardon me, Sir, I gave the Coward, and you ought to ſtrike. [*They go to fight ridiculouſly, and ever as* Scaramouch *paſſes,* Harlequin *leaps aſide, and skips ſo nimbly about, he cannot touch him for his Life; which after a while endeavouring in vain, he lays down his Sword.*

———If you be for dancing, Sir, I have my Weapons for all occaſions. [Scar. *pulls out a Fleut Deux, and falls to Playing.* Har. *throws down his, and falls a Dancing; after the Dance, they ſhake Hands.*

Har. He my Bone Ame——Is not this better than Duelling?

Scar. But not altogether ſo Heroick, Sir. Well, for the future, let us have fair Play; no Tricks to undermine each other, but which of us is choſen to be the happy Man, the other ſhall be content. [Elaria *within.*

Ela. Couſin *Bellemante*, Couſin.

Scar. 'Slife, let's be gone, leſt we be ſeen in the Ladies Apartment. [Scar. *ſlips* Harlequin *behind the Door.*

Enter Elaria.

Ela. How how, now came you here?———

[*Signs to* Har. *to go out.*

Scar. I came to tell you, Madam, my Maſter's juſt taking Mule to go his Journey to Night, and that *Don Cinthio* is in the Street, for a lucky moment to enter in.

Ela. But what if any one by my Fathers Order, or he himſelf, ſhou'd by ſome chance ſurpriſe us?

Scar. If we be, I have taken order againſt a Diſcovery. I'll go ſee if the old Gentleman be gone, and return with your Lover. [*Goes out.*

Ela. I tremble, but know not whether 'tis with Fear or Joy.

Enter Cinthio.

Cin. My dear *Elaria*——— [*Runs to imbrace her, She ſtarts from him.*

———Ha,———ſhun my Arms, *Elaria*!

Ela. Heavens! Why did you come ſo ſoon?

Cin. Is it too ſoon, when ere 'tis ſafe, *Elaria*?

Ela. I die with fear———Met you not *Scaramouch*? He went to bid you wait a while; What ſhall I do?

Cin. Why this Concern? none of the Houſe has ſeen me; I ſaw your Father taking Horſe.

Ela.

Ela. Sure you miſtake, methinks I hear his Voice.

Doct. below]—My Key—The Key of my Laboratory.—— Why, Knave *Scaramouch*, where are you?———

Ela. Do you hear that, Sir?———Oh, I'm undone! Where ſhall I hide you?———He approaches——

[*She ſearches where to hide him*

——Ha,——my Couſins Cloſet's open,———ſtep in a little.—

[*He goes in, ſhe puts out the Candle. Enter the Doctor. She gets round the Chamber to the Door, and as he advances in, ſhe ſteals out.*

Doct. Here I muſt have dropt it; a Light, a Light———— there———

Enter Cinthio *from the Cloſet, pulls* Charmante *out, they not knowing each other.*

Cin. Oh this perfidious Woman! No marvel ſhe was ſo ſurpris'd and angry at my Approach to Night.———

Cha. Who can this be?——but I'll be prepar'd——

[*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*

Doct. Why *Scaramouch*, Knave, a Light! [*Turns to the Door to calle.*

Enter Scaramouch *with a Light, and ſeeing the two Lovers there, runs againſt his Maſter, puts out the Candle, and flings him down and falls over him. At the entrance of the Candle,* Charmanet *ſlipt from* Cinthio *into the Cloſet.* Cinthio *gropes to find him; when* Mopſophil *and* Elaria, *hearing a great Noiſe, enter with a Light.* Cinthio *finding he was diſcover'd, falls to acting a Mad Man.* Scaramouch *helps up the Doctor, and bows.*

——Ha,———a Man,——and in my Houſe,———Oh dire Misfortune!———Who are you, Sir?

Cin. Men call me *Gog Magog*, the Spirit of Power;
My Right-hand Riches holds, my Left-hand Honour.
Is there a City Wife wou'd be a Lady?——Bring her to me
Her eaſie Cuckold ſhall be dub'd a Knight.

Ela. Oh Heavens! a mad Man, Sir.

Cin. Is there a Tawdry Fop wou'd have a Title?
A rich Mechanick that wou'd be an Alderman?
Bring 'em to me,
And I'll convert that Coxcomb, and that Block-head, into, Your Honour, and Right Worſhipful.

Doct. Mad, ſtark mad! Why Sirrah, Rogue——*Scaramouch* ——How got this mad Mad in? [*While the Doctor turns to* Scaramouch, Cinthio *ſpeaks ſoftly to* Elaria

Cin. Oh, thou perfidious Maid! Who haſt thou hid in yonder conſcious Cloſet? [*Aſide to her.*

Scar. Why Sir, he was brought in a Chair for your Advice, but how he rambl'd from the Parlour to this Chamber, I know not.

Cin. Upon a winged Horſe, I cliped *Pegaſus*,
Swift as the fiery Racers of the Sun,
——I fly——I fly——
See how I mount, and cut the liquid Sky. [*Runs out.*

Doct. Alas poor Gentleman, he's paſt all Cure——But Sirrah, for the future, take you care that no young mad Patients be brought into my Houſe.

Scar. I ſhall Sir,——and ſee—— here's your Key you look'd for.——

Doct. That's well; I muſt be gone——Bar up the Doors and upon Life or Death let no man enter.

[*Exit Doctor, and all with him, with the Light.*

[Charmante *peeps out—and by degrees comes all out, liſting every ſtep.*

Char. Who the Devil cou'd that be that pull'd me from the Cloſet? but at laſt I'm free, and the Doctors gone; I'll to *Cinthio*, and bring him to paſs this Night with our Miſtriſſes. [*Exit.*

As he is gone off, enter Chinthio *groping.*

Cin. Now for this lucky Rival, if his Stars will make this laſt part of his Adventure ſuch. I hid my ſelf in the next Chamber, till I heard the Doctor go, only to return to be reveng'd. [*He gropes his way into the Cloſet, with his Sword Drawn.*

Enter Elaria *with a Light.*

Ela. Scaramouch tells me *Charmante* is conceal'd in the Cloſet, whom *Cinthio* ſurely has miſtaken for ſome Lover of mine, and is jealous; but I'll ſend *Charmante* after him, to make my peace and undeceive him. [*Goes to the Door.*

——Sir, Sir, Where are you; they are all gone, you may adventure out. [Cinthio *comes out*

——Ha,——*Cinthio* here?——

Cin. Yes Madam, to your ſhame——.
Now your Perfidiouſneſs is plain——False Woman,
'Tis well your Lover had the Dexterity of eſcaping, I'd ſpoil'd his making Love elſe. [*Gets from her, ſhe holds him.*

Ela. Prethee hear me.

Cin.

Cin.——But ſince my Ignorance of his Perſon ſaves his Life, live and poſſeſs him, till I can diſcover him.

[*Goes out.*

Ela. Go peeviſh Fool——— [*Ex.*

Whoſe Jealouſie believes me given to Change,
Let thy own Torments be my juſt Revenge.

The End of the firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Antick Dance.

After the Muſick has plaid. Enter Elaria *to her* Bellemante.

Elari. HEavens *Bellemante*! Where have you been?

Bell. Fatigu'd with the moſt diſagreeable Affair, for a Perſon of my Humour, in the World. Oh, how I hate Buſineſs, which I do no more mind, than a Spark does the Sermon, who is ogling his Miſtreſs at Church all the while: I have been ruffling over twenty Reams of Paper for my Uncles Writings.———

Enter Scaramouch.

Scar. So, ſo, the Old Gentleman is departed this wicked World, and the Houſe is our own for this Night.———Where are the Sparks? Where are the Sparks?

Ela. Nay, Heaven knows.

Bell. How! I hope not ſo; I left *Charmante* confin'd to my Cloſet, when my Uncle had like to have ſurpriz'd us together: Is he not here?———

Ela. No, he's eſcap'd, but he has made ſweet doings.

Bell. Heavens Couſin! What?

Ela. My Father was coming into the Chamber, and had like to have taken *Cinthio* with me, when, to conceal him, I put him into your Cloſet, not knowing of *Charmante*'s being there and which, in the Dark, he took for a Gallant of mine; had not my Father's Preſence hinder'd, I believe there had been Murder committed; how ever, they both eſcap'd unknown.

Scar. Pshaw, is that all? Lovers Quarrels are soon adjusted; I'll to 'em, untold the Riddle, and bring 'em back—— take no care, but go in and dress you for the Ball; *Mopsophil* has Habits which your Lovers sent to put on: the Fiddles, Treat, and all are prepar'd.——— [*Ex.* Scara.

Enter Mopsophil.

Mops. Madam, your Cousin *Florinda*, with a Lady, are come to visit you.

Bell. I'm glad on't, 'tis a good Wench, and we'll trust her with our Mirth and Secret. [*They go out*

SCENE Changes. *To the Street.*

Enter Page with a Flambeaux, follow'd by Cinthio; *passes over the Stage.* Scaramouch *follows* Cinthio *in a Campaign Coat.*

Scar. Tis *Cinthio*———*Don Cinthio*—— [*Calls, he turns.*
———Well, whats the Quarrel?———How fell ye out?

Cin. You may inform your self I believe, for these close Intrigues cannot be carryed on without your Knowledge.

Scar. What Intrigues Sir? be quick, for I'm in hast.

Cin. Who was the Lover I surpris'd i'th, Closet?

Scar. Deceptio visus, Sir; the Error of the Eyes.

Cin. Thou Dog,———I felt him too; but since the Rascal scaped me——I'll be Reveng'd on thee———
[*Goes to beat him, he running away, runs against* Harelequin, *who is entering with* Charamante, *and like to have thrown 'em both down.*

Char. Ha,———What's the matter here?———

Scar. Seignior Don *Charmante*——— [*Then he struts courageously in with 'em*

Char. What, *Cinthio* in a Rage!
Who's the unlucky Object?

Cin. All Man and Woman Kind: *Elaria*'s false.

Char. Elaria false! take heed, sure nice Vertue is Proof against the Vices of her Sex.
———Say rather *Bellemante.*
She who by Nature's light and wavering.
The Town contains not such a false Impertinent,
This Evening I surpris'd her in her Chamber
Writing of Verses, and between her Lines,
Some Spark had newly pen'd his proper Stuff.

Curse

Curſe of the Jilt, I'll be her Fool no more.

Har. I doubt you are miſtaken in that, Sir, for 'twas I was the Spark that writ the proper Stuff. To do you Service———

Char. Thou!

Scar. Ay, we that ſpend our Lives and Fortunes here to ſerve you,——to be us'd like Pimps and Scowndrels.——Come Sir,——ſatisfie him who 'twas was hid i'th Cloſet, when he came in and found you.

Cin. Ha,——is't poſſible? Was it *Charmante*?

Char. Was it you, *Cinthio*? Pox on't, what Fools are we, we cou'd not know one another by Inſtinct?

Scar. Well, well, diſpute no more this clear Caſe, but lets haſten to your Miſtreſſes,

Cin. I'm aſham'd to appear before *Elaria*.

Char. And I to *Bellemante*.

Scar. Come, come, take Heart of Grace; pulls your Hats down over your Eyes; put your Arms acroſs; ſigh and look ſcurvily; your ſimple Looks are ever a Token of Repentance; come——come along. [*Exeunt Omens.*

SCENE changes to the Inſide of the Houſe.

The Front of the Scene is only a Curtain or Hangings to be drawn up at Pleaſure.

Enter Elaria, Bellemante, Mopſophil, *and Ladies, dreſs'd in Masking Habits.*

Elaria. I am extreamly pleas'd with theſe Habits, Couſin.

Bell. They are *A la Gothic* and *Uncomune*.

Lady. Your Lovers have a very good Fancy, Couſin, I long to ſee 'em.

Ela. And ſo do I. I wonder *Scaramouch* ſtays ſo, and what Succeſs he has.

Bell. you have no cauſe to doubt, you can ſo eaſily acquity your ſelf; but I, what ſhall I do? who can no more imagine who ſhou'd write thoſe Boremes, than who I ſhall love next, if I break off with *Charmante*.

Lady. If he be a Man of Honour, Couſin, when a Maid proteſts her Innocence——

Bell. Ay, but he's a Man of Wit too, Couſin, and knows when Women proteſt moſt, they likely lye moſt.

Ela.

Ela. Moſt commonly, for Truth needs no aſſeveration.

Bell. That's according to the Diſpoſition of your Lover, for ſome believe you moſt, when you moſt abuſe and cheat 'em; ſome are ſo obſtinate, they wou'd damn a *Woman* with Proteſting, before ſhe can convince 'em.

Ela. Such a one is not worth convincing, I wou'd not make the *World* wiſe at the expence of a Vertue.

Bell. Nay, he ſhall e'en remain as Heaven made him for me, ſince there are Men enough for all uſes.

Enter Charmante *and* Cinthio, *dreſs'd in their Gothic Habits.* Scaramouch, Harlequin *and Muſick.* Charmante *and* Cinthio *kneel.*

Cin. Can you forgivs us? [Elaria *takes him up.*

Bell. That, *Cinthio*, you're convin'd, I do not wonder; but how *Charmante*'s is inſpir'd, I know not. [*Takes him up.*

Char. Let it ſuffice, I'me ſatisfy'd, my *Bellemante.*

Ela. 'Pray' know my Couſin *Florinda.* [*They ſalute the Lady.*

Bell. Come, let us not loſe time, ſince we are all Friends.

Char. The beſt uſe we can make of it, is to talk of Love.

Bell. Oh! we ſhall have time enough for that hereafter; beſides, you may make Love in Dancing as well as in Sitting you may Gaze, Sigh,————and preſs the Hand, and now; and then receive a Kiſs, what wou'd you more?

Char. Yes, wiſh a little more.

Bell. We were unreaſonble to forbid you that cold Joy, nor ſhall you wiſh long in vain, if you bring Matters ſo about, to get us with my Uncle's Conſent.

Ela. Our Fortunes depending ſolely on his Pleaſure, which is, too conſiderable to loſe.

Cin. All things are order'd as I have written you at large; our Scenes and all our Properties are ready; we have no more to do but to banter the old Gentleman into a little more Faith, which the next Viſit of our new Caballiſt *Charmante* will compleat. [*The Muſick plays.*

Enter ſome Anticks and dance. They all ſit the while.

Ela. Your Dancers have perform'd well, but 'twere fit we knew who we have truſted with this Evenings Intrigue.

Cin. Thoſe, Madam, who are to aſſiſt us in carrying on a greater Intrigue, the gaining of you. They are our Kinſmen.

Ela. Then they are doubly welcome.

[*Here is a Song in Dialogue, with Flout Deux and Harpſicals. Shepherd and Sheperdeſs; which ended, they all dance a Figure Dance.*

Cin. Hark, what Noiſe is that? ſure 'tis in the next Room. *Doct. within.*]

Doct. within.] *Scaramouch, Scaramouch!* [Scar. *runs to the Door and holds it fast.*

Scar. Ha,——the Devil in the likeneſs of my old Maſters Voice, for 'tis impoſſible it ſhou'd be he himſelf.

Char. If it be he, how got he in? did you not ſecure the Doors?

Ela. He always has a Key to open 'em. Oh! what ſhall we do; there's no eſcaping him; he's in the next Room, through which you are to paſs.

Doct. Scaramouch, Knave, where are you?

Scar. 'Tis he, 'tis he, follow me all—— [*He goes with all the Company behind the Front Curtain.*

Without Doctor.] I tell you Sirrah, I heard the Noiſe of Fiddles.

Without Peter. No ſurely Sir, 'twas a Miſtake.

[*Knocking at the Door.*

[Scaramouch *having plac'd them all in the Hanging, in which they make the Figures, where they ſtand without Motion in Poſtures. He comes out. He opens the Door with a Candle in his Hand.*

Enter the Doctor *and* Peter *with a Light.*

Scar. Bleſs me, Sir! Is it you,——or your Ghoſt?

Doct. 'Twere good for you, Sir, if I were a thing of Air; but as I am a ſubſtantial Mortal, I will lay it on as ſubſtantially—— [*Canes him. He cries.*

Scar. What d'ye mean, Sir? what d'ye mean?

Doct. Sirrah, muſt I ſtand waiting your Leiſure, while you are Roguing here? I will reward ye. [*Beats him.*

Scar. Ay, and I ſhall deſerve it richly, Sir, when you know all.

Doct. I gueſs all, Sirrah, and I heard all, and you ſhall be rewarded for all. Where have you hid the Fiddles, you Rogue?

Scar. Fiddles, Sir!——

Doct. Ay, Fiddles, Knave.

Scar. Fiddles, Sir!——Where?

Doct. Here,——here I heard 'em, thou falſe Steward of thy Maſters Treaſure.

Scar. Fiddles, Sir! Sure 'twas Wind got into your Head, and whiſtled in your Ears, riding ſo late, Sir.

Doct. Ay, thou falſe Varlet, there's another Debt I owe thee, for bringing me ſo damnable a Lye: My Brother's well——I met his Valet but a League from Town, and found thy Roguery out. [*Beats him. He cries.*

Scar. Is this the Reward I have for being ſo diligent ſince you went?

Doct.

Doct. In what, thou Villain? in what?

[*The Curtain is drawn up, and discovers the Hangings where all of them stand.*

Scar. Why look you, Sir, I have, to surprise you with Pleasure, against you came home, been putting up this Piece of Tapestry, the best in *Italy*, for the Rareness of the Figures, Sir.

Doct. Ha——Hum——It is indeed a stately Piece of work; how came I by 'em?

Scar. 'Twas sent your Reverence from the *Vertuoso*, or some of the Caballists.

Doct. I must confess, the Workmanship is excellent, —— but still I do insist I heard the Musick.

Scar. 'Twas then the tuning of the Spheres, some Serinaed, Sir, from the Inhabitants of the Moon.

Doct. Hum——from the Moon,——and that may be——

Scar. Lord, d'ye think I wou'd deceive your Reverence?

Doct. From the Moon, a Serinade,——I see no signs on't here, indeed it must be so—— I'll think on't more at leisure.—— [*Aside.*

——Prithee what Story's this? [*Looks on the Hangings.*

Scar. Why, Sir,——'Tis.——

Doct. Hold up the Candles higher, and nearer.

[Peter *and* Scaramouch *hold Candles near. He takes a Perspective and looks through it; and coming nearer,* Harlequin, *who is plac'd on a Tree in the Hangings, hits him on the Head with his Trunchion. He starts, and looks about. He sits still.*

Scar. Sir——

Doct. What was that struck me?

Scar. Struck you, Sir! Imagination.

Doct. Can my Imagination feel, Sirrah?

Scar Oh, the most tenderly of any part about one, Sir!

Doct. Hum——That may be——

Scar. Are you a great Philosopher, and know not that, Sir?

Doct. This Fellow has a glimpse of Profundity—— [*Aside. Looks again.*

——I like the Figures well.

Scar. You will, when you See 'em by Day-light, Sir.

[Har. *hits him again. The* Doctor *sees him.*

Doct. Ha,—— Is that Imagination too —— Betray'd, betray'd, undone; run for my Pistols, call up my Servants *Peter*, a Plot upon my Daughter and my Neece. [*Runs out with* Peter.

[Scaramouch *puts out the Candle, they come out of the Hanging, which is drawn away. He places 'em in a Row just at the Entrance.*

Scar.

Scar. Here, here, fear nothing, hold by each other, that when I go out, all may go; that is, ſlip out, when you hear the Doctor is come in again, which he will certainly do, and all depart to your reſpective Lodgings.

Cin. And leave thee to bear the Brunt?

Sca. Take you no care for that, I'll put it into my Bill of Charges, and be paid all together.

Enter the Doctor *with Piſtols, and* Peter.

Doct. What, by dark? that ſhall not ſave you, Villains, Traytors to my Glory and Repoſe,——*Peter*, hold faſt the Door, let none eſcape. [*They all ſlip out.*

Pet. I'll warrant you, Sir. [Doctor *gropes about, then ſtamps and calls.*

Doct. Lights there——Lights——I'm ſure they cou'd not ſcape.

Pet. Impoſſible, Sir.

Enter Scaramouch *undreſs'd in his Shirt, with a Light. Starts.*

Scar. Bleſs me!——what's here?

Doct. Ha.——Who art thou? [*Amaz'd to ſee him enter ſo.*

Scar. I, who the Devil are you, and you go to that.

[*Rubs his Eyes, and brings the Candle nearer. Looks on him.*

——Mercy upon us!——Why what is't you, Sir, return'd ſo ſoon?

Doct. Return'd! [*Looking ſometimes on him, ſometimes about.*

Scar. Ay, Sir, Did you not go out of Town laſt night, to your Brother the Advocate?

Doct. Thou Villain, thou queſtion'ſt me, as if thou knew'ſt not that I was return'd.

Scar. I know, Sir! how ſhou'd I know? Im ſure I am but juſt wak'd from the ſweeteſt Dream——

Doct. You dream ſtill, Sirrah, but I ſhall wake your Rogueſhip——Were you not here but now, ſhewing me a piece of Tapeſtry, you Villain?——

Scar. Tapeſtry!—— [Mopſophil *liſtning all the while.*

Doct. Yes Rogue, yes, for which I'll have thy Life—— [*Offering a Piſtol.*

Scar. Are you ſtark mad, Sir? or do I dream ſtill?

Doct. Tell me, and tell me quickly, Rogue, who were thoſe Traytors that were hid but now in the Diſguiſe of a piece of Hangings. [*Holds the Piſtol to his Breaſt.*

Scar. Bleſs me! you amaze me, Sir. What conformity has every Word you ſay, to my rare Dream: Pray let me feel you, Sir,——Are you Humane?

Doct.

Doct. You shall feel I am, Sirrah, if thou confess not.

Scar. Confess, Sir! What shou'd I confess?——I understand not your Caballistical Language; but in mine, I confess that you wak'd me from the rarest Dream——*Where* methought the Emperor of the Moon *World* was in our House, Dancing and Revelling; and methoughts his Grace was fallen deperately in Love with Mistress *Elaria*; and that his Brother, the Prince, Sir, of *Thunderland*, was also in Love with Mistress *Bellemante*; and methoughts they descended to court 'em in your Absence. ——And that at last you surpris'd 'em, and that they transform'd themselves into a Suit of Hangings to deceive you. But at last, methought you grew angry at something, and they all fled to Heaven again; and after a deal of Thunder and Lightning, I wak'd, Sir, and hearing Humane Voices here, came to see what the Matter was.

[*This while the* Doctor *lessens his signs of Rage by degrees, and at last stands in deep Contemplation.*

Doct. May I credit this?

Scar. Credit it! By all the Honour of your House, by my unseparable Veneration for the Mathematicks, 'tis true, Sir.

Doct. ——That famous *Rosacrusian*, who yesterday visited me, told me——the Emperor of the Moon was in Love with a fair Mortal——This Dream is Inspiration in this Fellow——He must have wonderous Vertue in him, to be worthy of these Divine Intelligences. [*Aside.*

——But if that Mortal shou'd be *Elaria*! but no more, I dare not yet suppose it——perhaps the thing was real and no Dream, for oftentimes the grosser part is hurried away in Sleep, by the force of Imagination, and is wonderfully agitated ——This Fellow might be present in his Sleep,——of this we've frequent Instances——I'll to my Daughter and my Neece, and hear what knowledge they may have of this.

Mop. Will you so? I'll secure you, the Frolick shall go round.

Doct. Scaramouch, If you have not deceiv'd me in this Matter, time will convince me farther; if it rest here, I shall believe you false——

Scar. Good Sir, suspend your Judgment and your Anger then.

Doct. I'll do't, go back to Bed—— [*Ex.* Doctor *and* Peter.

Scar. No, Sir, 'tis Morning now——and I'm up for all day. ——This Madness is a pretty sort of a pleasant Disease, when it tickles but in one Vein——Why here's my Master now, as great Scholar, as grave and wise a Man, in all Argument and Discourse, as can be met with, yet name but the Moon, and he runs into Ridicule, and grows as mad as the Wind.

Well

Well *Doctor*, if thou can'ſt be madder yet,
We'll find a Medicine that ſhall cure your Fit.
———Better than all *Gallanicus*, [*Goes out.*

SCENE Draws off. *Diſcovers* Elaria, Bellemante *and* Mopſophil *in Night-Gowns.*

Mop. You have your Leſſons, ſtand to it bravely, and the Town's our own, Madam. [*They put themſelves in Poſtures of Sleeping, leaning on the Table,* Mopſophil *lying at their Feet.*

Enter Doctor, *ſoftly.*

Doct. Ha, not in Bed! this gives me mortal Fears.
Bell. Ah, Prince——— [*She ſpeaks as in her Sleep.*
Doct. Ha, Prince! [*Goes nearer and liſtens.*
Bell. How little Faith I give to all your Courtſhip, who leaves our Orb ſo ſoon. [*In a feign'd Voice.*
Doct. Ha, ſaid ſhe Orb? [*Goes nearer.*
Bell. But ſince you are of a Cœleſtial Race,
And eaſily can penetrate.
Into the utmoſt limits of the Thought,
Why ſhou'd I fear to tell you of your Conqueſt?
———And thus implore your Aid. [*Riſes and runs to the* Doctor. *Kneels, and holds him faſt. He ſhews ſigns of Joy.*
Doct. I am Raviſh'd!
Bell. Ah, Prince Divine, take Pity on a Mortal———
Doct. I am rapt!
Bell, And take me with you to the World above.
Doct. The Moon the Moon ſhe means, I am Tranſported, Over-joy'd, and Ecſtacy'd. [*Leaping and jumping from her Hands, ſhe ſeems to wake.*
Bell. Ha, my Uncle come again to interrupt us!
Doct. Hide nothing from me, my dear *Bellemante*, ſince all already is diſcover'd to me——and more.——
Ela. Oh, why have you wak'd me from the ſofeſt Dream that ever Maid was bleſt with?
Doct. What———what my beſt *Elaria?* [*With over-joy.*
Ela. Methought I entertain'd a Demi-God, one of the gay Inhabitants of the Moon.
Bell. I'm ſure mine was no Dream——I wak'd, I heard, I ſaw, I ſpoke——and danc'd to the Muſick of the Spheres, and methought my glorious Lover ty'd a Diamond Chain about my Arm

Arm———and ſee tis all ſubſtantial. [*Shows her Arm.*

Ela. And mine a Ring, of more than mortal Luſtre.

Doct. Heaven keep me moderate! leſt exceſs of Joy ſhou'd make my Vertue leſs. [*Stifling his Joy.*

———There is a wanderous Myſtery in this.
A mighty Bleſſing does attend your Fates.
Go in, and pray to the chaſt Powers above
To give you Vertue fit for ſuch Rewards. [*They go in.*

——How this agrees with what the learned Caballiſt inform'd me of laſt Night! He ſaid, that great *Iredonzor*, the Emperor of the Moon, was inamour'd on a fair Mortal. It muſt be ſo ——and either he deſcended to Court my Daughter Perſonally, which for the Rareneſs of the Novelty, ſhe takes to be a Dream; or elſe, what they and I beheld, was Viſionary, by way of a ſublime Intelligence:———And poſſibly——— 'tis only thus——the People of that World converſe with Mortals. ———I muſt be ſatisfy'd in this main Point of deep Philoſophy.

I'll to my Study,———for I cannot reſt,
Till I this weighty Myſtery have diſcuſs'd.

[*Ex. very gravely.*

SCENE. *The Garden.*

Enter Scaramouch *with a Ladder.*

Scar. Tho' I am come off *en Cavalier* with my Maſter, I am not with my Miſtreſs, whom I promiſed to conſole this Night, and is but juſt I ſhou'd make good this Morning; 'twill be rude to ſurprize her Sleeping, and more Gallant to wake her with a Serinade at her Window.

[*Sets the Ladder to her Window, fetches his Lute and goes up the Lader.*

He Plays and Sings this Song.

When Maidens are young and in their Spring
Of Pleaſure, of Pleaſure, let 'em take their full Swing,
full, Swing,———full Swing.———
And Love, and Dance, and Play, and Sing.
For Siliva, believe it, when Youth is done,
There's nought but hum drum, hum drum, hum drum;
There's nought but hum drum, hum drum, hum drum.

Then Silvia *be wiſe———be wiſe———be wiſe;*
The Painting and Dreſſing, for a while, are Supplies,

And may——surprise——
But when the Fire's going out in your Eyes,
It twinkles, it twinkles, it twinkles, and dies:
And then to hear Love, to hear Love from you,
I'd as live hear an Owl cry——Wit to woo,
Wit to woo, Wit to woo:

Enter Mopsophil *above.*

Mop. What woful Ditty-making Mortal's this?
That ere the Lark her early Note has sung.
Does doleful Love beneath my Casement thrum——
——Ah, Seignior *Scaramouch*, is it you?
Scar. Who shou'd it be, that takes such pains to sue?
Mop. Ah, Lover most true Blew.

Enter Harlequin *in Womens Cloaths:*

Har. If I can now but get admittance, I shall not only deliver the young Ladies their Letters from their Lovers, but get some opportunity, in this Disguise, to slip this *Billet Deux* into *Mopsophil's* Hand, and bob my Comrade *Scaramouch*.——Ha,——What do I see?——My Mistress at the Window, courting my Rival! Ah Gypsie!——

Scar. ——But we lose precious time, since you design me a kind Hour in your Chamber.

Har. Oh Traytor!

Mop. You'll be sure to keep it from *Harlequin*.

Har. Ah yes, he, hang him Fool, he takes you for a Saint.

Scar. *Harlequin*!——Hang him, shotten Herring.

Har. Ay, a Cully, a Noddy.

Mop. A meer Zany.

Har. Ah, hard hearted Turk.

Mop. Fit for nothing but a Cuckold.

Har. Monster of Ingratitude! How shall I be reveng'd?
[*Scar: going over the* Balcony.
——Hold, hold, thou perjur'd Traytor. [*Cryes out in a Womans Voice.*

Mop. Ha,——Discover'd!—— A Woman in the Garden!

Har. Come down, come down, thou false perfidious Wretch.

Scar. Who, in the Devils Name, art thou?
And to whom dost thou speak?

Har. To thee, thou false Deceiver, that hast broke thy Vows, thy Lawful Vows of Wedlock—— [*Bawling out.*
Oh, oh, that I shou'd live to see the Day—— [*Crying.*

Scar. Who mean you, Woman?

Har. Whom ſhou'd I mean but thou——my lawful Spouſe

Mop. Oh Villain!——Lawful Spouſe!——Let me come to her. [*Scar. comes down, as* Mopſophil *flings out of the Balcony.*

Scar. The Womans's mad——hark ye Jade——how long have you been thus diſtracted?

Har. E're ſince I lov'd and truſted thee, falſe Varlet.——See here,——the Witneſs of my Love and Shame.

[*Bawls, and points to her Belly.*

Juſt then Mopſophil *enters.*

Mop. How! with Child!——Out Villain, was I made a Property?

Scar. Hear me.

Har. Oh, thou Heathen Chriſtian!——Was not one Woman enough?

Mop. Ay, Sirrah, anſwer to that.

Scar. I ſhall be ſacrifi'd.——

Mop. I am reſolv'd to marry to morrow——either to the Apothecary or the Farmer, men I never ſaw, to be reveng'd on thee, thou tarmagant Infidel.

Enter the Doctor.

Doct. What Noiſe, what Out-cry, what Tumult's this?

Har. Ha,——the Doctor!——What ſhall I do?

[*Gets to the Door,* Scar. *pulls her in.*

Doct. A Woman!——ſome Bawd I am ſure——Woman, what's your Buſineſs here?——ha——

Har. I came, an't like your Seigniorſhip, to Madam the Governante here, to ſerve her in the Quality of a *Fille de Chambre*, to the young Ladies.

Doct. A *Fille de Chambre*! 'tis ſo, a ſhe Pimp,——

Har. Ah, Seignior—— [*Makes his little dapper Leg inſtead of a Curtſie.*

Doct. How now, what do you mock me?

Har. Oh Seignior!—— [*Gets nearer the Door.*

Mop. Stay, ſtay, Miſtreſs, and what Service are you able to do the Seigniors Daughters?

Har. Is this Seignior Doctor *Baliardo*, Madam?

Mop. Yes.

Har. Oh! He's a very handſome Gentlemam——indeed——

Doct. Ay, ay, what Service can you do, Miſtreſs?

Har. Why Seignior, I can tye a Cravat the beſt of any Perſon in Naples, and I can comb a Periwig——and I can——

Doct.

Doct. Very proper Service for young Ladies; you, I believe, have been *Fille de Chambre* to ſome young Cavaliers.

Har. Moſt true, Seignior, why ſhou'd not the Cavaliers keep *Filles de Chambre*, as well as great Ladies *Vallets de Chambre*?

Doct. Indeed 'tis equally reaſonable.——'Tis a Bawd.—— [*Aſide.*

——But have you never ſerv'd Ladies?

Har. Oh yes! I ſerv'd a Parſons Wife?

Doct. Is that a great Lady?

Har. I ſurely, Sir, what is ſhe elſe? for ſhe wore her Mantoes of *Brokad de or*, Petticoats lac'd up to the Gathers, her Points, her Patches, Paints and Perfumes, and ſate in the uppermoſt Place in the Church too.

Mop. But have you never ſerv'd Counteſſes and Dutcheſſes?

Har. Oh, yes, Madam! the laſt I ſerv'd, was an Aldermans Wife in the City.

Mop. Was that a Counteſs or a *Dutcheſs*?

Har. Ay, certainly——for they have all the Money; and then for Cloaths, Jewels, and rich Furniture, and eating, they outdo the very *Vice Reigne* her ſelf.

Doct. This is a very ignorant running Bawd,——therefore firſt ſearch her for *Billets Deux*, and then have her pump'd.

Har. Ah, Seignior,——Seignior.—— [Scar. *ſearches him, finds Letters.*

Scar.——Ha,——to *Elaria.*——and *Bellemante*?

[*Reads the Outſide, pops 'em into his Boſom.*

——Theſe are from their Lovers——

——Ha,——a Note to *Mopſophil*,——Oh, Rogue! have I found you?

Har. If you have, 'tis but Trick for your Trick, Seignior *Scaramouch*, and you may ſpare the Pumping.

Scar. For once, Sirrah, I'll bring you off, and deliver your Letters.——Sir, do you not know who this is?—— Why 'tis a Rival of mine, who put on this Diſguiſe to cheat me of Miſtreſs *Mopſophil.*——See hear's a Billet to her.——

Doct. What is he?

Scar. A Mungrel Dancing-Maſter; therefore, Sir, ſince all the Injury's mine, I'll pardon him for a Dance, and let the Agility of his Heels ſave his Bones, with your Permiſſion, Sir.

Doct. With all my Heart, and am glad he comes off ſo comically. [Harlequin *Dances.*

[*A knocking at the Gate.* Scar. *goes and returns.*

Scar. Sir, Sir, here's the rare Philoſopher who was here yeſterday.

Doct. Give him Entrance, and all depart.

Enter Charmante.

Char. Bleſt be thoſe Stars! that firſt conducted me to ſo much Worth and Vertue, you are their Darling, Sir, for whom they wear their brighteſt Luſtre.
Your Fortune is eſtabliſh'd, you are made, Sir.

Doct. Let me contain my Joy——— [*Keeping in an impatient Joy.*
——May I be worthy, Sir, to apprehend you?

Char. After long *Searching*, *Watching*, Faſting, Praying, and uſing all the vertuous means in Nature, whereby we ſolely do attain the higheſt Knowledge in Philoſophy; it was reſolv'd, by ſtrong Intelligence——you were the happy Sire of that Bright Nymph, that had infaſcinated, charm'd and conquer'd the mighty Emperor *Iredonozor*——the Monarch of the Moon.

Doct. I am—undone wih Joy! ruin'd with Tranſport—— [*Aſide.*
——Can it———can it, Sir,———be poſſible—— [*Stifling his Joy, which breaks out.*

Char. Receive the Bleſſing, Sir, with moderation.

Doct. I do, Sir, I do.

Char. This very Night, by their great Art, they find.
He will deſcend, and ſhow himſelf in Glory.
An Honour, Sir, no Mortal has receiv'd
This ſixty hundred years.

Doct. Hum———Say you ſo, Sir; no Emperor ever deſcend this Sixty hundred years? [*Looks ſad.*
——— Was I deceiv'd laſt night? [*Aſide.*

Char. Oh! Yes, Sir, often in diſguiſe, in ſeveral Shapes and Forms, which did of old occaſion ſo many Fabulous Tales of all the Shapes of *Jupiter*———but never in their proper Glory, Sir, as Emperors. This is an Honour only deſign'd to you.

Doct. And will his Grace——be here in Perſon, Sir? [*Joyful.*

Char. In Perſon———and with him, a Man of mighty Quality, Sir,———'tis thought———the Prince of *Thunderland*——but that's but whiſper'd, Sir, in the Cabal, and that he loves your Niece.

Doct. Miraculous! how this agrees with all I've ſeen and heard——To Night, ſay you Sir?

Char. So 'tis conjectur'd, Sir,——ſome of the Caballiſts——are of opinion——that laſt night there was ſome Sally from the Moon.

Doct. About what hour, Sir?

Char. The Meridian of the Night, Sir, about the hours of twelve

twelve or one, but who deſcended, or in what Shape, is yet uncertain.

Doct. This I believe, Sir.

Char. Why, Sir?

Doct. May I communicate a Secret of that Nature?

Char. To any of the Caballiſts, but none elſe.

Doct. Then know——laſt night, my Daughter and my Niece were entertain'd by thoſe illuſtrious Heroes.

Char. Who, Sir, the Emperor and Prince his Couſin?

Doct. Moſt certain, Sir.

But whether they appear'd in ſolid Bodies, or Fantomical, is yet a Queſtion, for at my unlucky approach, they all tranſform'd themſelves into a Piece of Hangings.

Char. 'Tis frequent, Sir, their Shapes are numerous, and 'tis alſo in their Power to transform all they touch, by vertue of a certain Stone——they call the *Ebula*.

Doct. That wondrous *Ebula*, which *Gonzales* had?

Char. The ſame——by Vertue of which, all weight was taken from him, and then with eaſe the loſty Traveller flew from *Parnaſſus Hill*, and from *Hymethus Mount*, and high *Gerania*, and *Acrocorinthus*, thence to *Taygetus*, ſo to *Olympus* Top, from whence he had but one ſtep to the Moon. Dizzy he grantes he was.

Doct. No wonder, Sir, Oh happy great *Gonzales*!

Char. Your Vertue, Sir, will render you as happy——but I muſt haſt——this Night prepare your Daughter and your Niece, and let your Houſe be Dreſs'd, Perfum'd, and Clean.

Doct. It ſhall be all perform'd, Sir.

Char. Be modeſt, Sir, and humble in your Elevation, for nothing ſhews the Wit ſo poor, as Wonder, nor Birth ſo mean, as Pride.

Doct. I humbly thank your Admonition, Sir, and ſhall, in all I can, ſtruggle with Humane Frailty. [*Brings* Char. *to the Door bare.* *Exit.*

Enter Scarmouch *peeping at the other Door.*

Scar. So, ſo, all things go glorioufly forward, but my own Amour, and there is no convincing this obſtinate Woman, that 'twas that Rogue *Harlequin* in Diſguiſe, claim'd me; ſo that I cannot ſo much as come to deliver the young Ladies their Letters from their Lovers. I muſt get in with this damn'd Miſtreſs of mine, or all our Plot will be ſpoil'd for want of Intelligence.

——Hum,——The Devil does not uſe to fail me at a dead lift. I muſt deliver theſe Letters, and I muſt have this Wench

———tho' but to be reveng'd on her for abuſing me——Let me ſee———ſhe is reſolv'd for the Apothecary or the Farmer. Well, ſay no more honeſt *Scaramouch*; thou ſhalt find a Friend at need of me———and if I do not fit you with a Spouſe, ſay that a Woman has out-witted me.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street, with the Town Gate, where an Officer ſtands with a Staff like a London *Conſtable.*

Enter Harlequin *riding in a Calaſh, come through the Gate towards the Stage, dreſs'd like a Gentleman ſitting in it. The Officer lays hold of his Horſe.*

Officer. HOld, hold, Sir, you, I ſuppoſe know the Cuſtoms that are due to this City of *Naples*, from all Perſons that paſs the Gates in Coach, Chariot, Calaſh, or *Siege Voglant.*

Har. I am not ignorant of the Cuſtom, Sir, but what's that to me?

Off. Not to you, Sir! why, what Priyilege have you above the reſt?

Har. Privilege, for what, Sir?

Off. Why for paſſing, Sir, with any of the before named Carriages.

Har. Ar't mad?———Doſt not ſee I am a plain Baker, and this my Cart, that comes to carry Bread for the Vice-Roy's, and the Cities Uſe?———ha———

Off. Are you mad, Sir, to think I cannot ſee a Gentleman Farmer and a Calaſh, from a Baker and a Cart?

Har. Drunk by this Day———and ſo early too? Oh you're a ſpecial Officer; unhand my Horſe, Sirrah, or you ſhall pay for all the Damage you do me.

Off. Hey day! here's a fine Cheat upon the Vice Roy: Sir, pay me, or I'll ſeize your Horſe.——— [Har. *ſtrikes him. They ſcuffle a little.*

———Nay, and you be ſo briſk, I'l call the Clerk from his Office.

Calls,

Calls.——Mr. Clerk, Mr. Clerk. [*Goes to the Enterance to call the Clerk, the mean time* Har. *whips a Frock over himself, and puts down the hind part of the Chariot, and then 'tis a Cart.*

Enter Clark.

Cler. What's the matter here?

Off. Here's a Fellow, Sir, will perswade me, his Calash is a Cart, and refuses the Customs for passing the Gate.

Cler. A Calash——Where? ——I see only a Carter and his Cart. [*The Officer looks on him.*

Off. Ha,——What a Devil, was I blind?

Har. Mr. Clerk, I am a Baker, that come with Bread to sell, and this Fellow here has stopt me this hour, and made me lose the Sale of my Ware——and being Drunk, will out-face me I am a Farmer, and this Cart a Calash.——

Cler. He's in an Errour Friend, pass on——

Har. No Sir, I'll have satisfaction first, or the Vice-Roy shall know how he's serv'd by drunken Officers, that are a Nuisance to a Civil Government.

Cler. What do you demand, Friend?

Har. Demand,——I demand a Crown, Sir.

Off. This is very hard —— Mr. Clerk——If ever I saw in my Life, I thought I saw a Gentleman and a Calash.

Cler. Come, come, gratifie him, and see better hereafter.

Off. Here Sir,—If I must, I must— [*Gives him a Crown.*

Cler. Pass on, Friend—— [*Ex.* Clark. Har. *unseen, puts up the Back of his Calash, and whips off his Frock, and goes to drive on. The Officer looks on him, and stops him again.*

Off. Hum, I'll swear it is a Calash——Mr. Clerk, Mr. Clerk, come back, come back—— [*Runs out to call him. He changes as before.*

Enter Officer *and* Clerk.

——Come Sir, let your own Eyes convince you, Sir,——

Cler. Convince me, of what, you Sott?

Off. This is a Gentleman, and that a——ha,——

[*Looks about on* Har.

Cler. Stark Drunk, Sirrah! if you trouble me at every Mistake of yours thus, you shall quit your Office.——

Off. I beg your Pardon, Sir, I am a little in Drink I confess, a little Blind and Mad——Sir,——This must be the

Devil, that's certain. [*The Clerk goes out,* Har. *puts up his Calash again, and pulls off his Frock and drives out.*

———Well, now to my thinking, 'tis as plain a Calash again as ever I saw in my Life, and yet I'm satisfy'd 'tis nothing but a Cart. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to the Doctors House.

The Hall.

Enter Scaramouch *in a Chair, which set down and open'd, on all sides, and on the top represents an Apothecaries Shop, the Inside being painted with Shelves and Rows of Pots and Bottles;* Scaramouch *sitting in it dress'd in Black, with a short black Cloak, a Ruff, and little Hat.*

Scar The Devil's in't, if either the Doctor, my Master, or *Mopsophil*, know me in this Disguise——— And thus I may not only gain my Mistress, and out-wit *Harlequin*, but deliver the Ladies those Letters from their Lovers, which I took out of his Pocket this Morning, and who wou'd suspect an Apothecary for a Pimp.———Nor can the Jade *Mopsophil*, in Honour, refuse a Person of my Gravity, and so well set up.—— [*Pointing to his Shop.*

———Hum, the Doctor here first, this is not so well, but I'm prepar'd with Impudence for all Encounters.

Enter the Doctor. *Scaramouch Salutes him gravely.*

———Most Reverend Doctor *Baliardo*,——— [*Bows.*

Doct. Seignior——— [*Bows.*

Scar. I might, through great Pusillanimity, blush——— to give you this Anxiety. Did not I opine you were as Gracious as Communitive and Eminent; and tho' you have no Cognisence of me, your Humble Servant,——— yet I have of you,——— you being so gravely fam'd for your admirable Skill, both in Galleincal and Paracelsian *Phænomena*'s and other approv'd Felicities in Vulnerary Emeticks, and purgative Experiences.

Doct. Seignior,———your Opinion honours me——— rare man this.

Scar. And though I am at present busied in writing——— those few Observations I have accumulated in my Peregrinations, Sir, yet the Ambition I aspir'd to, of being an Ocular and Aurial Witness

Witneſs of your Singularity, made me treaſpeſs on your ſublimer Affairs.

Doct. Seignior.———

Scar. ——— Beſides a violent Inclination, Sir, of being initiated into the Denomination of your Learned Family, by the Conjugal Circumference of a Matrimonial Tye, with that ſingularly accompliſh'd Perſon——— Madam, the Governante of your Hoſtel.

Doct. Hum——A ſweet-heart for *Mopſophil*! [*Aſide.*

Scar. And if I may obtain your Condeſcenſion to my Hymenæal Propoſitions, I doubt not my Operation with the Fiar One.

Doct. Seignior, ſhe 's much honour'd in the Overture, and my Abilities ſhall not be wanting to fix the Concord.

———But have you been a Traveller, Sir?

Scar. Without Circumlocutions, Sir, I have ſeen all the Regions beneath the Sun and Moon.

Doct. Moon, Sir! You never travell'd thither, Sir?

Scar. Not in *Propria Perſona, Seignior*, but by ſpeculation, I have, and made moſt conſiderable Remarques on that incomparable *Terra Firma*, of which I have the compleateſt Map in Chriſtendom———and which *Gonzales* himſelf emitted in his *Coſmographia* of the *Lunar Mundus*.

Doct. A Map of the *Lunar Mundus*, Sir! May I crave the Honour of ſeeing it?

Scar. You ſhall, Sir, together with a Map of *Terra Incognita* a great Rarety, indeed, Sir.

Enter Bellemante.

Doct. Jewels, Sir, worth a Kings Ranſome.

Bell. Ha,———What Figure of a Thing have we here——Bantering my Credulous Uncle?——This muſt be ſome Scout ſent from our *Forlorn Hope*, to diſcover the Enemy, and bring in freſh Intelligence.———Hum, ——— That Wink tipt me ſome Tidings, and ſhe deſerves not a good Look, who underſtands not the Language of the Eyes.———Sir, Dinner's on the Table.

Doct. Let it wait, I am imploy'd—— [*She creeps to the other ſide of* Scarmouch, *who makes Signs with his Hand to her.*

Bell. Ha,——'tis ſo,——This fellow has ſome Novel for us, ſome Letter or Inſtructions, but how to get it———

[*As* Scar. *talks to the* Doctor, *he takes the Letters by degrees out of his Pocket, and unſeen, gives 'em* Bellemante *behind him.*

Doct.

Doct. But this Map, Seignior; I proteſt you have fill'd me with Curioſity. Has it ſignify'd all things ſo exactly ſay you?

Scar. Omitted nothing, Seignior, no City, Town, Village or Villa; no Caſtle, River, Bridge, Lake, Spring or Mineral.

Doct. Are any, Sir of thoſe admirable Mineral Waters there, ſo frequent in our World?

Scar. In abundance, Sir, the Famous *Garamanteen*, a young *Italian*, Sir, lately come from thence, gives an account of an excellent *Scatunigo*, that has lately made an Ebulation there, in great Reputation with the Lunary Ladies.

Doct. Indeed, Sir! be pleaſ'd, Seignior, to 'ſolve me ſome Queries that may enode ſome apparences of the Virtue of the Water you ſpeak of.

Scar. Pox upon him, what Queſtions he asks——but I muſt on——Why Sir, you muſt know,——the Tincture of this Water upon Stagnation, Ceruberates, and the *Crocus* upon the Stones Flaveces, this he obſerves—— to be, Sir, the Indication of a Generous Water.

Doct. Hum—— [*Gravely Nodding.*

Scar. Now, Sir, be pleas'd to obſerve the three Regions, if they be bright, without doubt *Mars* is powerful; if the middle Region or Camera be palled, *Filia Solis* is breeding.

Doct. Hum.

Scar. And then the third Region, if the Fæces be volatil, the Birth will ſoon come in *Balneo*. This I obſerved alſo in the Laboratory of that Ingenious Chymiſt *Lyſidono*, and with much Pleaſure animadverted that Mineral of the ſame Zenith and Nader, of that now ſo famous Water in *England*, near that famous Metropolis, call'd *Iſlington*.

Doct. Seignior——

Scar. For, Sir, upon the Infuſion, the Crows Head immediately procures the Seal of *Hermes*, and had not *Lac Virginis* been too ſoon ſuck'd up, I believe we might have ſeen the Conſummation of *Amalgema*.

[Bellemante *having got her Letters, goes off. She makes Signs to him to ſtay a little. He Nods.*

Doct. Moſt likely, Sir.

Scar. But, Sir, this *Garamanteen* relates the ſtrangeſt Operation of a Mineral in the Lunar World, that ever I heard of.

Doct. As how, I pray, Sir?

Scar. Why, Sir, a Water impregnated to a Circulation with *Fœma Materia*; upon my Honour, Sir, the ſtrongeſt I ever drank of.

Doct. How, Sir! did you drink of it?

Scar. I only ſpeak the words of *Garamanteen*, Sir.
——Pox on him, I ſhall be trapt. [*Aſide.*

Doct.

Doct. Cry Mercy, Sir.——— [*Bows*

Scar. The Lunary Phyſicians, Sir, call it *Urinam Vulcani*, it Calibeates every ones Excrements more or leſs according to the Gradus of the Natural Calor.———To my Knowledge, Sir, a Smith of a very fiery Conſtitution, is grown very Opulent by drinking theſe Waters.

Doct. How, Sir, grown Rich by drinking the Waters, and to your Knowledge?

Scar. The Devil's in my Tongue, to my Knowledge, Sir, for what a man of Honour relates, I may ſafely affirm.

Doct. Excuſe me, Seignior— [*Puts off his Hat again gravely.*

Scar. For, Sir, conceive me how he grew Rich, ſince he drank thoſe Waters he never buys any Iron, but hammers it out of *Stercus Proprius*.

Enter Bellemante *with a Billet.*

Bell. Sir, 'tis three a Clock, and Dinner will be cold.— [*Goes behind* Scaramouch, *and gives him the Note and goes out.*

Doct. I come Sweet-heart; but this is wonderful.

Scar. Ay, Sir, and if at any time Nature be too infirm, and he prove Coſtive, he has no more to do, but apply a Load-ſtone *ad Anum.*

Doct. Is't poſſible?

Scar. Moſt true, Sir, and that facilitates the Journey *per Viſcera.*———But I detain you, Sir, another time———Sir, ———I will now only beg the Honour of a Word or two with the Governante, before I go.———

Doct. Sir, ſhe ſhall wait on you, and I ſhall be proud of the Honour of your Converſation.——— [*They bow. Exit* Doctor.

Enter to him Harlequin, *dreſs'd like a Farmer, as before.*

Har. Hum——What have we here, a Taylor or a Tumbler?

Scar. Ha——Who's this?——Hum———What if it ſhou'd be the Farmer that the Doctor has promis'd *Mopſophil* to? My Heart miſgives me. [*They look at each other a while.* Who wou'd you Speak with, Friend?

Har. This is, perhaps, my Rival, the Apothecary.——Speak with, Sir, why, what's that to you?

Scar. Have you Affairs with Seignior Doctor, Sir?

Har. It may be I have, it may be I have not. What then, Sir?

While

While they ſeem in angry Diſpute, Enter Mopſophil.

Mop. Seignior Doctor tells me I have a Lover waits me, ſure it muſt be the Farmer or the Apothecary. No matter which, ſo a Lover, that welcomeſt man alive. I am reſolv'd to take the firſt good Offer, tho' but in Revenge of *Harlequin* and *Scaramouch*, for putting Tricks upon me.——Ha,——Two of 'em!

Scar. My Miſtreſs here! [*They both Bow and Advance, both putting each other by.*

Mop. Hold Gentlemen,———do not worry me, Which of you wou'd ſpeak with me?

Both. I, I, I, Madam——

Mop. Both of you?

Both. No, Madam, I, I.

Mop. If both Lovers, you are both welcome, but let's have fair Play, and take your turns to ſpeak.

Har. Ay, Seignior, 'tis moſt uncivil to interrupt me.

Scar. And diſingenious, Sir, to intrude on me. [*Putting one another by.*

Mop. Let me then ſpeak firſt.

Har. I'm Dumb.

Scar. I, Acquieſce.

Mop. I was inform'd there was a Perſon here had Propoſitions of Marriage to make me.

Har. That's I, that's I——— [*Shoves* Scar. *away.*

Scar. And I attend to that conſequential *Finis.* [*Shoves* Har. *away.*

Har. I know not what you mean by your *Finis*, Seignior, but I am come to offer my ſelf this Gentlewomans Servant, her Lover, her Husband, her Dog in a Halter, or any thing.

Scar. Him I pronounce a Paltroon, and an Ignominious Utenſil, that dares lay claim to the Renowed Lady of my *Primum Mobile*; that is, my beſt Affections.——— [*In Rage.*

Har. I fear not your hard Words, Sir, but dare aloud pronounce, if *Donna Mopſophil* like me, the Farmer, as well as I like her, 'tis a Match, and my Chariots ready at the Gate to bear her off, d'ye ſee.——

Mop. Ah, how that Chariot pleads.—— [*Aſide.*

Scar. And I pronounce, that being intoxicated with the ſweet Eyes of this refulgent Lady, I come to tender her my nobleſt Particulars, being already moſt advantageouſly ſet up with the circumſtantial Implements of my Occupation. [*Points to the Shop.*

Mop. A City Apothecary, a moſt Gentile Calling——Which ſhall I chuſe?———Seignior Apothecary, I'll not expoſtulate the Circumſtantial Reaſons that have occaſion'd me this Honour.———

Scar.

Scar. Incomparable Lady, the Elegancy of your Repertees moſt excellently denote the Profundity of your Capacity.

Har. What the Devil's all this? Good Mr. *Conjurer* ſtand by ——and don't fright the Gentlewoman with your Elegant Profundities. [*Puts him by.*

Scar. How, a Conjurer! I will chaſtiſe thy vulgar Ignorance, that yclips a Philoſopher a Conjurer. [*In Rage.*

Har. Loſaphers! ——— Prethee, if thou be'ſt a Man, ſpeak like a Man———then

Scar. Why, What do I ſpeak like? What do I ſpeak like?

Har. What do you ſpeak like———why you ſpeak like a Wheel-Barrow.

Scar. How!———

Har. And how. [*They come up cloſe together at half Sword Parry; ſtare on each other for a while, then put up and bow to each other civilly.*

Mop. Thats well Gentlemen, let's have all Peace, While I ſurvey you both, and ſee which likes me beſt.

[*She goes between 'em, and ſurveys 'em both, they making ridiculous Bows on both ſides, and Grimaces the while.*

———ha, ———now on my Conſcience, my two fooliſh Lovers,———*Harlequin* and *Scaramouch*; how are my Hopes defeated?——but Faith I'll fit you both. [*She views 'em both.*

Scar. So, ſhe's conſidering ſtill, I ſhall be the happy Dog. [*Aſide.*

Har. She's taking aim, ſhe cannot chuſe but like me beſt. [*Aſide.*

Scar. Well, Madam, how does my Perſon propagate. [*Bowing and Smiling.*

Mop. Faith Seignior, now I look better on you, I do not like your Phiſnomy ſo well as your Intellects; you diſcovering ſome Circumſtantial Symptoms that ever denote a Villainous Inconſtancy.

Scar. Ah, you are pleas'd, Madam.———

Mop. You are miſtaken, Seignior, I am diſpleas'd at your Gray-Eyes, and Black Eye-brows, and Beard; I never knew a Man with thoſe Signs, true to his Miſtreſs or his Friend. And I wou'd ſooner wed that Scoundrel *Scaramouch*, that very civil Pimp, that meer pair of Chymical Bellows that blow the Doctors projecting Fires, that Deputy-Urinal Shaker, that very Guzman of *Salamanca*, than a Fellow of your infallible *Signum Mallis*.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ——— you have your Anſwer, Seignior Friskin———and may ſhut up your Shop and be gone.——Ha, ha, ha.———

Scar. Hum, ſure the Jade knows me——— [*Aſide.*

Mop. And as for you, Seignior,

Har.

Har. Ha, Madam——— [*Bowing and Smiling.*

Mop. Thoſe Lanthorn Jaws of yours, with that moſt vaillainous Sneer and Grin, and a certain fierce Air of your Eyes, looks altogether moſt Fanatically———which with your notorious Whey Beard, are certain Signs of Knavery and Cowardice; therefore I'd rather wed that Spider *Harlequin*, that Sceleton Buffoon, that Ape of Man, that Jack of Lent, that very Top, that's of no uſe, but when 'tis whipt and laſht, that piteous Property I'd rather wed than thee.

Har. A very fair Declaration———

Mop. you underſtand me———and ſo adieu ſweet Gliſterpipe, and Seignior dirty Boots, Ha, ha, ha.——— [*Runs out.*

[*They ſtand looking ſimply on each other, without ſpeaking a while.*

Scar. That I ſhou'd not know that Rogue *Harelequin.* [*Aſide.*

Har. That I ſhou'd take this Fool for a Phyſician. [*Aſide.*

——How long have you commenc'd Apothecary, Seignior?

Scar. Ever ſince you turn'd Farmer.———Are not you a damn'd Rogue to put theſe Tricks upon me, and moſt diſhonorably break all Articles between us?

Har. And are not you a damn'd Son of a———ſomething———to break Articles with me?

Scar. No more Words, Sir, no more words, I find it muſt come to Actions,———Draw.——— [*Draws.*

Har. Draw,———ſo I can draw, Sir.——— [*Draws.*

They make a ridiculous cowardly Fight. Enter the Doctor, *which they ſeeing, come on with more Courage. He runs between, and with his Cane beats the Swords down.*

Doct. Hold——hold———What mean you Gentlemen?

Scar. Let me go, Sir, I am provok'd beyond meaſure, Sir.

Doct. You muſt excuſe me, Seignior—[*Parlies with* Harlequin.

Scar. I dare not diſcover the Fool for his Maſter's Sake, and it may ſpoil our Intrigue anon; beſides, he'll then diſcover me, and I ſhall be diſcarded for bantering the Doctor. [*Aſide.*

———A Man of Honour to be ſo baſely affronted here.———

[*The Doctor comes to appeaſe* Scaramouch.

Har. Shou'd I diſcover this Raſcal, he wou'd tell the Old Gentleman I was the ſame that attempted his Houſe to day in Womans Cloths, and I ſhou'd be kick'd and beaten moſt unſatiably.

Scar. What, Seignior, for a man of Parts to be impos'd upon,———and whipt through the Lungs here———like a Mountebank's Zany for ſham Cures——— Mr. Doctor, I muſt tell you 'tis not Civil.

Doct. I am extreamly ſorry for it, Sir,———and you ſhall ſee how I will have this Fellow handled for the Affront

to

to a Persons of your Gravity, and in my House———. Here *Pedro*,———

Enter Pedro.

——Take this Intruder, or bring some of your Fellows hither, and toss him in a Blanket——— [*Ex.* Pedro. Har. *going to creep away*, Scar. *holds him.*

Har. Hark ye, ——— bring me off, or I'll discover all your Intrigue. [*Aside to him.*

Scar. Let me alone———

Doct. I'll warrant you some Rogue that has some Plot on my Niece and Daughter.———

Scar. No, no, Sir, he comes to impose the grossest Lye upon you, that ever was heard of.

Enter Pedro *with others, with a Blanket. They put* Har. *into it, and toss him.*

Har. Hold, hold, ——— I'll confess all, rather than indure it.

Doct. Hold,———What will you confess, Sir. [*He comes out. Makes sick Faces.*

Scar. ——— That he's the greatest Impostor in Nature. Wou'd you think it, Sir? he pretends to be no less than an Ambassador from the Emperor of the Moon, Sir———

Doct. Ha,——— Ambassador from the Emperor of the Moon——— [*Pulls off his Hat.*

Scar. Ay, Sir, thereupon I laugh'd, thereupon he grew angry, ——— I laugh'd at his Resentment, and thereupon we drew and this was the high Quarrel, Sir.

Doct. Hum——Ambassador from the Moon. [*Pauses.*

Scar. I have brought you off, manage him as well as you can.

Har. Brought me off, yes, out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire, Why, how the Devil shall I act an Ambassador? [*Aside.*

Doct. It must be so, for how shou'd either of these know I expected that Honour? [*He addresses him with profound Civility to* Har.

Sir, if the Figure you make, approaching so near ours of this World, have made us commit any undecent Indignity to your high Character, you ought to pardon the Frailty of our Mortal Education and Ignorance, having never before been blest with the Descension of any from your World.———

Har. What the Devil shall I say now? [*Aside.*

———I confess, I am as you see by my Garb, Sir, a little *Incognito*, because the Publick Message I bring, is very private—

which

which is, that the mighty *Iredonozor*, Emperor of the Moon, with his most worthy Brother, the Prince of *Thunderland*, intend to Sup with you to Night——Therefore be sure you get good Wine.——Tho' by the way let me tell you, 'tis for the *Sake* of your Fair Daughter.

Scar. I'll leave the Rogue to his own Management.—— I presume, by your whispering, Sir, you wou'd be private, and humbly begging Pardon, take my Leave. [*Ex. Scaramouch.*

Har. You have it Friend. Does your Niece and Daughter Drink, *Sir?*

Doct. Drink, *Sir?*

Har. Ay, *Sir*, Drink hard.

Doct. Do the Women of your World drink hard, Sir?

Har. According to their Quality, *Sir*, more or less; the greater the Quality, the more Profuse the Quantity.

Doct. Why that's just as 'tis here; but your Men of Quality, your *States-men*, *Sir*, I presume they are *Sober*, Learned and Wise.

Har. Faith, no, Sir, but they are, for the most part, what's as good, very Proud, and promising, Sir, most liberal of their Word to every fauning Suiter, to purchase the state of long Attendance, and cringing as they pass; but the Devil of a Performance, without you get the Knack of bribing in the right Place and Time; but yet they all defy it, *Sir.*——

Doct. Just, just, as 'tis here.

——But pray *Sir*, How do these Great Men live with their *Wives?*

Har. Most Nobly, *Sir*, my Lord keeps his Coach, my Lady, hers; my Lord his Bed, my Lady hers; and very rarely see one another, unless they chance to meet in a Visit, in the *Park*, the *Mall*, the *Tooré*, or at the *Basset-Table*, where they civilly Salute and part, he to his Mistress, she to play.

Doct. Good lack! just as 'tis here.

Har. ——Where, if she chance to lose her Money, rather than give out, she borrows of the next Amorous Coxcomb, who, from that Minute, hopes, and is sure to be paid again one way or other, the next kind Opportunity.

Doct.—— Just as 'tis here.

Har. As for the young Fellows that have Money, they have no Mercy upon their own Persons, but wearing Nature off as fast as they can, Swear, and Whore and Drink, and Borrow as long any Rooking Citizen will lend, till having dearly purchased the Heroick Title of a Bully or a *Sharper*, they live pity'd of their Friends, and despis'd by their Whores, and depart this Transitory World, diverse and sundry ways.

Doct. Just, just, as 'tis here!

Har.

Har. As for the Citizen, Sir, the Courtier lies with his Wife he, in revenge, cheats him of his Eſtate, till Rich enough to marry his Daughter to a Courtier, again give him all——— unleſs his Wives Over-Gallantry break him; and thus the World runs round.———

Doct. The very ſame 'tis here.——— Is there no preferment, *Sir*, for Men of Parts and Merit?

Har. Parts and Merit! What's that? a Livery, or the handſome tying a Cravat; for the great Men perfer none but their Foot-men and Vallets.

Doct. By my Troth, juſt as 'tis here.

——Sir, I find you are a Perſon of moſt profound Intelligence——under Favour, Sir,—Are you a Native of the Moon or this World.———

Har. The Devils in him for hard Queſtions.

———I am a *Neapolitan*, Sir.

Doct. Sir, I Honour you; good luck, my Country-man! How got you to the Region of the Moon, Sir?

Har. ———A plaguy inquiſitive old Fool———

——Why, Sir,———Pox on't, what ſhall I ſay?——— I being———one day in a muſing Melancholy, walking by the Sea-ſide ——— there aroſe, *Sir*, a great Miſt, by the Suns exhaling of the *Vapours* of the Earth, Sir.

Doct. Right, Sir.

Har. In this Fog or Miſt, Sir, I was exhal'd.

Doct. The Exhalations of the Sun, draw you to the Moon, Sir?

Har. I am condemn'd to the Blanket again.———I ſay Sir, I was exhal'd up, but in my way———being too heavy, was dropt into the Sea.

Doct. How, Sir, into the Sea?

Har. The Sea, Sir, where the Emperor's Fiſher-man caſting his Nets, drew me up, and took me for a ſtrange and monſtrous Fiſh, Sir,———and as ſuch, preſened me to his Mightineſs, ——— who going to have me Spitchcock'd for his own eating.———

Doct. How, Sir, eating?———

Har. What did me I, *Sir*, (Life being ſweet) but fall on my Knees, and beſought his Glorioufneſs not to eat me, for I was no Fiſh but a man; he ask'd me of what Country, I told him of *Naples*; whereupon the Emperor overjoy'd ask'd me if I knew that moſt Reverend and moſt Learned Doctor *Baliardo*, and his fair Daughter. I told him I did: whereupon he made me his Bed-fellow, and the Confident to his Amour to Seignior *Elarid*.

Doct. Bleſs me, *Sir*! how came the Emperor to know my Daughter?

Har. ———There he is again with his damn'd hard Queſtions,———Knew her, Sir,———Why——you were walking abroad one day. ———

Doct. My Daughter never goes abroad, Sir, farther than our Garden.———

Har. Ay, there it was indeed, Sir, ——— and as his Highneſs was taking a Survey of this lower World —— through a long Perſpective, Sir,——— he ſaw you and your Daughter and Niece, and from that very moment, fell moſt deſperately in Love. ———But hark ——— the ſound of Timbrils, Kettle-Drums and Trumpets. ——— The Emperor, Sir, is on his Way,———prepare for his Reception.

[*A ſtrange Noiſe is heard of Braſs Kettles, and Pans, and Bells, and many tinkling things.*

Doct. I'm in a Rapture———How ſhall I pay my Gratitude for this great Negotiation? ——— but as I may, I humbly offer, Sir.——— [*Preſents him with a Rich Ring and a Purſe of Gold.*

Har. Sir, as an Honour done the Emperor, I take your Ring and Gold. I muſt go meet his Highneſs.—— [*Takes Leave.*

Enter to him Scaramouch, *as himſelf.*

Scar. Oh, *Sir*! we are aſtoniſh'd with the dreadful ſound of the ſweeteſt Muſick that ever Mortal heard, but know not whence it comes. Have you not heard it, Sir?

Doct. Heard it, yes, Fool,——'Tis the Muſick of the Spheres, the Emperor of the Moon World is deſcending.

Scar. How, Sir, no marvel then, that, looking towards the South, I ſaw ſuch ſplendid Glories in the Air.

Doct. Ha,———ſaw'ſt thou ought deſcending in the Air?

Scar. Oh, yes, Sir, Wonders! haſte to the old Gallery, whence, with the help of your Teleſcope, you may diſcover all.———

Doct. I wou'd not loſe a moment for the lower Univerſe.

Enter Elaria, Bellemante, Mopſophil, *dreſs'd in rich Antick Habits.*

Ela. Sir, we are dreſs'd as you commanded us, What is your farther Pleaſure?

Doct. ——It well becomes the Honour you're deſign'd for, this Night to wed two Princes——come with me and know your happy Fates. [*Ex. Doctor and Scar. Ela.*

Ela. Bleſs me! My Father, in all the reſt of his Diſcourſe ſhows ſo much Senſe and Reaſon, I cannot think him mad, but feigns all this to try us.

Bell. Not Mad! Marry Heavens forbid, thou art always creating Fears to ſtartle one; why if he be not mad, his want of Sleep this eight and forty hours, the Noiſe of ſtrange unheard of Inſtruments, with the Fantaſtick Splendor of the unuſual Sight, will ſo turn his Brain and dazle him, that in Grace of Goodneſs, he may be Mad: If he be not; ——— come, let's after him to the Gallery, for I long to ſee in what ſhowing Equipage our Princely Lovers will addreſs to us.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE The Laſt.

The Gallery richly adorn'd with Scenes and Lights

Enter Doctor, Elaria, Bellemante, *and* Mopſophil. *Soft Muſick is heard.*

Bell. Ha.———Heavens! what's here? —— what Palace is this? ———No part of our Houſe, I'm ſure.———

Ela. 'Tis rather the Apartment of ſome Monarch.

Doct. I'm all amazement too; but muſt not ſhow my Ignorance.———Yes, *Elaria*, this is prepar'd to entertain two Princes.

Bell. Are you ſure on't, Sir? are we not, think you, in that World above, I often heard you ſpeak of in the Moon Sir?

Doct. How ſhall I reſolve her ——— For ought I know, we are. [*Aſide.*

Ela. Sure, Sir, 'tis ſome Inchantment.

Doct. Let not thy Female Ignorance prophane the higheſt Myſteries of Natural Philoſophy: To Fools it ſeems Inchantment——but I've a Senſe can reach it,———ſit and expect the Event.———Hark———I am amaz'd, but muſt conceal my Wonder———that Joy of Fools———and appear wiſe in Gravity.

Bell. Whence comes this charming Sound, Sir?

Doct. From the Spheres———it is Familiar to me.

[*The Scene in the Front draws off, and ſhews the Hill of* Parnaſſus; *a noble large Walk of Trees leading to it, with eight or ten Negroes upon Pedeſtals, rang'd on each ſide of the Walks. Next* Keplair *and* Galileus *deſcend on each ſide, oppoſite to each other, in*

Chariots, with Perſpectives in their Hands, as viewing the Machine of the Zodiack. Soft Muſick plays ſtill.

Doct. Methought I ſaw the Figure of two Men deſcend from younder Cloud, on yonder Hill.

Ela. I thought ſo too, but they are diſappear'd, and the wing'd Chariot's fled.

Enter Keplair *and* Galfileus.

Bell. See, Sir they approach.—— [*The Doctor riſes and Bows.*

Kep. Moſt Reverend Sir, we, from the upper World, thus low ſalute you.———*Keplair* and *Gallileus* we are call'd, ſent as interpreters to Great *Iredonozor*, the Emperor of the Moon, who is deſcending.

Doct. Moſt Reverend Bards———profound Phioſophers——thus low I bow to pay my humble Gratitude.

Kep. The Emperor, Sir, ſalutes you, and your fair Daughter.

Gall. And, Sir, the Prince of *Thunderland* ſalutes you, and your fair Niece.

Doct. Thus low I fall to thank their Royal Goodneſs.

[*Kneels. They take him up.*

Bell. Came you, moſt Reverend Bards, from the Moon World?

Kep. Moſt Lovely Maid, we did.

Doct. May I preſume to ask the manner how?

Kep. By Cloud, Sir, through the Regions of the Air, down to the fam'd *Parnaſſus*; thence by Water, along the River *Helicon*, the reſt by Poſt, upon two wing'd Eagles.

Doct. Sir, are there ſtore of our World inhabiting the Moon?

Kep. Oh, of all Nations, Sir, that lie beneath it in the Emperors Train! Sir, you will behold abundance; look up and ſee the Orbal World deſcending; obſerve the Zodiack, Sir, with her twelve Signs.

[*Next the Zodiack deſcends, a Symphony playing all the while; when it is landed, it delivers the twelve Signs; Then the Song, the Perſons of the Zodiack being the Singers. After which, the Negroes Dance and mingle in the* Chorus.

A Song for the Zodiack.

LET murmuring Lovers no longer Repine,
But their Hearts and their Voices advance;
Let the Nymphs and the Swains in the kind Chorus joyn,
And the Satyrs and Fauns in a Dance.

Let nature put on her Beauty of May,
And the Fields and the Meadows adorn;
Let the Woods and the Mountains resound with the Joy,
And the Echoes their Triumph return.

Chorus.

For since Love wore his Darts,
And Virgins grew Coy;
Since these wounded Hearts,
And those cou'd destroy.
There ne'er was more Cause for your Triumphs and Joy.

Hark, hark, the Musick of the Spheres,
Some wonder approaching declares;
Such, such, as has not blest your Eyes and Ears
This thousand, thousand, thousand years.
See, see what the Force of Love can make,
Who rules in Heaven, in Earth and Sea;
Behold how he commands the Zodiack,
While the fixt Signs unhinging all obey.
Not one of which, but represents
The Attributes of Love,
Who governs all the Elements
In Harmony above.

Chorus.

For since Love wore his Darts,
And Virgins grew Coy;
Since these wounded Hearts,
And those cou'd destroy,
There ne'er was more Cause for your Triumphs and Joy.

The wanton Aries *first descends,*
To show the Vigor and the Play,
Beginnging Love, beginning Love attends,
When the young Passion is all-over Joy,
He bleats his soft Pain to the fair curled Throng,
And he leaps, and he bounds, and Loves all the day long.
At once Loves Courage and his Slavery
In Taurus *is express'd,*
Tho' o're the Plains he Conqueror be,
The Generous Beast
Does to the Yoak submit his Noble Breast,
While Gemini *smiling and twining of Arms,*

Shews Love's ſoft Indearments and Charms.
And Cancer's *ſlow Motion the degrees do expreſs,*
Reſpectful Love arrives to Happineſs.
Leo *his Strength and Majeſty,*
Virgo *his bluſhing Modeſty,*
And Libra *all his Equity.*
His Subtilty does Scorpio *ſhow,*
And Sagittarius *all his looſe deſire,*
By Capricorn *his forward Humour know,*
And Aqua, *Lovers Tears that raiſe his Fire,*
While Piſces, *which intwin'd do move,*
Shew the ſoft Play, and wanton Arts of Love.

Chorus.

For ſince Love wore his Darts,
And Virgins grew Coy;
Since theſe wounded Hearts,
And thoſe cou'd deſtroy,
There ne'er was more Cauſe for Thriumphs and Joy.

——See how ſhe turns, and ſends her Signs to Earth.——— Behold the Ram——— *Aries*——— ſee *Taurus* next deſcends; then *Gemini*———ſee how the Boys embrace.——— Next *Cancer*, then *Leo*, then the *Virgin*; next to her *Libra*——— *Scorpio*, *Sagittar*, *Capricorn*, *Aquarius*,——*Piſces*. This eight thouſand years no Emperor has deſcended, but *Incognito*; but when he does, to make his Journey more Magnificent, the Zodiack, Sir, attends him.

Doct. 'Tis all amazing, Sir.

Kep. Now, Sir, behold, the Globick World deſcends two thouſand Leagues below its wonted Station, to ſhew Obedience to its proper Monarch.

[*After which, the Globe of the Moon appears, firſt like a new Moon; as it moves forward it increeſes till it comes to the Full. When it is deſcended, it opens, and ſhews the Emperor and the Prince. They come forth with all their Train, the Flutes playing a Symphony before him, which prepares the Song. Which ended, the Dancers mingle as before.*

A SONG.

ALL Joy to Mortals, Joy and Mirth
Eternal IO'S *ſing;*
The Gods of Love deſcend to Earth,
Their Darts *have loſt the Sting.*
The Youth ſhall now complain no more
On Sylvia's *needleſs Scorn,*
But ſhe ſhall love, if he adore,
And melt when he ſhall burn.

The Nymph no longer ſhall be ſhy,
But leave the jilting Road;
And Daphne *now no more ſhall fly*
The wounded panting God;
But all ſhall be ſerene and fair,
No ſad Complaints of Love
Shall fill the Gentle whiſpering Air,
No echoing Sighs the Grove.

Beneath the Shades young Strephon *lies,*
Of all his Wiſh poſſeſs'd;
Gazing on Sylvia's *charmine Eyes,*
Whoſe Soul is there confeſs'd.
All ſoft and ſweet the Maid appears,
With Looks that know no Art,
And though ſhe yields with trembling Fears,
She yields with all her Heart.

———See, Sir, the Cloud of Foreigners appears, *French, Engliſh, Spaniards, Danes, Turks, Ruſſians, Indians,* and the nearer Climes of Chriſtendom; and laſtly, Sir, behold the mighty Emperor.—

[*A Chariot appears, made like a Half Moon, in which is* Cinthio *for the Emperor, richly dreſs'd and* Charmante *for the Prince, rich, with a good many Heroes attending.* Cinthio's *Train born by four Cupids. The Song continues while they deſcend and land. They addreſs themſelves to* Elaria and Bellemante.———*Doctor falls on his Face, the reſt bow very low as they paſs. They make ſigns to* Keplair.

Kep. The Emperor wou'd have you riſe, Sir, he will expect no Ceremony from the Father of his Miſtreſs.

[*Takes him up.*

Doct. I cannot, Sir, behold his Mightineſs ——— the

Splendor of his Majesty confounds me———

Kep. You must be moderate, Sir, it is expected.

[*The two Lovers make all the Signs of Love in dumb show to the Ladies, while the soft Musick plays again from the End of the Song.*———

Doct. Shall I not have the Joy to hear their Heavenly Voices, Sir?

Kep. They never speak to any Subject, Sir, when they appear in Royalty, but by Interpreters, and that by way of Stentraphron, in manner of the Delphick Oracles.

Doct. Any way, so I may hear the Sense of what they wou'd say.

Kep. No doubt you will———But see the Emperor commands by signs his Foreigners to dance———

[*Soft Musick changes.*

[*A very Antick Dance. The Dance ended, the Front Scene draws off, and shows a Temple, with an Altar, one speaking through a Stentraphon from behind it. Soft Musick plays the while.*

Kep. Most Learned Sir, the Emperor now is going to declare himself, according to his Custom, to his Subjects. Listen.——

Sten. Most Reverend Sir, whose Vertue did incite us,
Whose Daughters Charms did more invite us;
We come to grace her with that Honour,
That never Mortal yet had done her,
Once only, *Jove* was known in Story,
To visit *Semele* in Glory.
But fatal 'twas, he so enjoy'd her,
Her own ambitious Flame destroy'd her.
His Charms too fierce for Flesh and Blood,
She dy'd embracing of her God.
We gentler marks of Passion give,
The Maid we love, shall love and live;
Whom visibly we thus will grace,
Above the rest of human Race.
Say, is't your Will that we shou'd Wed her,
And nightly in Disguises Bed her?

Doct. The Glory is too great for Mortal Wife.

[*Kneels with Transport*

Sten. What then remains, but that we consummate.
This happy Marriage in our splendid State?

Doct. Thus low I kneel, in thanks for this great Blessing.

[Cinthio *takes* Elaria *by the Hand*; Charmante, Bellemante; *two of the Singers in white being Priests, they lead 'em to the Altar, the whole Company dividing on either side. Where, while a Hymeneal Song is sung, the Priest joyns their Hands. The Song ended, and they Marry'd*

Marry'd, they come forth; but before they come forward, ——— two Charists deſcend, one on one ſide above, and the other on the other ſide; in which, is Harlequin *dreſs'd like a Mock Hero, with others, and* Scaramouch *in the other, dreſs'd ſo in Helmets.*

Scar. Stay mighty Emperor, and vouchſafe to be the Umpire of our Difference. [Cinthio *ſigns to* Keplair.

Kep. What are you?

Scar. Two neighbouring Princes to your vaſt Dominion.

Har. Knights of the Sun, our Honourable Titles.
And fight for that fair Mortal, *Mopſophil.*

Mop. Bleſs us! ——— my two precious Lovers, I'll warrant; well, I had better take up with one of them, than lye alone to Night.

Scar. Long as two Rivals we have Lov'd and Hop'd,
Both equally endeavour'd, and both fail'd.
At laſt by joynt Conſent, we both agreed
To try our Titles by the Dint of Lance,
And choſe your Mightineſs for Arbitrator.

Kep. The Emperor gives Conſent. ———

[*They both, all arm'd with gilded Lances and Shields of Black, with Golden Suns painted. The Muſick plays a fighting Tune. They fight at Barriers, to the Tune.* ——— Harlequin *is often Foil'd, but advances ſtill; at laſt* Scaramouch *throws him, and is Conqueror; all give Judgment for him.*

Kep. The Emperor pronounces you are Victor. — [*To* Scar.

Doct. Receive your Miſtreſs, Sir, as the Reward of your undoubted Valour. ——— [*Preſents* Mopſophil

Scar. Your humble Servant, Sir, and *Scaramouch*, returns you humble Thanks. —— [*Puts off his Helmet.*

Doct. Ha, —— *Scaramouch* —— [*Bawls out, and falls in a Chair. They all go to him.*
My Heart miſgives, me ——— Oh, I am undone and cheated every way. ——— [*Bawling out.*

Kep. Be patient, Sir, and call up all your Vertue,
You'r only cur'd, Sir, of a Diſeaſe
That long has reign'd over your Nobler Faculties.
Sir, I am your Phyſician, Friend and Counſellor;
It was not in the Power of Herbs or Minerals,
Of Reaſon, common Senſe, and right Religion,
To draw you from an Error that unman'd you.

Doct. I will be Patient, Gentlemen, and hear you.
——— Are not you *Ferdinand?*

Kep. I am, —— and theſe are Gentlemen of Quality,
That long have lov'd your Daughter and your Niece.

Don

Don Cinthio this, and this *Don Charmante*,
The *Vice-Roys* Nephews, both.
Who found as men———'twas impossible to enjoy 'em,
And therefore try'd this Stratagem.——
Cin. Sir, I beseech you, mitigate your Grief,
Altho' indeed we are but mortal men,
Yet we shall Love you,——Serve you, and obey you——
Doct. Are not you then the Emperor of the Moon?
And you the Prince of *Thunderland*?
Cin. There's no such Person, Sir.
These Stories are the Fantoms of mad Brains,
To puzzle Fools withal——the wise laugh at 'em———
——Come, Sir, you shall no longer be impos'd upon.
Doct. No Emperor of the Moon,——and no Moon World!
Char. Ridiculous Inventions.
If we'd not lov'd you you'd been still impos'd on;
We had brought a Scandal on your Learned Name,
And all succeeding Ages had despis'd it. [*He leaps up.*
Doct. Burn all my Books, and let my Study Blaze,
Burn all to Ashes, and be sure the Wind
Scatter the vile Contagious Monstrous Leys.
——Most Noble Youths——you've honour'd me with your Alliance, and you, and all your Friends, Assistances in this Glorious Miracle, I invite to Night to revel with me.——Come all and see my happy Recantation of all the Follies Fables have inspir'd till now. Be pleasant to repeat your Story, to tell me by what kind degrees you Cozen'd me———
I see there's nothing in Philosophy—— [*Gravely to himself.*
Of all that writ, he was the wisest Bard, who spoke this mighty Truth.———
"He that knew all that ever Learning writ,
"Knew only this——that he knew nothing yet.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

To be ſpoken by Mrs. *Cooke*.

With our old Plays, as with dull Wife it fares,
To whom you have been marry'd tedious years,
You Cry———She's wondrous good, it is confeſs'd,
But ſtill 'tis Chapon Boüillê *at the beſt;*
That conſtant Diſh can never make a Feaſt:
Yet the pall'd Pleaſure you muſt ſtill purſue,
You give ſo ſmall incouragement for new;
And who woud drud'ge for ſuch a wretched Age?
Who want the Bravery, *to ſupport one* Stage.
The wiſer Wits have now new Meaſures ſet,
And taken up new Trades, that they may hate,
No more your nice fantaſtick pleaſures ſerve,
Your Pimps you pay, but let your Poets ſtarve.
They long in vain for better Uſage hop'd,
Till quite undone and tyr'd, they dropt and dropt;
Not on is left will write for thin third day,
Like Deſperate Pickeroons, no Prize no Play;
And when they've done their beſt, the Recompence,
Is, Dam the Sot, his Play wants common Senſe.
I'll natur'd wits, who can ſo ill requite.
The Drudging Slaves, *who for your Pleaſure write.*
Look back on flouriſhing Rome, *ye proud Ingrates,*
And ſee how ſhe her thriving Poets treats:
Wiſely ſhe priz'd 'em at the nobleſt Rate,
As neceſſary Miniſters of State,
And contributions rais'd to make 'em great.
They from the publick Rank ſhe did maintain,
And freed from want, they only writ for Fame;
And were as uſeful in a City held,
As formidable Armies in the Field.
Toey but a Conqueſt over Men purſu'd,
While theſe by gentle force the Soul ſubdu'd.
Not Rome *in all her happieſt Pomp cou'd ſhow*
A greater Cæſar *than we boſt of now;*
Auguſtus *Reigns, but Poets ſtill are low.*
May Cæſar *live, and while his Mighty Hand*
Is Scattering Plenty over all the Land;
With God-like Bounty recompencing all,
Some fruitful drops may on the Muſes fall;
Since honeſt Pens do his juſt cauſe afford
Equal Advantage with the uſeful Sword.

FINIS.

PROLOGUE.

WEll! you expect a Prologue *to the Play,*
And you expect it too Petition-way;
With Chapeau bas, *beseeching you t' excuse,*
A damn' d Intrigue of an unpractic' d Muse;
Tell you it' s fortune waits upon your smiles,
And when you frown, Lord how you kill the whiles!
Or else to rally up the sins of th' Age,
And bring each Fop in Town upon the Stage;
And in one prologue run more vices o' er,
Than either Court or City knew before?
And that's a wonder which will please you too,
But my Commission's not to please you now.
First then for you Grave Dons *who love no play*
But what is regular, Great Johnson *'s way?*
Who hate the Monsieur *with the Farce and Droll,*
But are for things well said with spirit and soul?
'Tis you I mean whose judgments will admit,
No Interludes of fooling with your Wit;
You're here defeated, and anon will cry
s'Death? wou'd 'twere treason to write Comedy
So! there's a party lost; now for the rest,
Who swear they'd rather hear a smutty jest
Spoken by Nokes *or* Angel, *then a Scene*
Of the admir'd and well-penn'd Cataline;
Who love the Comick Hat, the Jig and Dance,
Things that are fitted to their Ignorance:
You too are quite undon, for here no Farce,
Damn me! you'l cry, this Play will be mine A——
Not serious, nor yet Comick, what is't then?
The' imperfect issue of a Lukewarm brain:
Twas born before it's time, and such a whelp;
As all the after-lickings could not help.
Bait it then as ye please, we'le not defend it,
But he that dis-approves it, let him mend it

Actors.

Actors Names.

Frederick	Son to the Duke.
Curtius	His Friend.
Lorenzo	A rich extravagant Lord, a kind of Favourite to *Frederick*.
Antonio	A Nobleman of *Florence*.
Alberto	His dear Friend, a Noble man alſo.
Pietro	Man to *Curtius*.
Galliard	Servant to the *Prince*.
Valet	To *Antonio*.
Clarina	Wife to *Atonio*.
Iſmenia	Siſter to *Antonio*, in love with *Alberto*.
Laura	Siſter to *Lorenzo*, in love with *Curtius*
Cloris	Siſter to *Curtius*, diſguis'd like a Country Maid, in Love with *Frederick*.
Iſabella	Woman to *Clarina*.
Lucia	Maid to *Cloris*.
Guilliam.	Man to *Cloris*, a Country-fellow.

Pages and Muſick.

Scene the Court of Florence.

THE Amorous Prince.

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

The Chamber of Cloris.

Enter Cloris *dreſt in her night Attire, with* Fredrick. *Dreſſing himſelf.*

Clo. AND will you leave me now to fears,
Which love it ſelf can hardly ſatisfie?
But thoſe, and that together ſure will kill me,
If you ſtay long away.

Fred. My Dear, 'tis almoſt day, and we muſt part;
Should thoſe rude eyes, 'mongſt whom thou
Dwell'ſt perceive us;
'Twould prove unhappy both to thee and me.

Clor. And will you, Sir, be conſtant to your Vows?

Fred. Ah *Cloris*! do not queſtion what I've ſworn;
If thou would'ſt have it once again repeated,
I'le do't. By all that's good, I'le marry thee;
By that moſt Holy Altar, before which we kneel'd,
When firſt I ſaw the brighteſt Saint that e're ador'd it;
I'le marry none but thee, my deareſt *Cloris*.

Clor. Sir, you have ſaid enough to gain credit
With any Maid; though ſhe had been deceiv'd
By ſome ſuch flatteries, as theſe before.
I never knew the pains of fear till now; [*Sighs.*
And you muſt needs forgive the faults you make;

For

For had I ſtill remain'd in Innocence,
I ſhould have ſtill believ'd you.
Fred. Why doſt thou not my Love?
Clor. Some doubt I have, but when I look on you,
Though I muſt bluſh to do ſo, they all vaniſh;
But I provide againſt your abſence, Sir.
Fred. Make no proviſion *Cloris*, but of hope,
Prepare thy ſelf againſt a Wedding day,
When thou ſhalt be a little Deity on Earth.
Clor. I know not what it is to dwell in Courts,
Be ſure it muſt be fine, ſince you are there;
Yet I could wiſh you were an humble Shepherd,
And knew no other Pallace than this Cottage;
Where I would weave you Crowns, of Pinks and Dazies,
And you ſhould be a Monarch every *May*.
Fred. And *Cloris*, I could be content to ſit
With thee, upon ſome ſhady Rivers bank,
To hear thee Sing, and tell a Tale of Love.
For theſe, Alas! I could do any thing;
A Sheep-hook I could prize above a Sword;
An Army I would quit to lead a Flock,
And more eſteem that Chaplet wreath'd by thee,
Than the Victorious Bay:
All this I could, but Dear, I have a Father,
Whom for thy ſake, to make thee great and glorious,
I would not loſe my int'reſt with.
But *Cloris*, ſee, the unkind day approaches,
And we muſt kiſs and part.
Clor. Unkind it is indeed, may it prove ſo,
To all that wiſh its preſence,
And paſs as ſoon away,
That welcome night may re-aſſume its place,
And bring you quickly back.
Fred. With great impatience I'le expect that hour,
That ſhall conduct me in its ſhades to thee;
Farewel.
Clor. Farewel Sir, if you muſt be gone. [*Sighs.*
Fred. One Kiſs, and then indeed I will be gone. [*Kiſſes her.*
A new blown Roſe kiſt by the Morning dew,
Has not more Natural ſweetneſs.
Ah *Cloris*! can you doubt that heart,
To whom ſuch bleſſings you impart?
Unjuſtly you ſuſpect that prize.
Won by ſuch touches, and ſuch eyes.
My Faireſt, turn that Face away,
Unleſs I could for ever ſtay;

Turn but a little while I go.

Clor. Sir, I muſt ſee the laſt of you.

Fred. I dare not diſobey; adieu till evening. [*Exit. Fred*

Enter Lucia.

Clor. How now *Lucia*; is my Father up?

Luc. No, not a Mouſe ſtirs yet; I have kept a true Watch all this night, for I was cruelly afraid Leſt we ſhould have been ſurpriz'd——
Is the Prince gone? but why do I ask,
That may read it in your ſad looks.

Clor. Yes, he is gone, and with him too has taken. [*Sighs.*

Luc. What has he taken? I'le ſwear you frighten me.

Clor. My heart *Lucia.*

Luc. Your Heart, I am glad 'tis no worſe.

Clor. Why, what doſt think he ſhould have taken?

Luc. A thing more hard to have been Recovered again.

Clor. What thing prethee?

Luc. Your Maiden-head.

Clor. What's that?

Luc. A thing young Gallants long extremely for,
And when they have it too, the ſay
They care not a Dazy for the giver.

Clor. How comeſt thou ſo wiſe *Lucia*?

Luc. Oh the fine Gentleman that comes a nights
With the Prince, told me ſo much, and bid me
Be ſure never to part with it for fine words,
For men would lie as often as they ſwore;
And ſo he bad me tell you too.

Clor. Oh *Lucia*!

Luc. Why do you ſigh?

Clo. To think if Princes were like common Men,
How I ſhould be undone.
Since I have given him all I had to give;
And who that looks on him can blame my faith?

Luc. Indeed he ſurpaſſes *Damon* far;
But I'de forgot my ſelf, you are the Princes Wife;
He ſaid you ſhould be kneel'd to, and ador'd,
And never look'd on but on Holy days:
That many Maids ſhould wait upon your call,
And ſtrow fine flowers for you to tread upon;
Muſick and Love ſhould daily fill your ears,
And all your other ſenſes ſhould be raviſht
With wonders of each kind, great as your beauty.

Clor. *Lucia*, methinks you have learnt to ſpeak fine things.
Leu. I have a thouſand more I've heard him ſay;
Oh, I could liſten a whole night to hear him talk:
But hark, I hear a noiſe, the houſe is up,
And muſt not find us here.
Clor. Lock up this Box of Jewels for me.
Luc. Oh rare! what did theſe come to night?
Clor. Yes, yes, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Grove.*

Enter Curtius *and* Pietro.

Cur. I wonder the Prince ſtays ſo long;
I do not like theſe night-works;
Were I not confident of *Cloris*'s vertue,
——Which ſhall no more be tempted.
I hear ſome coming, and hope 'tis he——
Pietro, are the Horſes ready;
Piet. Yes my Lord. [*Exit. Pietro.*

Enter Fredrick.

Cur. Sir, you are welcome from *Cloris*'s Arms.
Fred. With much ado, I am got looſe from thoſe fair *Fetters*; but not from thoſe of her beauty:
By theſe ſhe ſtill inflames me,
In ſpight of all my humours of inconſtancy;
So ſoft and young, ſo fair and innocent,
So full of Air, and yet of languiſhment;
So much of Nature in her heart and eyes,
So timerous and ſo kind without diſguiſe:
Such untaught ſweets in every part do move,
As 'gainſt my reaſon does compel my love;
Such artleſs ſmiles look ſo unorder'd too,
Gains more than all the charms of Courts can do;
From head to foot a ſpotleſs Statue ſeems,
As Art, not Nature, had compos'd her limbs;
So white, and ſo unblemiſht, oh *Curtius*!
I'me raviſht beyond ſenſe when I but think on't;
How much more muſt my ſurpriſe be,
When I behold theſe wonders.
Cur. And have you ſeen her, Sir, in all this beauty?
Oh Hell! [*Aſide.*
Fred. *Curtius*, I will not hide my Soul from thee;
I have ſeen all the marvels of that Maid.
Cur. My Soul learn now the Art of being diſguis'd: [*Aſide*

——'Tis much my, Lord, that one
Bred in ſuch ſimple innocence,
Should learn ſo ſoon ſo much of confidence:
Pray, Sir, what Arts and cunning do you uſe?
Fred. Faith time and importunity refuſe no body.
Curt. Is that the way? had you no other aids?
Made you no promiſe to her, Sir, of Marriage?
Fred. Oh, yes in abundance, that's your only bait,
And though they cannot hope we will perform it,
Yet it ſecures their Honour and my Pleaſure.
Cur. Then, Sir, you have enjoy'd her?
Fred. Oh yes, and gather'd ſweets
Would make an Anchoret neglect his vow,
And think he had miſtook his way to future bliſs,
Which only can be found in ſuch embraces;
'Twas hard to gain, but, *Curtius*, when once victor,
Oh how the joys of conqueſt did enſlave me!
Cur. But, Sir, methinks 'tis much that ſhe ſhould yield,
With only a bare promiſe that you'd marry her.
Fred. Yes, there was ſomething more——but——
Cur. But, what Sir, you are not Married.
Fred. Faith yes, I've made a Vow,
And that you know would go as far with any other man.
Cur. But ſhe it ſeems forgot you were the Prince?
Fred. No, ſhe urged that too,
And left no arguments unus'd
Might make me ſenſible of what I did;
But I was fixt, and overcame them all,
Repeating ſtill my vows and paſſions for her,
Till in the preſence of her Maid and Heaven
We ſolemnly contracted.
Cur. But, Sir, by your permiſſion was it well?
Fred. What wouldſt thou have him do
That's all on fire, and dies for an enjoyment?
Cur. But having had it, do you love her ſtill?
Fred. Yes, yet extremely,
And would be conſtant to the vows I've made,
Were I a man, as thou art of thy ſelf;
But with the aids of Counſels I muſt chuſe,
And what my Soul adores I muſt refuſe.
Cur. This paſſion, Sir, poſſeſſion will deſtroy,
And you'l love leſs, the more you do enjoy.
Fred. That's all my hope of cure, I'le ply that game
And ſlacken by degrees th' unworthy flame.
Cur. Methinks my Lord, it had more generous been
To've check'd that flame when firſt it did begin.

E're you the ſlighted victory had won,
And a poor harmleſs Virgin quite undone.
And what is worſe, you've made her love you too.
Fred. Faith that's the greater miſchief of the two,
I know to ſuch nice Vertuous *Souls* as thine,
My juſter inclination is a crime.
But I love pleaſures which thou can'ſt not prize,
Beyond dull gazing on thy Miſtreſs eyes,
The lovely object which enſlaves my heart,
Muſt yet more certain Cures than Smiles impart,
——And you on *Laura* have the ſame deſign.
Cur, Yes, Sir when juſtify'd by Laws Divine.
Fred. Divine, a pleaſant warrant for your ſin,
Which being not made, we ne're had guilty been,
But now we ſpeak of *Laura*,
Prethee when is't that I ſhall ſee that Beauty,
Cur Never I hope [*Aſide*] I know not, Sir,
Her Father ſtill is Cruel, and denies me,
What ſhe and I have long made love in vain for;
But, Sir, your Intereſt might prevail with him,
When he ſhall know I'me one whom you eſteem,
He will allow my flame, and my addreſs,
He whom you favour cannot doubt ſucceſs.
Fred. This day I will begin to ſerve thee in it,
Cur. Sir, 'twill be difficult to get acceſs to her,
Her Father is an humerous old man,
And has his fits of pride, and kindneſs too.
Fred. Well, after dinner I will try my power,
And will not quit his Lodgings, till I've won him.
Cur. I humbly thank you Sir,
Fred. Come let us haſt, the day comes on apace,
Cur. I'le wait upon you Sir, [*Ex. Fred.*
Oh, *Cloris*, thou'rt undone, falſe Amorous Girle;
Was it for this I bred thee in obſcurity,
Without permitting thee to know what Courts meant,
Leſt their too powerful temptation
Might have betray'd thy Soul;
Not ſuffering thee to know thy Name or Parents,
Thinking an humble life
Might have ſecur'd thy Vertue:
And yet I ſhould not hate thee for this ſin,
Since thou art bred in ſo much innocence,
Thou couldſt not dream of falſity in men:
Oh that it were permitted me to kill this Prince,
This falſe perfidious Prince;
And yet he knows not thus he has abus'd me.

When did I know a man of ſo much Vertue,
That would refuſe ſo ſweet and ſoft a Maid?
——No, he is juſt and good, only too much miſled
By youth and flattery;
And one to whom my Soul is ty'd by friendſhip;
——Yet what's a Friend, a name above a Siſter?
Is not her Honour mine?
And ſhall not I revenge the loſs of it?
It is but common Juſtice,
But firſt I'le try all gentle means I may,
And let him know that *Cloris* is my Siſter;
And if he then perſevere in his crime,
I'le lay my intereſt and my duty by,
And puniſh him, or with my Honour dye. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Apartment of Antonio.

Enter Lorenzo *pulling in of* Iſabella.

Lor. Nay, nay, *Iſabella*, there's no avoiding me now;
You and I muſt come to a parley.
Pray what's the reaſon
You took no notice of me,
When I came with ſo civil an addreſs too?

Iſab. Can you ever think to thrive in an Amour,
When you take notice of your Miſtreſs,
Or any that belongs to her, in publique,
And when ſhe's a Married woman too.

Lor. Good *Iſabella*, the loſer may have leave to ſpeak,
I am ſure it has been a plaguy dear Amour to me.

Iſab. Let me hear you name that again,
And you ſhall miſs of my aſſiſtance.

Lor. Nay, do but hear me a little;
I vow 'tis the ſtrangeſt thing in the World,
A man muſt part from ſo much money as I have done;
And be confin'd to Signs and Grimmaces only,
To declare his mind in;
If a man has a Tongue, let him exerciſe it, I ſay,
As long as he pays for ſpeaking.

Iſab. Again with your paying for't; I ſee you are not
To be reclaim'd; farewel——

Lor. Stay good *Iſabella*, ſtay,
And thou ſhall hear not one word of that more,

Though

Though I am ſoundly urg'd to't.
Iſab. Yes, yes; pray count them, do;
I know you long to be at it,
And I am ſure you will find you are in Arrears to us.
Lor. Say you ſo, I am not of that opinion, but well,
——Let me ſee—— here 'tis, here 'tis,——
——My Bill of charge for Courting *Clarina.*
[*Draws out his Table Book and reads,*
Iſab. And here's mine for the returns that have been
Made you; begin, begin. [*Pulls out her book.*
Lor. Item, 200 Crowns to *Iſabella* for undertaking.
Iſab. Item, I have promiſ'd *Lorenzo* to ſerve him
In his Amour with all fidelity.
Lor. Well, I own that debt paid, if you keep
Your word——out with it then—— [*He croſſes that out.*
Item, 2000 Crowns in a Bracelet for *Clarina*;
What ſay you to that now *Iſabella?*
Iſab. Item, The day after they were preſented,
She ſaluted you with a ſmile at the Chappel.
Lor. And doſt thou think it was not dearly bought?
Iſab. No man in *Florence* ſhould have had it
A Souce cheaper.
Lor Say you ſo *Iſabella*; out with it then. [*Croſſes it out.*
Item, 100 more to thee for preſenting them.
Iſab. Which I did with ſix lyes in your commendation,
Worth ten Piſtols a Piece for the exactneſs of a Lie;
Write there indebted to me——
Lor. Nay then thou doſt deſerve it:
Reſt due to *Iſabella.* [*Writes.*
Item, Innumerable Serenades, night walks, affronts
And fears; and laſtly, to the Poets for Songs, and the like.
Iſab. All which was recompenced in the exceſſive
Laughing on you that day you praunc'd under our
Window on Horſe back, when you made ſuch a
Deal of Capriol and Curvet.
Lor. Yes, where I ventur'd my neck to ſhew my
Activity, and therefore may be well accompted
Amongſt my loſſes.
Iſab. Then ſhe receiv'd your Preſents,
Suffer'd your Serenades, without ſending her foot-men
To break your Pate with the Fiddles.
Lor. Indeed that was one of the beſt ſigns;
For I have been a great ſufferer in that kind
Upon the like occaſions; but doſt thou think
In conſcience that this ſhould ſatisfie?
Iſab. Yes, any reaſonable man in the world, for the

First month at leaſt; and yet you are ſtill up
With your expences, as if a Lady of her quality
Were to be gain'd without them——
Let me hear of your expences more, and I'le——
Lor. Oh ſweet *Iſabella*! upon my knees,
I beg thou wilt take no fatal reſolution;
For I proteſt, as I am a man of Honour,
And adore thy Sex, thou ſhalt only ſee,
Not hear of my expences more;
And for a ſmall teſtimony of it, here, take this;
There's twenty Piſtols upon reputation, [*Gives her Money.*
Iſab. Fie, Fie, 'tis not brave, nor generous to name
The ſum, you ſhould have ſlid it into my coat,
Without ſaying what you had done.
Lor. What ſignifies that mun, as long as 'tis currant,
And you have it ſure.
Iſab. Well, leave the management of your Affairs to me,
——What ſhall we do? here's *Alberto.*

Enter Alberto.

Lor. Well, who can help it? I cannot walk invifible.
Alb. *Lorenzo*, what making Love to *Iſabella*?
Lor. She'l ſerve, my Lord, for want of a better.
Iſab. That's but a courſe Complement.
Lor. 'Twill ſerve to diſguiſe a truth however. [*Aſide to her.*
Faith I'le tell you, Sir, 'twas ſuch another Damſel [*Ex. Iſab*
As this, that ſav'd me 500 pound once upon a time;
And I have lov'd the whole Tribe of *Waiting-women*
The better ever ſince.
Alb. You have reaſon; how was it?
Lor. Why look you Sir?
I had made love a long time to a Lady,
But ſhe ſhall be nameleſs,
Since ſhe was of a quality not to be gain'd under
The aforeſaid ſum; well, I brought it,
Came powder'd and perfum'd, and high in expectation.
Alb. Well Sir.
Lor. And ſhe had a very prety wench, who was to
Conduct me, and in the dark too;
And on my conſcience, I e'ne fell aboard of her,
And was as well accommodated for my five,
As five hundred pounds, and ſo return'd.
Alb. A great defeat to the Lady the while on my word.
Lor. Ay, ſhe ſmelt the Plot, and made a vow to follow
The *Italian* mode for the future;

And

And be ſerv'd in affairs of that kind, by none,
But an old Woman.
Alb. 'Twas wittily reſolv'd.
Lor. Are you for the Preſence this morning?
Alb. No, I have buſineſs here with *Antonio*.
Lor. Your Servant my Lord—— [*Exit. Lorenzo.*
Alb. I do not like this fellows being here,
The moſt notorious Pimp, and Raſcal in *Italy*;
'Tis a vile ſhame that ſuch as he ſhould live,
Who have the form and ſenſe of man about them,
And in their action Beaſt,
And that he thrives by too.

Enter *Iſabella*.

—*Iſabella*, is *Antonio* ſtirring?
Iſab. He is, pleaſe your Lordſhip to walk in.
Alb. You may tell him I wait here——
—For I would avoid all opportunity of ſeeing *Clarina*. [*Aſide.*
Iſab. My Lord, you need not ſtand upon Ceremonies.
[*Ex.* Alberto.

Enter Clarina *and* Iſmena, *dreſt like one another in every thing; Laughing and beholding one another.*

—Dreſt already! now on my conſcience
I know not which is which;
Pray God *Antonio* be not miſtaken at night,
For I'le be ſworn I am by day-light.
Iſm. Doſt think I may paſs thus for *Clarina?*
Iſab. Madam, you are the ſame to a hair,
Woud I might never ſtir
If I can do any thing but wonder.
Clar. But hark *Iſabella*, if thou ſhould'ſt have
Heard amiſs, and that thy information ſhould not be good,
Thou haſt defeated us of a deſign,
Wherein we promiſe our ſelves no little pleaſure.
Iſm. Yes I vow, all the Jeſt is loſt if it be ſo.
Iſab. I doubt 'twill be a true Jeſt on your ſide. [*Aſide.*
—I warrant you, Madam, my Intelligence is good;
And to aſſure you of what I have ſaid,
I dare undertak you ſhall hear the ſame over again;
For juſt now *Alberto* is come to viſit my Lord,
Who, I am ſure will entertain him with no other ſtories,
But thoſe of his jealouſie,
And to perſwade him to Court you.

Clar. 'Tis ſtrange, ſince he ſet him that task ſo long ago,
He would not begin before,
Iſm. Nay, pray God he begin now;
Siſter, he has hitherto took me for thee,
And ſometimes his eyes give me hope of a ſecret
Fire within, but 'twill not out;
And I am ſo impatient till he declares himſelf,
That if he do not do it ſoon,
I ſhall e'ne tell him who I am;
For perhaps, the Wife takes off the appetite
Which would ſharpen upon knowledge of the Virgin.
Clar. What then, you'l have all the ſport to your ſelf;
—But, *Iſmena*, remember my little revenge on *Antonio*
Muſt accompany your love to *Alberto*. [*Aſide.*
Iſab. But why this reſemblance?
For, Madam, ſince he never ſaw you,
And takes *Iſmena* to be you;
Might you not ſtill paſs ſo, without this likeneſs?
Clar. Didſt thou not ſay, *Antonio*, left the Court
And City, on purpoſe to give *Alberto* the more freedom
To Court me?
—Whilſt he was away, I needed but retire,
And *Iſmena* appear, and 'twould ſuffice;
But now he is return'd,
He may chance to ſee them together, *en paſſant*, or ſo,
And this dreſs will abuſe him as well as *Alberto*,
For without that, this Plot of ours ſignifies little.
Iſm. Aye truly for my part, I have no other deſign
Than doing my Siſter a ſervice.
Iſab. The Plot is very likely to thrive I ſee,
Since you are ſo good at diſſembling.
Iſm. Fie *Iſabella*, what an ill opinion you have of me?
—But Siſter, 'tis much *Alberto* being ſo intimate
With *Antonio*, ſhould never ſee you all this whole
Six months of your being Married.
Clar. Had you been bred any where,
But in a Monaſtery you would have known,
'Tis not the cuſtom here for men to expoſe their
Wives to the view of any,
Iſab. I hear them coming, let's away,
And pray liſten to the truths I have already told you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE. IV.

Enter Antonio *and* Alberto.

[*Clarina* and *Ismena* listen.

Alb. Once more *Antonio*, welcome back to Court.
Ant. Oh my dear friend, I long'd for thy embraces;
—How goes the Game I left with thee to play?
What says my Wife, my beautiful *Clarina?*
Alb. Clarina——
Ant. Yes *Clarina*, have you not seen her yet?
I left the Court on purpose, for 'twas not handsome
For me to introduce you;
Lest she had lookt upon't as some design.
Alb. Seen her——yes——
Ant. And I conjur'd her too, to give you freedoms
Even equal to *Antonio*;
As far as I durst press with modesty,
And with pretence of Friendship;
And have you not attempted her?
Alb. Yes——but 'tis in vain.
Ant. Oh Villainous dissembler. [*Aside.*
Alb. She's cruel, strangely cruel;
And I'me resolv'd to give the Courtship o're.
Ant. Sure friend, thou hast not us'd thy wonted power.
Alb. Yes, all that I know I'em master of, I us'd.
Ant. But didst thou urge it home? did she not see,
Thy words and Actions did not well agree?
Canst thou dissemble well? didst cry and melt.
As if the pain you but expresst, you felt?
Didst kneel, and swear, and urge thy quality,
Heightning it too with some disgrace on me?
And didst thou too assail her feeble side?
For the best bait to woman is her Pride;
Which some mis-call her Guard:
Didst thou present her with the set of Jewels?
For Women naturally are more inclin'd
To Avarice; than Men:
Pray tell me Friend,
—Vile woman did she take them——
Alb. I never ask'd her that.
Clar. Poor *Antonio* how I pity him! [*Aside.*
Ant. No!
Alb. No, I've done enough to satisfie thy jealousie, Here

Here take your ſet of Jewels back again; [*Gives a Box.*
Upon my life *Clarina* is all chaſtity,
Ant. I were the happieſt man on Earth, were this but true;
But what are ſingle Courtſhips—give her theſe
Which will aſſiſt thy tongue to win her heart;
And that once got, the other ſoon will follow;
There's far more women won by Gold than induſtry:
Try that my dear *Alberto*,
And ſave thy eyes the trouble of diſſembling.
Alb. Content thee here, and do not tempt thy fate,
I have regard unto thy Honour Friend,
And ſhould ſhe yield, as women are no gods,
Where were thy future Joys;
What is't could make thee happy, or reſtore
That true contentment which thou had'ſt before?
Alas thou tempt'ſt me too, for I am frail,
And love above my friendſhip may prevail.
Ant. This will not do;
No, as thou art my Friend, and lov'ſt my Honour,
Purſue *Clarina* further;
Rally a freſh, and charge her with this Preſent,
Diſturb her every night with Serenades;
Make Love-Songs to her, and then Sing them too;
Thou haſt a voice enough alone to conquer.
Alb. Fool *Antonio*. [*Aſide.*
Ant. Come wilt thou undertake it once again?
Alb. I would not.
Ant. I am reſolv'd to get this tryal made,
And if thou doſt refuſe thy Amity,
I'le try a Friend more willing, though leſs faithful,
With thee my Wife and Honour too are ſafe;
For ſhould ſhe yield, and I by that were loſt,
'Twere yet ſome eaſe,
That none but thou wer't witneſs to't.
Alb. Well, if it muſt be done, I'de rather do't,
Than you ſhould be expos'd to th' ſcorn of others.
Ant. Spoke like my noble Friend;
Come dine with her to day, for I muſt leave you,
And give you all the opportunity
A real Lover wiſhes with a Miſtreſs:
[*Iſam.* So we have heard enough. [*Ex.* Clar. *and* Iſm.
Ant. Oh were *Clarina* chaſte, as on my Soul
I cannot doubt, more than that I believe
All woman kind may be ſedu'd from Vertue;
I were the man of all the world moſt bleſt,
In ſuch a Wife, and ſuch a Friend as thou.
Alb. But what if I prevail *Antonio*? *Ant.*

Ant. Then I'le renounce my faith in womankind,
And place my ſatisfaction in my Amity.
—But ſee ſhe comes, I'le leave you to your task.

Enter Iſmena *and* Iſabella.

Iſm. Antonio not yet gone——
This muſt ſecure me. [*Pulls down her Veil*
Ant. Clarina, why thus clouded?
Iſab. I ſee he has moſt happily miſtaken.
Iſm. I was going, Sir, to viſit *Laura*——
Ant. You muſt not go, I've buſineſs to the Duke,
And you muſt entertain my Friend till my return;
It is a freedom not uſual here amongſt Ladies,
But I will have it ſo;
Whom I eſteem I'le have you do ſo to.
Iſm. Sir, I am all obedience.
[*Exit* Antonio, *She pulls off her Veil*; Albert. *ſalutes her with ſeeming-lowneſs.*
Alb. Oh how my Soul's divided,
Between my Adoration and my Amity! [*Aſide.*
Friendſhip, thou ſacred band, hold faſt thy intereſt,
For yonder Beauty has a ſubtle power,
And can undo that knot, which other Arts
Could ne're invent a way for.

Enter Antonio *and liſtens at the door.*

Ant. I'le ſee a little how he behaves himſelf. [*Aſide.*
Alb. But ſhe's *Antonio*'s wife; my friend *Antonio*, [*Aſide.*
A youth that made an intereſt in my Soul,
When I had language ſcarce to expreſs my ſenſe of it.
Ant. Death, he ſpeaks not to her. [*Aſide.*
Alb. So grew we up to man, and ſtill more fit; [*Aſide.*
And ſhall a gawdy beauty,
A thing, which t'other day, I never ſaw,
Deprive my heart of that kind heat,
And place a new an unknown fire within?
Clarina, 'tis unjuſt.
Iſm. Sir, did you ſpeak to me?
Alb. I have betray'd my ſelf——
Madam, I was ſaying how unjuſt it was.
Antonio ſhould leave me alone with a Lady,
Being certainly the worſt to entertain them in the World.
Ant. His face aſſures me he ſpeaks of no love to her now.
Iſm. Alas, he ſpeaks not to me, [*Aſide.*

Sure

Sure *Iſabella* was miſtaken,
Who told me that he lov'd me;
——*Alberto*, if thou art oblig'd to me, [*Aſide.*
For what I have not yet obſerv'd in thee:
Oh do not ſay my heart was eaſily won,
But blame your eyes, whoſe forces none can ſhun.
Ant. Not a word, what can he mean by this?
Iſm. Sir, will you pleaſe to ſit a while?
Iſab. Madam, the inner chamber is much better,
For there he may repoſe upon the Cuſhions till my
Lord's return; I ſee he is not well——
—And you are both ſick of one diſeaſe. [*Aſide.*
Alb. I thank you, here's more air,
—And that I need, for I am all on fire, [*Aſide.*
And every look adds fuel to my flame.
—I muſt avoid thoſe eyes, whoſe light miſguides me:
—Madam, I have ſome buſineſs calls me hence,
And cannot wait my Friends return.
Iſm. *Antonio*, Sir, will think 'tis my neglect
That drove you hence; pray ſtay a little longer.
Alb. You ſhall command me, if you can diſpence
With ſo dull company.
Iſab. I can with any thing *Antonio* loves.
Alb. Madam, it is a Vertue that becomes you;
For though your Husband ſhould not merit this,
Your goodneſs is not leſs to be admir'd;
But he's a man ſo truly worth your kindneſs,
That 'twere a ſin to doubt,
Your paſſion for him were not juſtly paid.
Iſm. Sir, I belive you, and I hope he think
That my opinion of him equals yours;
'Tis plain he loves me not, [*Aſide.*
Perhaps, his Vertue, thinking me *Clarina*,
May hide the real paſſion of his ſoul.
Oh Love, what dangerous paths thou mak'ſt us tread!
Ant. Cold, cold as Devotion, oh inhumane friendſhip!
Alb. What ſhall I do next? I muſt either be rude,
And ſay nothing, or ſpeak of Love to her;
And then my Friend thou'rt loſt ſhould I prevail,
And I'me undone ſhould ſhe not hear my tale,
Which for the world I would not have her hear;
And yet I fear my eyes too much declare.
Iſm. Since he's in ſo ill an humour, let's leave him,
I'm ſatisfy'd now that thou wer't miſtaken.
[Ex. Iſmena and Iſabella *unſeen.*
Alb. But they ſhall gaze no more on hers,
Nor ſtray beyond the limits of a juſt ſalute. ——I

—I will my Honour to my Love prefer,
And my *Antonio* ſhall out-Rival her. [*Looks about and miſſes them.*
—Ah, am I left alone!—how frail is man;
That which laſt moment I reſolv'd upon,
I find my heart already diſapprove,
And grieve her loſs; can this be ought but love?
My Soul's diſſatisfy'd now ſhe is gone,
And yet but now I wiſh't to be alone;
—Inform me Love who ſhares the better part,
Friendſhip, or thee, in my divided heart. [*Offers to go.*

Enter Antonio *and ſtays him.*

Ant. Whither in ſuch haſt?
Thou look'ſt e'ne as ſad as a Lover repulſt,
I fear that fate's not thine.
Alb. Now for a lye to ſatisfie him. [*Aſide.*
Prethee diſcharge me of this toyl of diſſembling,
Of which I grow as weary, as ſhe's of hearing it.
Ant. Indeed.
Alb. Sure thou haſte a deſign to make her hate me.
Ant. Do you think ſo in eaneſt, why was ſhe angry?
Abl. Oh! hadſt thon ſeen her Pretty bluſhing ſcorn
Which ſhe would fain have hid,
Thou wouldſt have pitied what I made her ſuffer.
Ant. Is't poſſible!
And didſt preſent her with the Box of Jewels?
Alb. Yes.
Ant. And kneel, and cry and ſwear, and —
Alb. All, all.
Ant. I hardly gave thee time for ſo much Courtſhip,
—But you are ſure ſhe was diſpleaſed with it?
Alb. Extremely.
Ant. Enough *Alberto*; adieu to thee and friendſhip-
Alb. What mean you?
Ant. Ask your own guilt, it will inform thee beſt.
Alb. Thou canſt not think *Clarina* has abus'd thee.
Ant. I do not think ſhe has, nor have you try'd her;
In that you have not only diſobliged me,
But now you would impoſe upon my weakneſs;
—Did I not ſee how unconcern'd you were,
And hardly paying her a due reſpect;
And when ſhe even invited thee to ſpeak,
Moſt rudely thou wer't ſilent?
Alb. Be calm *Antonio*, I confeſs my error.
And hate that vertue taught me to deceive thee;

—Here

—Here take my hand,—
I'le ſerve you in good earneſt.
Ant. And now I do believe thee,
Go—thou ſhalt loſe no time, I muſt away,
My Soul's in torment, till I am confirm'd
Of my *Clarina*'s Vertue;
I do believe thou haſt a generous ſhame,
For what thou'ſt ſaid and done to me thy friend;
For could I doubt thy love: oh how ridiculous
This act of mine would ſeem!
But 'tis to thee, as to my Soul I come,
Diſputing every pretty crime and doubt.
Alb. Antonio, if there need an Oath between us.
Ant. No, I credit thee; go in,
And prethee dreſs thy eyes in all their Charms,
For this uncertainty diſtrubs me more,
Than if I knew *Clarina* were a—Whore— [*Exeunt ſeverally*

ACT. II. SCENE. I.

The Apartment of Fredrick.

Enter Frederick *with a Letter, and* Galliard.

Fred. NOt allow me to ſpeak to her, ſay ye, 'tis ſtrange;
Did'ſt ſay it was the Prince that ſent thee?
Ser. My Lord, I did, but he ſays, he cares not for
A thouſand Princes.
Fred. I am reſolv'd I will ſee this woman;
—Harkey, go back again and ſay— [*Whiſpers.*

Enter Lorenzo *Drunk.*

Lor. Hah the Prince—he muſt not ſee me
In this pickle; for I would not loſe my reputation
Of Wenching, for this of Drinking;
And I am ſure I cannot be excellent in both,
They are inconſiſtent.
Ser. I ſhall my Lord. [*Ex. Galliard.*
Lor. You, Highneſs humble ſervant.
Fred. Ha, ha, what *Lorenzo* in deboach.

Lor.

Lor. Now my tongue will betray me ;
—Faith, my Lord, I have took ſix, but am come briskly off ;
By this hand, My Lord, I am cock over five,
Stout Rogues too, I can tell you, at this ſport.
Fred. I did not think thou hadſt had that Vertue.
Lor. I'le tell you, Sir, 'tis neceſſary thoſe of my
Office and quality, ſhould have more Vertues
Than one to recommend them;
But to tell you truth, for now I am moſt apt for that,
I was drunk in meer malice to day.
Fred. Malice, againſt whom prethee ?
Lor. Why, why, Sir, the humorous old fellow
My Father, he will not hear reaſon from me when I am ſober.
Fred. My Lord, you know *Curtius* is an honeſt Fellow,
And one of us too ;
My ſiſter *Laura* is a good pretty Wench,
He loves her, and ſhe likes him ;
And becauſe this teſty old Blade has done himſelf,
Do you think I can bring him to conſider ?
No not for my life he wont conſider Sir ;
And now am I got drunk to ſee how that will edifie him.
Fred. How ! is *Laura* the Miſtreſs of *Curtius* your ſiſter ;
Lor. Yes marry is ſhe Sir, at leaſt by the Mothers ſide ;
And to tell you truth,
We are too good natur'd to believe
Salvator our Father.
Fred. Thy Siſter and Daughter to *Salvator ?*
Lor. So ſaid my Mother, but ſhe was handſom,
And on my conſcience liv'd, e'en in ſuch another
Debaucht world as 'tis now ; let them ſay
What they will of their Primitive vertue.
Fred. May not I ſee this Siſter of thine *Lorenzo ?*
Lor. Yes by *Venus* ſhall your Sir,
An ſhe were my Mother.
Fred. But art ſure thy Father will permit us ?
Lor. My Father permit us !
He may do what he will when I am ſober,
But being thus fortify'd with potent Wine,
He muſt yield obedience to my will ;
Why my Lord, I'le tell you ;
I'le make him ask me bleſſing when I am in this
Almighty power.
Fred. And is thy Siſtet ſo very fine ?
Lor. The Girl is well, and if ſhe were not my Siſter,
I would give you a more certain proof of my
Opinion of her ;

She has excellent good Hair, fine Teeth,
And good hands, and the best natur'd Fool—
——Come, come, Sir, I'le bring you to her,
And then I'le leave you;
For I have a small affair of Love to dispatch,

Fred. This is a freedom that sutes not with the Humour of an *Italian.*

Lor. No faith, my Lord, I believe my Mother play'd Foul play with some *English* man;
I am so willing to do you a good office to my Sister,
And if by her humour you become of that opinion too,
I shall hope to render my self more acceptable
To you by that Franchise.

Enter Galliard, *whispers.*

Fred. Thou knowest my grateful temper,
—No matter; here carry this Letter to *Cloris*,
And make some excuse for my not coming this evening.
[*Gives him a Letter, and goes out with* Lorenzo.

Ser. So, poor Lass, 'tis a hundred to one if she be not Lay'd by now, and *Laura* must succeed her:
Well, even *Fredrick*, I see, is but a man,
But his youth and quality will excuse him;
And 'twill be called gallantry in him,
When in one of us, 'tis ill nature and inconstancy.

SCENE II.

Enter Ismena *and* Isabella.

Isab. Nay, Madam, 't is in vain to deny it,
Do you think I have liv'd to these years,
And cannot interpret Cross Arms, imperfect replies,
Your sudden weepings, your often sighing,
Your melancholy walks, and making Verses too?
And yet I must not say that this is Love.

Ism. Art thou so notable a Judge of it?

Isab. I should be, or I am a very dull Scholar,
For I have lost the foolish boy as many Darts,
As any Woman of my age in *Florence.*

Ism. Thou hast pay'd dear for thy knowledge then.

Isab. No, the hurt one did,

The

The other ſtill made good with very little
Pain on either ſide.

Iſm. I muſt confeſs, I think it is not ſo hard to get
Wounds, as 'tis to get them cur'd again.

Iſab. I am not of your opinion, nor, ever ſaw that
Man that had not faults to Cure,
As well as charms to kill.

Iſm. Since thou'rt ſo good a Judge of men,
Preethee tell me how thou lik'ſt *Alberto.*

Iſab. *I* knew 'twould come to this—— [*Aſide.*
Why well Madam.

Iſm. No more than ſo.

Iſab. Yes wondrous well, ſince I am ſure he Loves you,
And that indeed raiſes a mans value.

Iſm. Thou art deceiv'd, I do not think he Loves me.

Iſab. Madam' you cannot but ſee a thouſand marks on't.

Iſm. Thou haſt more skill than I;
But prethee why does he not tell me ſo himſelf?

Iſab. Oh Madam, whilſt he takes you for *Clarina,*
T'would ſhow his diſ-reſpect to tell his Love;
But when he knows *Iſmena* is the object.
He'le tire you with the wiſht for ſtory.

Iſm. Ah, thou art a pleaſing flatterer.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, *Alberto* is without.

Iſm. Tell him I'me indiſpos'd, and cannot ſee him now.

Iſab. Nay, good Madam, ſee him now by all means,
For I am ſure my Lord *Antonio* is abſent on purpoſe;
—Bid him come in Boy. [*Ex. Page.*

Enter Alberto.

Iſm. *Antonio,* Sir, is not return'd.

Alb. Madam, this viſit was not meant to him,
But by a cauſe more preſſing I am brought,
Such as my paſſion, not my friendſhip taught;
A paſſion which my ſighs have only ſhewn,
And now beg leave my baſhful tongue may own
The knowledge, Madam, will not much ſurpriſe,
Which you have gain'd already from mine eyes;
My timerous heart that way my tongue would ſpare,
And tells you of the flames you've kindled there;
Tis long I've ſuffer'd under this conſtraint,
Have always ſuffer'd, but ne're made complaint;

And now againſt my will I muſt reveal,
What Love, and my reſpect would fain conceal.
Iſm. What mean you Sir? What have you ſeen in me,
That ſhould encourage this temerity?
Alb. A World of Beauties, and a world of Charms,
And every ſmile and frown begets new harms;
In vain I ſtrove my Paſſion to ſubdue,
Which ſtill increas'd the more I look't on you;
Nor will my heart permit me to retire,
But makes my eyes the convoys to my fire,
And not one glance you ſend is caſt away.
Iſam. Enough my Lord, have you nought elſe to ſay? [*Smiles.*
The Plots betray'd, and can no further go;
The Stratagem's diſcover'd to the Foe;
I find *Antonio* has more love than wit,
And I'le endeavour too to merit it.
Alb. What you have ſaid, I do confeſs is true,
Antonio beg'd I would make love to you;
But, Madam, whilſt my heart was unconfin'd;
A thouſand ways the treachery I declin'd;
But now *Clarina*, by my life I ſwear,
It is my own concern that brings me here:
Had he been juſt to you, I had ſuppreſt
The flame your eyes have kindled in my Breaſt;
But his ſuſpition rais'd my paſſion more,
And his injuſtice taught me to adore;
But 'tis a paſſion which you may allow,
Since its effects ſhall never injure you.
Iſm. You have oblig'd me, Sir, by your confeſſion,
And I ſhall own it too at ſuch a rate,
As both becomes my duty to *Antonio*,
And my reſpect to you; but I muſt beg
Your'l never name your paſſion to me more;
That guilty language, Sir, I muſt not hear,
—And yet your ſilence kills me. [*Aſide.*
[*Iſm.* Very well diſſembled. [*Aſide.*
Alb. I can obey you, Madam, though I cannot live,
Whilſt you command me ſilence;
For 'tis a flame that dares not look abroad
To ſeek for pity from anothers eyes,
Iſm. How he moves me; if this were real now, [*Aſide.*
Or that he knew to whom he made this Courtſhip———
Alb. Oh do not turn away as if diſpleas'd,
Iſm. No more, you've diſcompos'd my thoughts;
Be gon and never let me ſee thy face again.
Alb. Madam, I go, and will no more offend you,

—But

—But I will look my laſt—farewel. [*Offers to go.*
Iſab. Pray, Madam, call him back, he may be deſperate.
—My Lord return———
Iſm. Alberto, tell me what you'd have me do.
Alb. Ah Madam, do not put me to my choice,
For Lovers ar unreaſonable,
If I might name it, I would have you love me.
Iſm. Love you, and what would be the end of that?
Alb. I cannot tell, but wiſh you were inclin'd
To make a tryal, Madam;
I have no thought or wiſh beyond that bleſſing,
And that once gain'd ſure, I ſhould ask no more.
Iſm. Were I inclin'd to this, have you conſider'd
The fatal conſequences which attend
The breach of Vows and Friendſhip.
Alb. Madam, *Antonio* firſt was falſe to you,
And not to puniſh that, were ſuch a Vertue
As he would never thank you for;
By all that's good, till he prov'd ſo to you,
He had my Soul in keeping;
But this act, maks me reſolve
To recompence his folly.
Iſm. You've found the eaſieſt paſſage to my heart,
You've took it on the weakeſt ſide;
—But I muſt beg you will pretend no further.
Alb. Divine *Clarina*, let me pay my thanks
In this ſubmiſſive poſture, and never riſe, [*Kneels.*
Till I can gain ſo much upon your credit,
As to believe my paſſion tends no farther
Than to adore you thus——and thus poſſeſs you,
[*Kiſſes her hand and Bows.*
Iſm. Have not I diſſembled finely *Iſabella*? [*Aſide.*
Iſab. Yes, if you could make me believe 'tis ſo. [*Aſide.*
Iſm. Riſe, Sir, and leave me, that I may bluſh alone
For what I've parted with ſo eaſily;
Pray do not viſit me again too ſoon,
—But uſe your own diſcretion, and be ſecret.
Alb. Madam, the bleſſed ſecret here is lodg'd,
Which time ſhall ne're reaveal to humane knowledge. [*Ex. Alb.*
Iſm. I'me glad he's gone before *Antonio* return'd;

Enter Laura *Weeping.*

—What *Laura* all in Tears, the reaſon pray!
Lau. Madam, the Prince conducted by my Brother
About an hour ſince made me a viſit;

The Man of all the world *I* would have ſhun'd,
Knowing his Amorous and inconſtant temper;
—At his approach he bluſht and ſtarted back,
And *I* with a great amazement did the like.
With fear I loſt all power of going from him,
As he had done of making his addreſs;
He gaz'd, and wonder'd, and I gaz'd on him,
And from his ſilence I became amaz'd.
—My brother ſtood confounded at our poſtures,
And only by the motion of his head,
(Which now he turn'd to me, then on the Prince)
We knew that he had life.

Iſm. Well, how recover'd ye?

Lau. The Prince then kneel'd, but could approach no nearer,
And then as if he'd taken me for ſome Deity;
He made a long diſorder'd Amorous ſpeech,
Which brought me back to ſenſe again;
But *Lorenzo* told him that I was a mortal,
And brought him nearer to me,
Where he began to make ſuch vows of Love———

Iſm. What then?

Lau. Then I am ruin'd——
To all I ſaid he found a contradiction,
And my denials did but more inflame him;
I told him of the vows I'de made to *Curtius*,
But he reply'd that *Curtius* was a Subject;
But ſure at laſt I'de won upon his goodneſs,
Had not my Father enter'd,
To whom the Prince addreſt himſelf;
And with his moving tale ſo won upon him,
Or rather by his quality.
That he has gain'd his leave to viſit me,
And quite forbids me e're to ſpeak to *Curtius*.

Iſm. Alas the day, is this all?

Lau. All? can there be more to make me miſerable?

Iſm. I ſee no reaſon thou haſt to complain;
Come, wipe your eyes, and take a good heart,
For I'le tell thee a ſtory of my own,
That will let thee ſee I have much more cauſe to weep;
And yet I have a thouſand little ſtratagems
In my head, which give me as many hopes:
This unlucky reſtraint upon our Sex,
Makes us all cunning; and that ſhall aſſiſt thee now
With my help, I warrant thee;
Come in with me and know the reſt. [*Exeunt.*

Iſab. So, ſo, diſguiſe it how you will,

I

I know you are a real Lover;
And that ſecret ſhall advance my Love-deſign;
Yes Madam, now I will be ſerv'd by you,
Or you ſhall fail to find a friend of me.

[*Ex. Iſab.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lorenzo *Drunk, with a Page, and Muſick as in the dark.*

Lor. Here's the door, begin and play your beſt,
But let them be ſoft low Notes, do you hear? [*They Play.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Muſick at my Lodgings, it is *Alberto*;
Oh how I love him for't——if *Clarina* ſtand his Courtſhip, I am made;
I languiſh between hope and fear.
Lor. Stay Friend, I hear ſome body, [*Muſick ceaſes.*
Pag. 'Tis no body Sir.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. 'Tis *Lorenzo*, and my Plots ripe's; [*Aſide.*
'Twill not ſure be hard to get him, under pretence Lorenzo.
Of ſeeing *Clarina*, into my Chamber, *being retir'd*
And then I'le order him at my pleaſure: *the while a*
Ismena is on my ſide, for I know all her ſecrets, *little further.*
And ſhe muſt wink at mine therefore. [*She retires.*
Lor. Thou art in the right Boy,
I think indeed 'twas nothing. [*Plays again.*

Enter Alberto.

Alb. She yields, bad woman!
Why ſo eaſily won?
By me too, who am thy Husbands friend:
Oh dangerous boldneſs! unconſidering woman,
I lov'd thee, whilſt I thought thou could'ſt not yield;
But now that eaſineſs has undone thy intereſt in my heart:
I'll back and tell thee that it was to try thee.
Lor. No, no, 'twas my fears, away with the Song,
I'e take it on your word that 'tis fit for my purpoſe.
Fid. I'le warrant you my Lord.

SONG.

IN vain I have labour'd the Victor to prove,
Of a heart that can ne're give attendance to Love;
So hard to be done,
That nothing so young
Could e're have resisted a passion so long.

Yet nothing I left unattempted or said,
That might soften the heart of this pitiless Maid;
But still she was shye,
And would blushing deny,
Whilst her willinger eyes gave her Language the lye.

Since Phillis, *my passion you vow to despise,*
Withdraw the false hopes from your flattering eyes,
For whilst they inspire
A resistless vain fire.
We shall grow to abhor, what we now do admire. [*Ex. Musick.*

Alb. What's this, and at *Clarina's* lodgings too?
Sure 'tis *Antonio* impatient of delay,
Gives her a Serenade from me.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. 'Tis the fool himself———
My Lord, where are you?
Alb. How, a womans voice! 'tis dark, I'le advance.
Lor. Thou Simpleton, I told thee there was some-body.
Pag. Lord, Sir, 'tis only *Isabella* that calls you.
Lor. Away Sirrah, I find by my fears 'tis no woman,
[*Goes out with the Page.*
Isab. Why don't you come, here's no body.
Alb. Here I am.
Isab. Where?
Alb. Here. [*Gives her is Hand.*
Isab. My Lord, you may venture, *Clarina* will be
Alone within this hour, where you shall entertain
Her at your freedom; but you must stay a while in my
Chamber till my Lord's a-bed,
For none but I must know of the favour she designs you.
Alb. Oh gods! what language do I here———
False and perfidious woman, I might have thought,

Since

Since thou wer't gain'd ſo eaſily by me,
Thou wouldſt with equal haſte yield to another.
Iſab. It is not *Lorenzo*, what ſhall I do? [*She flees in*

Enter Lorenzo *and* Page.

Lor. A Pox of all Damn'd Cowardly fear,
Now did I think I had drunk Nature up to reſolution;
I have heard of thoſe that could have dar'd in their drink,
But I find, drunk or ſober, 'tis all one in me.
Alb. The Traytor's here,
Whom I will kill who e're he be.
Lor. Boy, go ſee for *Iſabella.*
Boy. I ſee a Man ſhould not be a Coward and a Lover
At once——*Iſabella*, *Iſabella*, ſhe's gone Sir. [*Calls.*
Alb. Yes villain, ſhe's gone, and in her room
Is one that will chaſtiſe thy boldneſs.
Lor. That's a proud word though, who e're thou be,
But how I ſhall avoid it, is paſt my underſtanding.
Alb. Where art thou ſlave?
[Alberto *gropes for him, he avoids him.*
Pag. Take heart Sir, here's company which I will
Get to aſſiſt you——

Enter Antonio.

Sir, as you are a Gentleman aſſiſt a ſtranger ſet upon by Thieve
[*They fight*, Antonio *with* Alberto, [Lor. *runs away*
Alberto *falls, is wounded.* *the while.*
Alb. Who e're thou be'ſt that takes the Traytors part,
Commend me to the wrong'd *Antonio.*
Ant. *Alberto*! dear *Alberto*, is it thee?
Alb. *Antonio*!
Ant. I am aſham'd to ſay I am *Antonio*;
Oh gods, why would you ſuffer this miſtake?
Alb. I am not wounded much,
My greateſt pain is my concern for thee;
Friend thou art wrong'd, falſly and baſely wrong'd;
Clarina whom you lov'd and fear'd,
Has now betray'd thy Honour with her own.
Ant. Without that ſad addition to my grief,
I ſhould not long have born the weight of life,
Having deſtroy'd thine by a dire miſtake.
Alb. Thou are deceiv'd.
Ant. Alas, why was it not permitted me
To loſe my Friend, or Wife; had one ſurviv'd,

I might have dy'd in ſilence for the other;
Oh my *Alberto*! oh *Clarina* too—— [*Weeps.*
Alb. Come, do not grieve for me, I ſhall be well,
I yet find ſtrength enough to get a way;
And then I'le let thee know my fate and thine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. IV.

Enter Clarina, Iſmena, *and* Iſabella *weeping.*

Iſab. For Heaven ſake, Madam, pardon me.
Clar. Be dumb for ever, falſe and treacherous woman,
Was there no way but this to maſk your Cheat?
A Lye which has undone us all.
Iſab. Alas, 'twas in the dark, how could I know him?
Pray forgive it me, and try my future ſervice.
Clar. I never will forgive thee naughty Girl;
Alberto now incens'd, will tell *Antonio* all.
Iſab. What need you care Madam?
You are ſecure enough.
Clar. Thou ſalvſt an error with a greater ſtill;
Doſt thou not not know *Antonio*'s Jealouſie,
Which yet is moderate, rais'd to a higher pitch,
May ruine me, *Iſmena*, and thy ſelf?
Iſm. Siſter, there cannot be much harm in this,
'Tis an ill chance, 'tis true, for by it we have loſt
The pleaſure of an innocent revenge
Upon *Antonio*; but if underſtood,
We have but miſs'd that end.
Clar. Oh *Iſmena*!
This Jealouſie is an unapprehenſive madneſs,
A non-ſenſe which does ſtill abandon reaſon.
Iſab. Madam, early in the morning
I'le to *Alberto*'s Lodgings, and tell him the miſtake
Clar. 'Twill be too late.
Iſm. Siſter, what think you if I go my ſelf?
Clar. You ſhould not be ſo daring;
Beſides, I bluſh to think what ſtrange opinion
He'le entertain of me the while.
Iſm. Do not let that afflict you,
Fetch my veil, and if *Antonio* chance to ask for me,
Tell him I'me gone to *Laura*. [*Ex. Iſab.*
Believe me, I will ſet all ſtrait again.

Enter

Enter Iſabella *with the Veil.*

Clar. Thou haſt courage, Girl, then I.
Iſm. What need is there of much of that,
To encounter a gay young Lover,
Where I am ſure there cannot be much danger?
Clar. Well take your chance, I wiſh you luck Sir,
For I am e'ne as much bent upon revenge,
As thou are upon Marriage.
Iſm. Come, my Veil, this and the night
Will enough ſecure me——
[*Puts on the Veil and goes out.* *Ex.* Clar. *and* Iſab

SCENE. V.

Diſcovers Alberto *and* Antonio.

Alb. Nay thou ſhalt ſee't before thou doſt revenge it,
In ſuch a caſe, thy ſelf ſhould be the witneſs,
She knows not what has paſt to night between us,
Nor ſhould ſhe, if thou could'ſt contain thy rage;
And that *Antonio* you ſhall promiſe me;
To morrow place thy ſelf behind the Arras,
And from thy eyes thy own misfortunes know.
——What will not diſobliged paſſion do? [*Aſide.*
Ant. I'le hide my anger in a ſeeming calm,
And what I have to do, conſult the while,
And maſk my vengance underneath a ſmile. [*Ex.* Antonio.
Page. My Lord, there is without a Lady
Deſires to ſpeak with you.
Alb. Who is't?
Page. I know not, Sir, ſhe's veild.

Enter Iſmena *weeping.*

Alb. Conduct her in.
Iſm. Oh *Alberto*, *Iſabella*, has undone us all!
Alb. She weeps, and looks as innocent!
——What mean you falſe diſſembling *Clarina?*
What, have you borrow'd from deceit new Charms?
And think'ſt to fool me to a new belief.
Iſm. How Sir, can you too be unkind?
Nay then 'tis time to dye;
Alas, there wanted but your credit
To this miſtake, to make me truly miſerable.

Alb.

Alb. What credit? what miſtake? oh undeceive me,
For I have done thee injuries paſt forgiveneſs,
If thou be'ſt truly innocent.
Iſm. If *Iſabella*, under pretence of courting me
For *Lorenzo*, on whom ſhe has deſigns to
Make a Husband;
Has given him freedoms will undo my honour,
If not prevented ſoon.
Alb. May I credit this? and that it was not by thy
Command ſhe did it.
Iſm. Be witneſs Heaven, my innocence in this,
Which if you will believe, I'em ſafe again.
Alb. I do believe thee, but thou art not ſafe.
Here, take this Ponyrd, and revenge thy wrongs,
Wrongs which I dare not beg a pardon for. [*He gives her a Dagger.*
Iſm. Why, Sir, what have you done? have you
Deceiv'd me, and do you not indeed Love me?
Alb. Oh *Clarina*! do not ask that queſtion,
Too much of that has made me ruine thee;
It made me jealous, drunk with jealouſie,
And then I did unravel all my ſecrets.
Iſm. What ſecrets, Sir? you have then ſeen *Antonio*.
Alb. Yes.
Iſm. Hah——Now Wit if ere thou didſt poſſeſs [*Aſide*
A Woman; aſſiſt her at her need.
—— Well Sir, riſe and tell me, all;
Alb. I will not riſe till you have pardon'd me,
Or puniſht my misfortune,
Iſm. Be what it will I do forgive it thee.
Iſm. *Antonio* Madam knows my happineſs,
For in my rage I told him that you lov'd me;
——What ſhall I do?
Iſm. I cannot blame you though it were unkind.
Alb. This I could help, but I have promis'd him,
That he ſhall be a witneſs of this truth;
What ſay you Madam do I not merit death?
Oh ſpeak and let me know my doom what ere it be?
Iſm. Make good your word.
Alb. What mean you?
Iſm. What you have promis'd him, perform as you intended.
Alb. What then?
Iſm. Then come as you deſign'd to viſit me.
Alb. But let me know what 'tis you mean to do,
That I may Act accordingly.
Iſm. No. Anſwer me to every Queſtion aſk'd,
And I perhaps may ſet all ſtraight again;
'Tis now late, and I muſt not be miſſing,

But

But if you love me, be no more Jealous of me.
——Farewel.
Alb. Muſt I be Ignorant then of your deſign?
Iſm. Yes, *Alberto.*
And you ſhall ſee what Love will make a Woman do.
[*He leads her out.*
Alb. Now am I caught again, inconſtant Nature.
——Would ſhe had leſs of Beauty or of Wit,
Or that *Antonio* did but leſs deſerve her;
——Or that ſhe were not married,
Or I'de leſs Virtue, for 'tis that which awes me,
That tender ſenſe of nothing:
And makes the other Reaſons ſeem as Bugbears,
——I Love *Clarina* more than he can do.
And yet this Virtue doth oppoſe that Love,
Tells me there lurks a treaſon there
Againſt *Antonio*'s and *Clarina*'s Virtue;
——'Tis but too true indeed, and I'm not ſafe,
Whilſt I conceal the Criminal within
——I muſt reveal it, for whilſt I hide the Traytor
I ſeem to Love the Treaſon too,
——I will reſign it then, ſince 'tis leſs blame.
To periſh by my pain, then live with ſhame. [*Exit.*

ACT. III. SCENE. I.

Enter Frederick *and* Laura.

Fred. LAura, Conſider well my quality,
And be not angry with your Fathers, Confidence,
Who left us here alone.
Lau. He will repent that Freedom when he knows,
What uſe you've made on't Sir.
Fred. Fy, fy, *Laura*, a Lady bred at Court, and
Yet want Complaiſance enough to entertain
A Gallant in private: this coy Humour
Is not *A la-mode.*
——Be not ſo peeviſh with a heart that dyes for you.
Lau. Pray tell me Sir, what is't in me that can
Encourage this?
Fred. That which is in all Lovely Women, *Laura*;
A thouſand bluſhes play about your Cheeks,
Which ſhows the briſkneſs of the blood that warms them.
——If I but tell you how I do adore you You

You ſtraight decline your Eyes,
Which does declare you underſtand my meaning,
And every ſmile or frown betrays your thoughts,
And yet you cry, you do not give me cauſe,

Enter Maid.

Maid. Curtius, Madam, waits without.
Fred. I do not like his haſte.
——Tell him he cannot be admitted now.
Lau. Sir, he is one that merits better treatment from you?
How can you injure thus the Man you Love?
Fred. Oh Madam ask your Eyes,
Thoſe powerful Attracts,
And do not call their Forces ſo in queſtion,
As to believe they kindle feeble fires;
Such as a Friendſhip can ſurmount. No *Laura*,
They've done far greater mircles.
Lau. Sir 'tis in vain you tell me of their power,
Unleſs they could have made a nobler Conqueſt
Than hearts that yield to every petty Victor.
——Look on me well,
Can nothing here inform you of my Soul,
And how it ſcorns to treat on theſe conditions?
[*Looks on him, he gazes with a half ſmile.*
Fred. Faith, no *Laura*.
I ſee nothing there but wondrous Beauty,
And a deal of needleſs Pride, and ſcorn;
And ſuch as may be humbl'd.
Lau. Sir you miſtake, that never can abate,
But yet I know your power may do me injuries;
But I believe your, guilty of no ſin,
Save your inconſtancy which is ſufficient;
And Sir I beg I may not be the firſt [*Kneels and weeps.*
May find new Crimes about you.
Fred. Riſe *Laura* thou haſt but too many Beauties,
Which pray be careful that you keep conceal'd. [*Offers to go.*
Lau. I humbly thank you Sir.
Fred.—— But why ſhould this interpoſing Virtue check me.
——Stay *Laura* tell me; muſt you marry *Curtius*?
Lau. Yes Sir, I muſt.
Fred. Laura you muſt not.
Lau. How Sir!
Fred. I ſay you ſhall not marry him,
Unleſs you offer up a Victim,

That

That may appeaſe the anger you have rais'd in me.
Lau. Ile offer up a 1000 prayers and tears.
Fred. That will not do.
Since thou'ſt deny'd my juſt pretentions to thee,
No leſs than what I told you of ſhall ſatisfy me.
Lau. Oh where is all your Honour, and your Virtue?
Fred. Juſt where it was, there's no ſuch real thing.
I know that thou wert made to be poſſeſt,
And he that does refuſe it, loves thee leaſt.
——There's danger in Love, and your delay,
And you are moſt ſecure whilſt you obey. [*He pulls her gently.*
Lau. Then this ſhall be my ſafety, hold off,
[*She draws a Dagger.*
Or I'l forget you are my Prince. [*He laughs.*
Fred. Pretty *Virago*, how you raiſe my Love?
——I have a Dagger too; What will you do?
[*Shows her a Dagger.*

Enter Curtius.

Cur. How! the Prince! arm'd againſt *Laura* too!
[*Draws.*
Fred. Traytor, doſt draw upon thy Prince?
Cur. Your Pardon Sir, I meant it on a Raviſher. [*bows.*
A foul miſguided Villain.
One that ſcarce merits the brave name of Man.
One that betrays his Friend, forſakes his Wife;
And would commit a Rape upon my Miſtreſs.
Fred. Her preſence is thy ſafety, be gone and leave me.
Cur. By no means Sir; the Villain may return;
To which fair *Laura* ſhould not be exops'd.
Fred. Slave darſt thou diſobey? [*Offers to fight.*
Cur. Hold Sir, and do not make me guilty of a ſin,
Greater than that of yours.

Enter Salvator.

Salv. Gods pity me; here's fine doings. ——Why how
Came this roiſtring Youngſter in my houſe? Sir,
Who ſent for you, Hah?
Cur. Love.
Salv. Love, with a witneſs to whom? my Daughter?
—No Sir, ſhe's otherwiſe diſpos'd of I can aſſure
You. Begone and leave my Houſe and that quickly
Too. And thank me that I do not ſecure
The for a Traytor.

Cur.

Cur. Will you not hear me ſpeak?

Salv. Not a word Sir, go be gone; unleſs your Highneſs will have him apprehended. [*To* Fred.

Fred. No Sir, it ſhall not need.——*Curtius* look To hear from me.—— [*Comes up to him and tells him ſo in a menacing tone, and go out ſeverally.*

Salv. Go Mrs. *Minks*, get you in. [*Ex.* Salv. *and* Laur.

SCENE. II.

Enter Frederick *paſſing in anger over the Stage, meets* Lorenzo.

Lor. O Sir, I'm glad I've found you; for I have the rareſt news for you.

Fred. What news?

Lor. Oh the Devil, he's angry;—— Why Sir the Prettyeſt young——

Fred. There's for your intelligence. [*Strikes him and goes out.*

Lor. So, very well; How Mortal is the favour of Princes: theſe be turns of State now; what the Devil ails he trow; ſure he could not be Offended with the news I have brought him; if he be; he's Strangley out of Tune; And ſure he has too much Wit to grow Virtuous at theſe Years: No, no, he has had ſome repulſe from a Lady; and that's a wonder; for he has a Tongue and a Purſe that ſeldom fails; if youth and vigour would Stretch as far, he were the wonder of the Age.

Enter Curtius.

Curt. Lorenzo, didſt thou ſee the Prince?

Lor. Marry did I, and feel him too.

Curt. Why, did he ſtrike you?

Lor. I'm no true Subject if he did not; and that Only for doing that ſervice which once was moſt acceptable To him.—— Prethee whats the matter with him, hah?

Cur. I know not, leave me.

Lor. Leave thee, what art thou out of humour too? Let me but know who 'tis has diſoblig'd thee, and Ile——

Cur. What wilt thou?

Lor. Never ſee his face more, if a Man.

Cur. And what if a Woman?

Lor.

Lor. Then ſhe's an Idle peeviſh Slut I'le warrant her.
Cur. Conclude it ſo and leave me.
Lor. Nay now thou haſt ſaid the only thing that could,
Keep me with thee, thou maiſt be deſperate; I'le
Tell you *Curtius*, theſe Female miſchiefs make men
Take dangerous reſolutions ſometimes.

Enter Alber.

Alb. *Curtius*, I've ſomething to deliver to your Ears.
Whiſphers.
Curt. Any thing from *Alberto* is welcom.
Lor. Well I will be hang'd if there be not ſome
Miſchief in Agitation; it cannot be wenching;
They look all too dull and ſober for that; and beſides
Then I ſhould have been a party concern'd.
Cur. The place and time.
Alb. An hour hence i'th' Grove by the River ſide.
Cur. Alone thou ſay'ſt?
Alb. Alone, the Prince will have it ſo.
Cur. I will not fail a moment. [*Ex.* Alb.
——So this ha's eas'd my heart of half its load.
Lor. I'le ſneak away, for this is ſome fighting
Buſineſs, and I may perhaps be invited a ſecond,
A Complement I care not for. [*Offers to go.*
Cur. *Lorenzo*, a word with you.
Lor. 'Tis ſo, what ſhall I do now? [*Aſide.*
Cur. Stay.
Lor. I am a little in haſte my Lord.
Cur. I ſhall ſoon diſpatch you.
Lor. I believe ſo, for I am half dead already [*Aſide.*
With fear; Sir, I have promis'd to make a viſit
To a Lady, and——
Cur. What I've to ſay ſhall not detain you long.
Lor. What a Dog was I, I went not,
When he firſt deſir'd me to go?
Oh impertinency, thou art juſtly rewarded!
Cur. *Lorenzo*, may I believe you love me?
Lor. Now what ſhall I ſay, I or no? [*Aſide.*
The Devil take me if I know.
Cur. Will you do me a favour?
Lor. There 'tis again. [*Aſide.*
Cur. I know I may truſt thee with a ſecret.
Lor. Truly, *Curtius*, I cannot tell,
In ſome caſes I am not very retentive.
Cur. I am going about a buſineſs, that perhaps
May take up all the time I have to live,
And I may never ſee thy Siſter more; Will

Will you oblige me in a meſſage to her?

Lor. You know you may command me;
——I'me glad 'tis no worſe. [*Aſide.*

Cur. Come go with me into my Cabinet.
And there I'le write to *Laura.*
And prethee if thou hear'ſt that I am dead,
Tell her I fell a Sacrifice to her,
And that's enough, ſhe underſtands the reſt:

Lor. But harky *Curtius*, by your favour, this is but a Scurvy tale to carry to your Miſtreſs;
I hope you are not in earneſt?

Cur. Yes.

Lor. Yes? why, what a fooliſh idle humour's this in you?
I vow 'twill go near to break the poor Girls heart;
—Come be advis'd man.

Cur. Perhaps I may conſider on't for that reaſon.

Lor. There are few that go about ſuch buſineſſes,
But have one thing or other to conſider in favour of life,
I find that even in the moſt magnanimous:
—Prethee Who is't with

Cur. That's counſel; and pray let this too which I have
Told you be a ſecret, for 'twill concern your life.

Lor. Good *Curtius* take it back again then,
For a hundred to one but my over-care of keeping it,
Will betray it.

Cur. Thou loveſt thy ſelf better.

Lor. Well that's a comfort yet. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. *A Wood.*

Enter Cloris *dreſt like a Country Boy, follow'd by* Guilliam *a Clown*; Cloris, *comes reading a Letter.*

Clo. reads. Cloris *beware of men; for though I my ſelf be one*
Yet I have the frailties of my Sex, and can diſſemble too;
Truſt none of us, for if thou doſt, thou art undone;
We make vows to all alike we ſee,
And even the beſt of men, the Prince,
Is not to be credited in an affair of Love.
—Oh *Curtius*, thy advice was very kind,
Had it arriv'd before, I'de been undone!
—Can *Frederick* too be falſe?
A Prince, and be unjuſt to her that loves him too?
—Surely it is impoſſible——
Perhaps thou lov's me too, and this may be [*Pointing to the Letter.*

Some

ome Plot of thine to try my conſtancy:
—Howe're it be ſince he could fail laſt night
Of ſeeing me, I have at leaſt a cauſe to juſtifie
This ſhameful change; and ſure in this diſguiſe, [*Looks on her ſelf.*
I ſhall not ſoon be known, doſt think I ſhall?

Guil. Why forſooth, what do you intend to paſs for, A Maid or a Boy?

Clor. Why, what I ſeem to be, will it not do?

Guil. Yes, yes, it may do, but I know not what; I wo'd Love would Tranſmogriphy me to a Maid now, —We ſhould be the prettieſt couple; Don't you remember when you dreſt me up the laſt Carnival, was not I the woundieſt handſom laſs A body could ſee in a Summers day? There was *Claud* the Shepherd as frekiſh after me I'le warrant you, and ſimpr'd and tript it like any thing.

Clor. Ay, but they ſay 'tis dangerous for young Maids to live at Court.

Guil. Nay, then I ſhould be loth to give temptation. —Pray forſooth; what's that you read ſo often there?

Clor. An advice to young Maids that are in Love.

Guil. Ay, ay that ſame Love is a vengeance thing, Wo'd I were in Love too; I ſee it makes a body Valiant; One neither feels hunger nor cold that is poſſeſt with it.

Clor. Thou art i'th' right, it can do miracles.

Guil. So it ſeems, for without a miracle you and I could never Have rambled about theſe Woods all night without either Bottle or Wallet: I could e'ne cry for hunger now.

Clor. What a dull Soul this Fellow hath? Sure it can never feel the generous pains Of Love, as mine does now; Oh how I glory To find my heart above the common rate! Were not my Prince inconſtant, I would not envy what the bleſſed do above: But he is falſe good Heaven! — *weeps.* [*Guil. howls.*
— What doſt feel that thou ſhouldſt weep with me?

Guil. Nothing but hunger, ſharp hunger forſooth,

Clor. Leave calling me forſooth it will betray us.

Guil. What ſhall I call you then?

Clor. Call me *Philibert*, or any thing. And be familiar with me: put on thy Hat leſt any come and ſee us.

Guil. 'Tis a hard name, but I'le learn it by heart. —Well *Philibert* — what ſhall we do when we come to Court? [*Puts on his Hat.*
Beſides eating and drinking, which I ſhall do in abundance,

—*Clor.* We muſt get each of us a ſervice.
— But thou art ſuch a Clown.
Guil. Nay ſay not ſo honeſt *Philibert:* for look yee,
I am much the properer Fellow of the two. [*Walks.*
Clor. Well try thy fortune; but be ſure you never diſcover
Me, What ever queſtions may chance to be asked thee.
Guil. I warrant thee honeſt Lad, I am true and truſty;
But I muſt be very familiar with you, you ſay.
Clor. Yes before Company.
Guil. Pray let me begin and Practice a little now
A'nt pleaſe you, for fear I ſhould not be ſawcy enough,
When we arrive at Court.
Clor. I'le warrant you you'l ſoon learn there.
Guil. —Oh Lord *Philibert! Philibert!* I ſee a Man a coming
Moſt deadly fine, lets run away.
Clor. Thus thou haſt ſerv'd me all this night,
There's not a buſh we come at but thou ſtartſt thus.
Guil. 'Tis true you are a lover and may ſtay the danger on't,
But I'le make ſure for one.
Clor. It is the Prince, Oh Gods what makes he here!
With looks diſorder'd too; this place is fit for Death and ſad
Deſpair; the melancholy Spring a ſleepy murmure makes,
A proper Conſort for departing Souls,
When mixt with dying Groans, and the thick boughs
Compoſe a diſmal roof;
Dark as the gloomy ſhades of Death or Graves:
—He comes this way, I'le hide my ſelf a while. [*Goes behind a Buſh.*

Enter Frederick.

Fred. But yet not this, nor my deſpight to *Laura,*
Shall make me out of Love with life,
Whilſt I have youthful fires about my heart:
—Yet *I* muſt fight with *Curtius,*
And ſo chaſtiſe the Pride of that fond Maid,
Whoſe ſaucy Virtue durſt controul my flame;
—And yet *I* love her not as *I* do *Cloris;*
But fain *I* would have overcome that Chaſtity
Of which the fooliſh Beauty boaſts ſo.
Clor. Curtius I thank thee, now *I* do believe thee.
Guilliam. If thou ſeeſt any fighting anon, [*The Prince walks.*
Be ſure you run out and call ſome body.
Guil. You need not bid me run away when *I* once
See them go to that.

Enter Curtius.

Curt. Sir *I* am come as you commanded me.
Fred. When you conſider what you've lately done,

You will not wonder why *I* ſent for you;
And when *I* mean to fight, *I* do not uſe to parly;
Come draw.
Curt. Shew me my Enemy, and then if I am ſlow——
Fred. I am he, needſt thou one more powerful?
Cur. You *Sir*, what have I done to make you ſo?
Fred. If yet thou wanteſt a further proof of it,
Know I'le diſpute my Claim to *Laura.*
Cur. That muſt not be with me *Sir*,
God forbid that I ſhould raiſe my Arm againſt my Prince;
——If *Laura* have ſo little Faith and Virtue,
To render up that right belongs to me,
With all my heart I yield her
To any but to you;
And Sir for your own ſake you muſt not have her.
Fred. Your Reaſon?
Curt. Sir you're already marryed.
Fred. Thou lyeſt, and ſeek'ſt excuſes for thy Cowardice.
Cur. I wiſh you would recall that haſty injury,
Yet this Ile bear from you, who know 'tis falſe.
Fred. Will nothing move thee?
Curt. You would believe ſo Sir, if I ſhould tell you
That beſides all this, I have a juſter cauſe.
Fred. Juſter than that of *Laura*? call it up, then,
And let it ſave thee from a further ſhame,
Curt. Yes ſo I will, 'tis that of *Cloris*,
Who needs my aids much more;
Do you remember ſuch a Virgin Sir?
For ſo ſhe was till ſhe knew *Frederick*;
The ſweeteſt innocent that ever Nature made.
Fred. Not thy own Honour, nor thy Love to *Laura*
Would make thee draw, and now at *Cloris* name.
Thou art incens'd, thy eyes all red with rage:
——Oh thou haſt rows'd my Soul;
Nor would I juſtify my wrongs to her,
Unleſs it were to ſatisfy my jealouſie,
Which thou haſt rais'd in me by this concern.
——Draw or I'le kill thee.
Curt. Stay *Sir*, and hear me out.
Fred. I will not ſtay, now I reflect on all thy
Former kindneſs to her——
Curt. I will not fight, but I'l defend my ſelf. [*They fight.*
Fred. We are betray'd.
Curt. Yes, Sir, and you are wounded.
[*Guil. runs bawling out, they are both wounded.*
Clor. Oh Heaven defend the Prince. [*She peeps.*
Fred. I hear ſome coming, go be gone.

And ſave thy ſelf by flight.

[Fred. *ſtands leaning on his Sword.*

Curt. Sir, give me leave to ſtay, my flight will look like guile.

Fred. By no means *Curtius*, thou wilt be taken here,
And thou ſhalt never charge me with that Crime of betraying
Thee: when we meet next wee'l end it.

Curt. I muſt obey you then. [*Exit.* Curt.

Enter Cloris.

Clor. Sir, has the Villain hurt you? [*She ſupports him.*
—Pray Heaven my ſorrows do not betray me now,
For ſince he's falſe, I fain would dy conceal'd. [*Aſide.*
—Shew me your wound and I will ty it up.
Alas you bleed extreamly——

Fred. Kind youth thy ſuccours are in vain though welcom,
For though I bleed I am not wounded much.

Clor. No? Why did you let him paſs unpuniſht then,
Who would have hurt you more?

Enter Guillam *with a Galliard.*

Serv. Where was't?

Guil. Look ye Sir there, don't you ſee them!?

Serv. How does your Highneſs? This Fellow told me
Of a quarrel here, which made me haſt.

Fred. Be ſilent, and carry me to my own apartment.

Serv. Alas Sir, is it you that fought?

Fred. No more queſtions.——
Kind Boy pray leave me not till I have found
A way to recompence thy pretty care of me.

Clor. I will wait on you Sir. [*Exeunt all but* Guillam

Enter Lorenzo.

[*Peeps firſt*

Lor. What's the matter here? the Prince is wounded too.
Oh what a Dog was I to know of ſome ſuch thing,
And not ſecure them all?

Lorenzo *ſtands gazing at* Guil.

Guil. *ſtands tabering his* Hat *and ſcruing his face.*
—What's here? Hah, hah, hah, this is the pleaſanteſt
Fellow that ere I ſaw in my life.
Prethee Friend what's thy Name?

Guil. My Name, an't ſhall like yee, My

My Name it, is *Guillam.*

Lor. From whence comeſt thou?

Guil. From a Village a great huge way off,

Lor. And what's thy buſineſs here, hah?

Guil. Truly Sir, not to tell a lye,
I come to get a ſervice here at Court,

Lor. A ſervice at Court; hah, hah, that's a pleaſant Humour y'faith. Why Fellow what canſt thou do?

Guil. Do Sir, I can do any thing.

Lor. Why what canſt thou do? canſt thou dreſs well? —Set a Perruke to advantage, ty a Crevatt. And Cuffs, put on a Belt with dexterity, hah? Theſe be the parts that muſt recommend you.

Guil. I know not what you mean,
But I am ſure I can do them all.

Lor. Thou art confident it ſeems, and I can tell You Sirrah, that's a great ſtep to preferment; ——But well, go on then, canſt ride the great Horſe?

Guil. The biggeſt in all our Town
I have rid a thouſand times.

Lor. That's well; canſt Fence?

Guil. Fence Sir, what's that?

Lor. A term we uſe for the Art and skill of handling a Weapon.

Guil. I can thraſh Sir.

Lor. What's that Man?

Guil. Why Sir it is—— it is——thraſhing.

Lor. An Artiſt I vow; canſt play on any Muſick?

Guil. Oh moſt rogically Sir, I have a Bagpipe that Every breath ſets the whole Village a Dancing.

Lor. Better ſtill; and thou canſt Dance Ile warrant?

Guil Dance, he, he, he, I vow you've light on My Maſter piece y'fegs.

Lor. And I'le try thee; Boy go fetch ſome of the Muſick hither which I keep in pay; [*To the Page* [*Exit. Boy.*

——But hark you Friend, though I love Dancing very well, And that may recommend thee in a great degree; Yet 'tis wholly neceſſary that you ſhould be valiant too; We great ones ought to be ſerv'd by men of valour, For we are very liable to be affronted by many here To our faces, which we would gladly have beaten behind Our backs; —But Pox on't thou haſt not the Huff, And Grimaſs of a Man of Proweſs.

Guil. As for fighting though I do not care for it, Yet I can do't if any body angers me, or ſo.

Lor. But I muſt have you learn to do't when Any body angers me too.

Guil. Sir, they told me I ſhould have no need on't Here; But I ſhall learn.

Lor. Why you Fool that's not a thing to be learn'd,
——That's a brave inclination born with Man,
A brave undaunted ſomething, a thing that,
That, comes from, from; I know not what,
For *I* was born without it.

Enter Page and Muſick.

Oh are you come? lets ſee Sirrah your Activity,
For I muſt tell you that's another ſtep to preferment.
[*He Dances a Jigg* en Paiſant.
Tis well perform'd; well hadſt thou but wit;
Valour, *Bon Meen*, good garb, a Perruke
Conduct and ſecreſie in Love Affairs, and half
A dozen more good qualities, thou wert
Fit for ſomthing; but I will try thee.
Boy, let him have better Cloaths; as for his Documents
I'le give him thoſe my ſelf.

Guil. Hah, I don't like that word, it ſounds terribly. [*Aſide*

[*Exit. Page and* Guil.

Lor. This Fellow may be of uſe to me; being
Doubtleſs very honeſt becauſe he is ſo very ſimple;
For to ſay truth we men of parts are ſometimes
Over-wiſe, witneſs my laſt nights retreat
From but a ſuppoſed danger, and returning to fall
Into a real one. Well I'le now to *Iſabella*,
And know her final reſolution; if *Clarina* will
Be kind, ſo; if not, there be thoſe that will.
——And though I cannot any Conqueſt boaſt;
For all the time and money I have loſt,
At leaſt on *Iſabel* I'le be revenged,
And have the flattering baggage ſoundly ſwinged;
And rather than ſhe ſhall eſcape my Anger,
My ſelf will be the *Hero* that ſhall bang her.

[*Exit.*

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCENE. I.

Enter Iſmena *and* Iſabel.

Iſab. MAdam turn your back to that ſide,
For there *Antonio* is hid; he muſt not ſee your Face: now raiſe your voice that he may hear what 'tis you ſay.
Iſm. I'l warrant you. *Iſabella*,
Was ever wretched Womans fate like mine,
Forc'd to obey the rigid Laws of Parents,
And marry with a Man I did not Love?
Ant. Oh there's my cauſe of fear. [Ant. *peeps.*
Iſm. Though ſince I had had him thou knoweſt I have in- [deavour'd
To make his Will my Law,
Till by degrees and Cuſtom, which makes things natural,
I found this heart, which ne're had been ingag'd
To any other, grow more ſoft to him;
And ſtill the more he lov'd, the more I was oblig'd,
And made returns ſtill kinder; till I became
Not only to allow, but to repay his tenderneſs.
Iſa. She Counterfeits rarely. [*Aſide.*
Madam indeed I have obſerv'd this truth.
Iſm. See who 'tis knocks. [*One knocks.*
Ant. What will this come to? [*Aſide.*
Iſa. Madam 'its *Alberto.*

Enter Alberto.

[*Bows.*
Iſm. My Lord, you've often told me that you Lov'd me,
Which I with Womens uſual Pride believ'd;
And now encourag'd by my hopeful promiſes,
You look for ſome returns; Sir, is it ſo?
Alb. What means ſhe?
Pray Heaven I anſwer right; [*Aſide.*
——Madam, if I have err'd in that belief,
To know I do ſo, is ſufficient puniſhment.
—Lovers, Madam, though they have no returns,
Like ſinking men, ſtill catch at all they meet with;
And whilſt they live, though in the mid'ſt of ſtorms,
Becauſe they wiſh, they alſo hope for calms.
Iſm. And did you *Sir*, conſider who I was?

Alb. Yes, Madam, Wife unto my Friend *Antonio*,
The only man that has an intereſt here:
——But, Madam, that muſt ſtill ſubmit to Love.
Iſm. Canſt thou at once be true to him and me?
Alb. Madam, I know not that,
But ſince I muſt loſe one,
My Friendſhip I can better lay aſide.
Iſm. Has thou forgot how dear thou art to him?
Alb. No, I do believe I am, and that his life
Were but a worthleſs trifle, if I needed it;
Yet, Madam, you are dearer to him ſtill,
Than his *Alberto*; and 'tis ſo with me:
——Him I eſteem, but you I do adore,
And he whoſe Souls's inſenſible of love,
Can never greateful to his Friendſhip prove.
Iſm. By your example, Sir, I'le ſtill retain
My love for him; and what I had for you,
Which was but Friendſhip, I'le abandon too.
Ant. Happy *Antonio*—— [*Aſide.*
Iſm. Pray what have you *Antonio* cannot own?
Has he not equal beauty, if not, exceeding thine?
Has he not equal vigour, wit, and valour?
And all that even raiſes Men to Gods,
Wer't not for poor Mortality?
——Vain man, could'ſt thou believe
That I would quit my duty to this Husband,
And ſacrifice his right to thee?
——Could'ſt thou believe me yeſterday?
When from thy importunity and impudence,
To ſend thee from me,
I promis'd thee to love thee;
—Nay rather, Treacherous man,
Could'ſt thou believe I did hate thee then,
Who baſely would betray thy Friend and me?
Alb. Sure this is earneſt, [*Aſide.*
Ant. Oh brave *Clarina*! [*Aſide.*
Iſm. Speak Traytor to my Fame and Honour;
Was there no woman, but *Antonio*'s Wife,
With whom thou could'ſt commit ſo foul a crime?
And none but he, to bring to publick ſhame?
A man who truſted thee, and lov'd thee too?
——Speak— and if yet thou haſt a ſenſe of Vertue,
Call to the Saints for pardon, or thou dy'ſt.
[*She draws a Poniard, and runs at him, he ſteps back to avoid it.*
Alb. Hold *Clarina*!——I am amaz'd.

Iſm.

Ism. But ſtay.
Thou ſay'ſt my Beauty forc'd thee to this wickedneſs,
And that's the cauſe you have abus'd *Antonio*;
—Nor is it all the power I have with him,
Can make him credit what I tell him of thee;
And ſhould I live, I ſtill muſt be purſu'd by thee,
And unbeliev'd by him:
—*Alberto*, thou ſhalt ne're be guilty more.
Whilſt this—and this may meet,
[*Offering to wound her ſelf, is ſtay'd by* Alb. *and* Iſab. *they ſet* Iſm. *in a Chair,* Alb. *kneels weeping.*
Alb. Hold my Divine *Clarina.*—
Ant. Shall I diſcover my ſelf, or ſteal away? [*Aſide.*
And all aſham'd of life after this Action,
Go where the Sun or day may never find me:
Oh what Vertue I've abus'd—
Curſe on my little Faith;
And all the Curſes madneſs can invent,
Light on my groundleſs jealouſie. *Ex.* Antonio.
Alb. Clarina, why ſo cruel to my heart?
'Tis true, I love you, but with as chaſte an ardour,
As Souls departing pay the deities,
When with inceſſant ſighs they haſte away,
And leave humanity behind; oh! ſo did I
Abandon all the leſſer joy of life,
For that of being permitted but t'adore ye;
Alas, if twere diſpleaſing to you,
Why did your ſelf encourage it?
I might have languiſh'd as I did before,
And hide thoſe crimes which make you hate me now:
—Oh I am loſt! *Antonio*, thou'ſt undone me; [*He riſes in rage.*
—Hear me ungrate; I ſwear by all that's good,
I'le waſh away my miſchief with thy blood.
Iſab. Antonio hears you not Sir, for he's departed.
Iſm. Is *Antonio* gone?
[*She looks peartly up, who before lay half dead.*
Alb. How's this, has ſhe but feign'd?
Iſm. No, it was but feign'd; I hope this proof
Of what I've promis'd you, does not diſpleaſe you.
Alb. Am I thus fortunate, thus ſtrangely happy?
Iſm. Time will confirm it to you—go, do not
Now thank me for't, but ſeek *Antonio* out;
Perhaps, he may have too great a ſenſe of the
Miſchiefs his jealouſies had like to have caus'd;
But conjure him to take no notice of what's paſt to me;
This eaſie ſlight of mine ſecures our fears,

And

And ſerves to make *Antoinio* confident,
Who now will unbelieve his eyes and ears;
And ſince before, I was innocent,
He could ſuſpect my love and duty too;
I'le try what my diſſembling it will do:
—Go haſte-
Alb. Madam, I go ſurpriz'd with love and wonder. [*Ex. Alb.*
Iſm. You'l be more ſurpriz'd, when you know [*Aſide.*
That you are cheated too as well as *Antonio*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter* Curtius *diſguis'd in a Black Perruque and Beard, with* Pietro *diſguiſed alſo.*

Curt. VVell what haſt thou learn'd?
Piet. News enough Sir, but none good;
That the Princes wounds are but ſmall,
So that he intends to take the Air this evening;
That he ſolicits *Laura* hard;
And, Sir, that you are proclaim'd Traytor.
Curt. So, what ſays the Meſſenger you ſent to *Cloris*;
Piet. Sir, he brings ſad tydings back.
Curt. VVhat tydings? is ſhe dead
That would revive my Soul,
And fortifie my eaſie nature with ſome wicked notions,
As deep as thoſe this flatteing Prince made uſe of,
When he betray'd my Siſter; Pretty *Cloris*:
—Come ſpeak, it boldly, for nothing elſe
VVill make medo her juſtice.
Piet. No Sir, ſhe is not dead,
But fled, and none knows whither;
Only *Guilliam* attends her.
Curt. Worſe and worſe; but what of *Laura*?
Piet. She, Sir, is kept a Priſoner by her Father.
And ſpeaks with none but thoſe that come from *Frederick*.
Curt. *Laura* confin'd too? 'tis time to haſten then,
VVith my, till now, almoſt diſarm'd revenge:
—Thus *I* may paſs unknown the ſtreets of *Florence*,
And find an opporuunity to reach this Prince's heart.
—Oh vengeance! luxurious vengeance,
Thy Pleaſures turn a Rival to my love,
And make the mightier Conqueſt o're my heart.
—*Cloris*—*I* VVill revenge thy tears and ſufferings;
And to ſecure the doom of him that wrong'd thee,

I'le

I'le call on injur'd *Laura* too.
—Here take these Pictures—and where thou see'st
[*Gives him Boxes.*
A knot of Gallants, open one or two, as if by stealth,
To gaze upon the Beauties, and then straight close them——
But stay, here comes the only man
I could have wish'd for, he'le proclaim my business
Better than a Picture or a Trumpet. *They stand by.*
[Curtius *takes back the Pictures.*

Enter Lorenzo *and* Guilliam *dress't in finish Cloaths, but the same high-crown'd Hat.*

Lor. Did, ha, ha, ha, did ha, ha,; did ever any
Mortal man behold such a Figure as thou art now?
Well, *I* see 'tis a damnable thing not to
Be born a Gentleman; the Devil himself
Can never make thee truly jantee now:
——Come, come, come forward; these Cloaths become
Thee, as a Saddle does a Sow; why com'st thou not?
——Why——ha, ha, I hope thou hast not [*He advances*
Hansell'd thy new Breeches, *lowerly looking.*
Thou look'st so filthily on't.
Guill. No, Sir, I hope, I have more manners than so;
But if I should, 'tis not my fault;
For the necessary houses are hard
To be met withal here at Court.
Lor. Very well Sirrah; you begin already to be
Witty with the Court; but I can tell you, it has as
Many necessary places in't, as any Court in Christendom——
But what a Hat thou hast?
Guill. Why Sir, though I say't, this is accounted of
In our Village; but I had another but now,
Which blew off in a high wind; and I never mist it,
Till I had an occasion to pluck it off to a young
Squire, they call a Lacque; and Legs
I had none at all; and because I would not lose
My Leg for want of a Hat, I fetch'd this;
And I can tell you, Sir, it has a fashionable brim.
Lor. A fools head of your own, has it not?
The boys will hoot at us as we pass——hah,
Who be these, who be these—— [*Goes towards* Curt.
Curt. Here——this to *Don Alonso*—— this to the *and* Piet.
English Count; and this you may shew to the
Young *German* Prince——and this—— [*Gives* Piet. *Pictures.*
I will reserve for higher Prices.

Piet.

Piet. Will you ſhew none to the Courtiers, Sir?
Curt. Away you Fool, I deal in no ſuch traſh.
Lor. How Sir, how was that? pray what came we to
Gain your diſ-favour?
Curt. I cry you mercy Sir, pray how are you?
Lor. A Courtier, Sir, I can aſſure you,
And one of the beſt rank too;
I have the Princes ear, Sir,
——What have you there——hah——Pictures, let me ſee——
What, are they to be bought?
Curt. Sir, they are Copies of moſt fair Originals,
Not to be bought but hired.
Lor. Say you ſo Friend? the price, the price.
Curt. Five thouſand Crowns a month, Sir,
Lor. The price is ſomewhat ſaucy.
Curt. Sir, they be curious Pieces, were never blown upon,
Have never been in Courts, nor hardly Cities.
Lor. Upon my word that's conſiderable;
Friend, pray where do you live?
Curt. In the *Piazzo*, near the Palace.
Lor. Well, put up your ware, ſhew not a face of them
Till I return; for I will bring you
The beſt Chapman in all *Florence*,
Except the Duke himſelf.
Curt. You muſt be ſpeedy then,
For I to morrow ſhall be going towards *Rome*.
Lor. A ſubtle Raſcal this, thou think'ſt, I warrant,
To make a better Market amongſt the Cardinals;
——But take my word, ne're a Cardinal of them all
Comes near this man, I mean, to bring you in
Matters of Beauty——ſo, this will infallibly make [*Aſide.*
My peace again; look ye friend——
Be ready, for 'tis the Prince, the noble generous *Frederick*,
That *I* deſign your Merchant. [*Goes out.*
Cur. Your Servant Sir—that is *Guilliam*,
I cannot be miſtaken in him, go call him back,
[Pietro *fetches him back, who puts on a ſurly Face.*
—Friend what art thou?
Guil. VVhat am *I*, why what am *I*? do'ſt thou not ſee
VVhat *I* am; a Courtier Friend.
Curt. But what's thy name?
Guil. My name, *I* have not yet conſider'd.
Curt. VVhat was thy name?
Guil. VVhat was my name?
Curt. Yes Friend, thou had'ſt one.
Guil. Yes Friend thou had'ſt one,

Curt.

Curt. Dog, do'ſt eccho me? do'ſt thou repeat; [*Shakes him.*
*I*ſay again, what is thy name?
Guil. Oh horrible —why, Sir, it was *Guilliam*
VVhen *I* was a ſilly Swain.
Curt. *Guilliam* —the ſame;
Didſt thou not know a Maid whoſe name was *Cloris*?
Guil. Yes, there was ſuch a Maid,
But now ſhe's none,
Curt. VVas ſuch a Maid; but now ſhe's none:
—The ſlave upbraids my griefs. [*Aſide.*
Guil. Yes, Sir, ſo *I* ſaid.
Curt. So you ſaid.
Guil. VVhy, yes Sir, what do you repeat;
Curt. VVhat mean you Sirrah; have you a mind to
Have your Throat cut? tell me where ſhe is.
Guil. I dare as well be Hang'd.
Now muſt I deviſe a lie, or never look *Cloris* [*Aſide.*
In the face more.
Curt. Here's Gold for thee; I will be ſecret too.
Guil. Oh, Sir, the poor Maid you ſpeak of is dead!
Curt. Dead! where dy'd ſhe? and how?
Guil. Now am I put to my wits; this tis to begin [*Aſide.*
In ſin, as our Curate ſaid; *I* muſt go on:
—VVhy Sir, ſhe came into the VVood—and hard by a
River ſide —ſhe ſigh'd, and ſhe wept full ſore;
And cry'd two or three times out upon *Curtius*,
——And——then—— [*Howls.*
Curt. Poor *Cloris*, thy fate was too ſevere.
Guil. And then as I was ſaying, Sir,
She leapt into the River, and ſwam up the Stream, [*Curt. weeps.*
Piet. And why up the Stream Friend?
Guil. Becauſe ſhe was a VVoman—and that's all.
Curt. Farewel, and thank thee. [*Ex. Guil.*
—Poor *Cloris* dead, and baniſh'd too from *Laura*;
VVas ever wretched Lover's fate like mine!
—And he who injures me, has power to do ſo;
—But why, where lies this power about this man?
*I*s it his charms of Beauty, or of VVit?
Or that great name he has acquir'd in war?
*I*s it the Majeſty, that holy ſomething,
That guards the perſon of this Demi-god?
This aws not me, there muſt be ſomething more,
For ever when *I* call upon my wrongs,
Something within me pleads ſo kindly for me,
As would perſwade me that he could not err,

Poor —Ah,

—Ah, what is this? where lies this power divine,
That can so easily make a slave of mine? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. III. *Enter* Frederick *and* Cloris *finely dress't.*

Fred. 'Tis much methinks, a Boy of so dejected,
Humble birth, should have so much of sense,
And soul about him.
Clor. I know not that; but if I have a thought
Above that humble birth or Education,
It was inspir'd by Love.
Fred. Still you raise my wonder greater;
—Thou a Lover?
Clor. Yes, my Lord though I am young,
I've felt the power of Beauty;
And should you look upon the object, Sir,
Your wonders soon would cease;
Each look does even Animate Insensibles,
And strikes a reverend awe upon the Soul;
Nothing is found so lovely.
Fred. Thou speak'st prettily, I think Love
Indeed has inspir'd thee.
Clor. These were the flatteries, Sir, she us'd to me,
Of her it was I learn'd to speak, and sigh,
And look, as oft you say, I do on you.
Fred. Why then, it seems she made returns?
Clor. Ah! Sir, 'twas I that first was blest,
I first the happy object was belov'd,
For 'twas a person, Sir, so much above me;
It had been sin to've rais'd my eyes to her;
Or by a glance, or sigh, betray my pain:
But oh! when with a thousand soft expressions,
She did incourage me to speak of Love!
———My god! how soon extravagant I grew,
And told so soft the story of my passion,
That she grew weary of the repeated Tale,
And punish'd my presumption with a strange neglect. [*Weeps.*
Fred. How, my good *Philibert*?
Clor. Would suffer me to see her face no more.
Fred. That was pity; without a fault?
Clor. Alas, Sir! I was guilty of no crime,
But that of having told her how I lov'd her;
For all I had I sacrific'd to her;
——Poor worthless treasures, to any but a Lover?

And

And ſuch you know accept the meaneſt things:
Love and a true Devotion, do preſent;
When ſhe was preſent, I found a thouſand ways
To let her know how much I was her ſlave;
And abſent ſtill invented new ones,
And quite neglected all my little buſineſs;
Counting the tedious moments of the day
By ſighs and tears; thought it an age to night,
Whoſe darkneſs might ſecure our happy meeting:
But we ſhall meet no more on theſe kind terms. [*Sighs.*

Fred. Come, do not weep, ſweet youth, thou art too young.
To have thy blooming cheeks blaſted with ſorrow;
Thou wilt out-grow this childiſh inclination,
And ſhall ſee beauties here whoſe every glance
Kindle new fires, and quite expel the old,

Clor. Oh never Sir.

Fred. When I was firſt in Love, I thought ſo too,
But now with equal ardour,
I doat upon each new and beauteous object.

Clor. And quite forget the old?

Fred. Not ſo, but when I ſee them o're again,
I find I love them as I did before.

Clor. Oh God forbid, I ſhould be ſo inconſtant;
No, Sir, though ſhe be falſe ſhe has my heart,
And I can dye, but not redeem the victim.

Fred. Away you little Fool, you make me ſad
By this reſolve, but I'le inſtruct you better.

Clor. I would not make you ſad for all the world:
Sir, I will Sing, or Dance, do any thing
That may divert you.

Fred. I thank thee *Philibert*, and will accept
Thy bounty; perhaps it may allay thy griefs a while too.

Clor. I'le call the Muſick, Sir. [*She goes out.*

Fred. This Boy has ſtrange agreements in him.

Enter Cloris *with Muſick.*

She bids them Play, and Dances a Jig.

This was wonderous kind, my prety *Philibert.*

Enter Page.

Page. Lorenzo, my Lord, begs admittance.

Fred. He may come in.

Enter Lorenzo.

—Well *Lorenzo*, what's the news with thee?
—How goes the price of Beauty, hah?

Lor. My

Lor. My Lord, that queſtion is *a propo* to
What I have to ſay; this Paper will anſwer your
Queſtion Sir——— [*Gives him a Paper, he reads.*
—Hah, I vow to gad a lovely youth; Lor. *gazes on* Phill.
But what makes he here with *Frederick*?
This ſtripling may chance to mar my market of women now—
'Tis a fine lad, how plump and white he is; [*Aſide.*
Would I could meet him ſome where i'the dark,
I'de have a fling at him, and try whether I
Were right *Florentine.*

Fred. Well, Sir, where be theſe beauties?

Lor. I'le conduct you to them.

Fred. What's the Fellow that brings them?

Lor. A *Grecian*, I think or ſomething.

Fred. Beauties from *Greece*, man!

Lor. Why, let them be from the Devil,
So they be new, and fine, what need we care?
———But you muſt go to night.

Fred. I am not in a very good condition
To make viſits of that kind.

Lor. However ſee them, and if you like them,
You may oblige the Fellow to a longer ſtay,
For I know they are handſome.

Fred. That's the only thing thou art judge of;
——Well go you and prepare them,
And *Philibert* thou ſhalt along with me;
I'le have thy judgment too.

Clor. Good Heaven, how falſe he is! [*Aſide.*

Lor. What time will your Highneſs come?

Fred. Two hours hence. [*Ex.* Fred.

Lor. So then I ſhall have time to have a bout
With this gilting houſwife *Iſabella*, [*Aſide.*
For my fingers itch to be at her. [*Ex.* Lorenzo.

Clor. Not know me yet? cannot this face inform him,
My ſighs, nor eyes, my accent, nor my tale;
Had he one thought of me, he muſt have found me out;
——Yes, yes, 'tis certain I am miſerable;
He's going now to ſee ſome freſher beauties,
And I, he ſays, muſt be a witneſs of it;
This gives me wounds, painful as thoſe of Love:
Some women now would find a thouſand Plots
From ſo much grief as I have, but I'm dull;
Yet I'le to *Laura*, and adviſe with her,
Where I will tell her ſuch a heavy Tale,
As ſhall oblige her to a kind concern:
——This may do; I'le tell her of this thought,

This

This is the first of Art I ever thought on;
And if this prove a fruitless remedy,
The next, *I* need not study, how to dye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Lorenzo, *meets* Guilliam, *who passes by him, and takes no notice of him.*

Lor. How now, Manners a few?
Guil. I cry you heartily, Sir, I did not see you.
Lor. Well, Sirrah, the news.
Guil. Sir, the Gentlewoman whom you sent me to, says
That she'le meet you here.
Lor. That's well, thou may'st come to be a States-man
In time, thou art a fellow of so quick dispatch:
But harky, Sirrah, there are a few lessons I must learn you,
Concerning offices of this nature;
But another time for that: but— [*Whispers.*

Enter Isabella *and* Vallet.

Isab. Here he is; and prethee when thou seest him in
My chamber, go and tell my Lord,
Under pretence of the care you have of the honour of his house.
Val. I warrant you, let me alone for a tale,
And a lye at the end on't; which shall not over-much
Incense him, nor yet make him neglect coming. [*Ex. Val.*
Lor. Oh are you there Mistress; what have you now
To say for your last nights roguery?
Are not you a baggage? confess.
Isab. You have a mind to lose your opportunity again,
As you did last night, have ye not?
Pray God your own shadow scare you not,
As it did then; and you will possibly believe
No body meant you harm then, nor now.
Lor. Art thou in earnest?
Isab. Are you in earnest?
Lor. Yes that I am, and that *Clarina* shall find
If I once come to her.
Isab. Come, leave your trippery jests and come in.
Lor. *Guilliam*, be sure you attend me here,
And whoever you see, say nothing; the best on't is,
Thou art not much known. [*Isab. and* Lor. *go in*
Guil. Well, I see there is nothing but scattering
In this Town; wou'd our *Lucia* were here too for me;
For all the maids I meet with are so gigliſh
And scornful, that a man, as I am,
Gets nothing but flouts and flings from them,
Oh for the little kind Lass that lives

Under the Hill, of whom the Song was made;
Which becauſe I have nothing elſe to do,
I will ſing over now; hum, hum, [*To ſome tune like him.*

The Song for Guilliam.

In a Cottage by the Mountain,
Lives a very pretty Maid,
Who lay ſleeping by a Fountain,
Underneath a Myrtle ſhade;
Her Petticoat of wanton Sarcenet,
The Amorous wind about did move,
And quite unveil'd,
And quite unveil'd the throne of Love,
And quite unveil'd the throne of Love.

'Tis ſomething cold, I'le go take a Niperkin of Wine. [*Goes out.*

Enter Iſab. *and* Lor. *above, as frighted into the Balcone.*

Lor. This was ſome trick of thine, I will be hang'd elſe.
Iſab. Oh, I'le be ſworn you wrong me;
Alas, I'm undone by't. [Ant. *at the door knocks.*
Ant. Open the door thou naughty woman.
Lor. Oh oh, what ſhall I do? what ſhall I do?
Ant. Open the door I ſay.
Lor. Oh 'tis a damnable leap out at this Balcone.
Iſab. And yet you are a dead man if you ſee him.
Ant. Impudence, will you open the door?
Iſab. I will, Sir, immediately:
Lor. Deviſe ſome way to let me down,
Or I will throw thee out; no Ladder of Ropes, no device?
—If a man would not forſwear whoring for the future
That is in my condition, I am no true Gentleman,
Ant. Open, or I will break the door.
Iſab. Hold the door, and ſwear luſtily that you
Are my Husband, and I will in the mean time
Provide for your ſaftey, [*He holds the door.*
Though I can think of none but the ſheets from the bed,
Lor. Any thing to ſave my life;
—Sir, you may believe me upon my honour,
I am lawful huſband to *Iſabella*;
And have no deſigns upon your houſe or honour.

Iſab. *this while faſtens the ſheets, which are to be ſuppoſed from the bed, to the Balcone.*

Ant. Thou art ſome Villain.
Lor. No, Sir. I am an honeſt man, and married lawfully.
Ant. Who art thou?
Lor. Haſt thou done?
Iſab Yes, but you muſt venture hard,
Iſab. 'Tis *Lorenzo*, Sir.

Lor. A Pox on her, now am I asham'd to all eternity.
Isab. Sir, let me beg you'l take his word and oath to night,
And to morrow I will satisfie you. [Lor. *gets down by the sheets.*
Ant. Look you make this good;
Or you shall both dearly pay for't.
Lor. I am alive, yes, yes, all's whole and sound,
Which is a mercy, *I* can tell you;
This is whoring now: may *I* turn *Franciscan*,
If *I* could not find in my heart to do penance
In Champhire *Posset*, this month for this:
——Well, I must to this Merchant of Love,
And I would gladly be there before the Prince:
For since *I* have mist here,
I shall be Amorous enough,
And then *I*'le provide for *Frederick*;
For 'tis but just, although he be may Master,
That *I* in these Ragousts should be his taster. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. V. *Enter* Ismena *with a Veil.*

Ism. Alberto is not come yet; sure he loves me
But 'tis not tears, and knees, that can confirm me;
No, *I* must be convinc'd by better argument,
—Deceit, if ever thou a guide wert, guide
To Amorous hearts, assist a Love-sick Maid.
Enter Alberto.
Alb. Your pleasure Madam?
——Oh that she would be brief,
And send me quickly from her, [*Aside.*
For her eyes will overthrow my purpose.
Ism. Alberto, do you love me?
Alb. No.
Ism. No, have you deceiv'd me then?
Alb. Neither *Clarina*; when *I* told you so,
By Heaven 'twas perfect truth.
Ism. And what have *I* done since should
Merit your dis-esteem?
Alb. Nothing but what has rais'd it.
Ism. To raise your esteem, then it seems, is
To lessen your love; or as most gallants are;
You're but pleas'd with what you have not;
And love a Mistress with great Passion till you find
Your self belov'd again, and then you hate her.
Alb. You wrong my Soul extremely,
'Tis not of that ungrateful nature;
To love me, is to me a greater charm

Than that of Wit or Beauty.
Ism. I'me glad on't Sir, then *I* have pleasant news for you;
I know a Lady, and a Virgin too,
That loves you with such passion,
As has oblig'd me to become her Advocate.
Alb. I am very much oblig'd to her,
If there be any such.
Ism. Upon my life there is; I am in earnest,
The Lady is my Sister too.
Alb. How, *Clarina*, this from you?
Ism. Nay, I have promis'd her, that you shall love her too,
Since both her birth and beauty merits you.
Alb. Away false woman: I love your Sister!
No, *I* will hate you both.
Ism. Why so angry?
Alas, it is against my will *I* do it.
Alb. Did you betray my faith, when 'twas so easie
To give a credit to your tale of Love?
——Oh woman, faithless woman!
Ism. *Alberto*, with a world of shame *I* own
That *I* then lov'd you, and must do so still;
But since that Love must be accounted criminal,
And that a world of [illegible] do's attend it;
I am resolv'd though *I* [illegible] never quit it,
To change it into kind esteem for you;
And would Ally you, Sir, as near to me,
As our unkind Stars will permit me.
Alb. *I* thank you, Madam, oh what a shame it is
To be out-done in Vertue, as in Love!
Ism. Another favour I must beg of you,
That you will tell *Antonio* what is past.
Alb. How mean you Madam?
Ism. Why, that I love you Sir,
And how I have deceiv'd him into confidence.
Alb. This is strange; you cannot mean it sure,
Ism. When I intend to be extremely good,
I would not have a secret sin within,
Though old, and yet repented too; no Sir,
Confession always goes with Penitence.
Alb. Do you repent you that you lov'd me then?
Ism. Not so; but that I did abuse *Antonio*.
Alb. And can you think that this will cure his jealousie?
Ism. Doubtless it will, when he knows how needless 'tis,
For when they're most secure, they're most betray'd;
Besides, *I* did but act the part he made,
And ills he forces sure, he'le not upbraid. Go seek out *Antonio*.

Alb. You

Alb. You have o'recome me, Madam, every way.
And this your laſt command I can obey;
Your Siſter too I'le ſee, and will eſteem,
But you've my heart, which I can ne're redeem. [*Ex. ſeverally.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Laura *and* Cloris *like a Boy as before.*

Laur. FOrward dear *Cloris.*
Clor. And, Madam, 'twas upon a Holy-day,
It chanc'd Prince *Frederick* came unto our Viliage,
On ſome reports were made him of my beauty,
Attended only by the noble *Curtius:*
They found me in the Church at my Devotion,
Whom *Frederick* ſoon diſtinguiſhd from the reſt;
He kneel'd down by me, and inſtead of Prayer,
He fell to Praiſe; but 'twas my beauty only;
—— That *I* could tell you, of my ſtrange ſurprize!
My zeal was all diſorder'd, and my eyes,
Fed on the falſe, not real Sacrifice;
—— I wanted Art my ſentiments to hide,
Which from my eyes and bluſhes ſoon he ſpy'd.
Lau. And did you know him then?
Clor. Not till he left me;
——But, to be ſhort, Madam, we parted there;
But e're he went, he whiſper'd in my ear,
And ſigh'd, ah *Cloris*! e're you do depart,
Tell me, where 'tis you will diſpoſe my Heart?
—— Pray give me leave to viſit it again,
Your eyes that gave, can only eaſe my pain:
I, only bluſhing gave him my conſent;
He paid his thanks in ſighs, and from me went.
That night, alas, *I* took but little reſt;
The new and ſtrange diſorder in my breaſt,
Can, Madam, only by your ſelf be gueſt.
Lau. *I*'ll not deny that, *I*'m a Lover too,
And can imagine what was felt by you.
Clor. No ſooner did the welcom day appear,
But *Lucia* brought me word the Prince was there;

His very name diſorder'd me much more,
Than did his ſight or touch the day before;
So ſoon my riſing Love grew up to power;
So ſoon he did become my Conquerour:
—How pale and trembling, when he did appear
I grew, he too had marks of love and fear;
— But *I*'ll omit the many viſits paid,
Th' unvalued Preſents, and the Oaths he made,
My kind diſputes on all his Letters writ,
How all my doubts were anſwer'd by his wit;
How oft he vow'd to marry me, whilſt *I*,
Durſt not believe the pleaſing perjury;
— And only tell you, that one night he came,
Led by deſigns of an impatient flame;
When all the houſe was ſilently aſleep,
Except my ſelf, who love's ſad watch did keep;
Arm'd with his Ponyard, and his breaſt all bare,
His face all pale with reſtleſs love and fear;
So many wild and frantick things he ſaid,
And ſo much grief and paſſion too betray'd,
So often vow'd he'd finiſh there his life,
If I refus'd him to become his Wife;
That *I* half dying, ſaid it ſhou'd be ſo;
Which tho' *I* fear'd, oh how *I* wiſht it too!
Both proſtrate on the ground i'th' face of Heaven,
His vows to me, and mine to him were given;
— And then, oh then, what did *I* not reſign!
With the aſſurance that the Prince was mine, [*Weeps.*
Lau. Poor *Cloris*, how I pity thee!
Since fate has treated me with equal rigor;
— *Curtius* is baniſh'd, *Frederick* ſtill purſues me,
And by a cruel Father I'm confin'd,
And cannot go to ſerve my ſelf or thee. [*One knocks.*
Lor. Without.] Siſter *Laura*, Siſter.
Lau. It is my Brother, would he would be kind
And ſet us free; he ſhall not ſee thee,
And I'll perſwade him.
[*As ſhe puts* Cloris *into her Cloſet, Enter* Lor. *with a Letter.*
Clor. Hah, locking her Cloſet! now were I a right
Italian, ſhould I grow jealous, and enrag'd at
I know not what: hah Siſter!
What are you doing here?
Open your Cabinet, and let me ſee't.
Lau. Sir, 'tis in diſorder, and not worth your ſeeing now.
Lor. 'Tis ſo, I care not for that, I'll ſee't.
Lau. Pray do not Brother.

Lor. Your

Lor. Your denial makes me the more inquisitive.
Lau. 'Tis but my saying, he came from the Prince, [*Aside.*
And he dares not take it ill —— here, Sir. [*Gives him the Key.*
Lor. And here's for you too: A Letter from *Curtius*,
And therefore I would not open it: I took it up
At the Post-house. [*She reads, and seems pleas'd.*
Now if this should prove some surly Gallant of her's,
And give me a slash o're the face for peeping,
I were but rightly serv'd;
And why the Devil should I expect my Sister should
Have more vertue than my self?
She's the same flesh and blood; or why, because
She's the weaker Vessel,
Should all the unreasonable burthen of the honour
Of our House, as they call it,
Be laid on her shoulders, whilst we may commit
A thousand villanies; but 'tis so ———
Here, open the Door:
I'll put her before me however. [*She opens the Door, and brings out* Cloris.
Lau. Sir, 'tis *Philibert* from the Prince.
Lor. Why how now youngster, I see you intend
To thrive by your many trades;
So soon, so soon, i'faith; but sirrah,
This is my Sister, and your Prince's Mistress,
Take notice of that.
Clor. I know not what you mean.
Lor. Sir, you cannot deceive me so;
And you were right serv'd, you would be made fit
For nothing but the *Great Turk*'s *Seraglio.*
Clor. You mistake my business, Sir.
Lor. Your blushes give you the lye, sirrah;
But for the Prince's sake, and another reason I have,
I will pardon you for once.
Lau. He has not done a fault, and needs it not.
Lor. Was he not alone with thee?
And is not that enough? Well, I see I am no *Italian*
In Punctilio's of honourable Revenge:
There is but one experiment left to prove my self so;
And if that fail, I'll, ev'n renounce my Country.
— Boy, harkey — there is a certain kindness
You may do me, and get your pardon for being found here.
Clor. You shall command me any thing.
Lor. Prethee how long hast thou been set up for thy self,
Hah?
Clor. As how, Sir?
Lor. Poh, thou understand'st me.

Clor. Indeed I do not, Sir; what is't you mean?
Lor. A ſmooth fac'd Boy, and ask ſuch a queſtion;
Fie, fie, this ignorance was ill counterfeited
To me that underſtand the world.
Clor. Explain your ſelf Sir.
Lor. Look, ten or twenty Piſtols will do you
No hurt, will it?
Clor. Not any Sir.
Lor. Why ſo; 'tis well any thing will make thee
Apprehend.
Clor. I ſhall be glad to ſerve you, Sir, without that fee.
Lor. That's kindly ſaid ——
I ſee a man muſt not be too eaſie of belief: had I been ſo,
This Boy would have been at what d'ye mean Sir;
And Lord I underſtand you not:
Well *Philibert*, here's earneſt to bind the bargain;
I am now in haſte, when I ſee thee next, [Loren. *Whiſpers*
I'll tell thee more. *to* Laura.
Clo. This 'tis to be a Favourite now;
I warrant you I muſt do him ſome good office to the Prince;
Which I'll be ſure to do.
Lor. Nay it muſt be done, for ſhe has us'd me baſely;
Oh 'tis a baggage.
Lau. Let me alone to revenge you on *Iſabella*,
Get me but from this impriſonment.
Lor. I will; whilſt I hold the old man in a diſpute,
Do you two get away; but be ſure thou pay'ſt her home.
Lau. I warrant you, Sir, this was happy;
Now ſhall I ſee *Curtius*.
Lor. Philibert, I adviſe you to have a care of
Wenching: 'twill ſpoil a good face,
And mar your better market of the two. [*Ex.* Lor.
Lau. Come let us haſte, and by the way, I'll tell thee
Of a means that may make us all happy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter* Alberto *Melancholy.*

Alb. *Antonio* ſaid he would be here,
I'm impatient till he come ——
Enter Antonio,
Ant. *Alberto*, I have ſuch a project for thee!
Alb. Hah —— [*Gazes.*
Ant. What ails thee, art thou well?
Alb. No.
Ant. Where art thou ſick?

Alb. At

Alb. At heart *Antonio*; poiſon'd by thy jealouſie;
— Oh thou haſt ruin'd me, undone my quiet,
And from a man of reaſonable vertue.
Has brought me to a wild diſtracted Lover.
Ant. Explain your ſelf.
Alb. Thou'ſt taught me, Friend, to love *Clarina*;
Not as I promis'd thee to feign, but ſo,
That *I*, unleſs *I* do poſſeſs that object,
I think muſt dye; at beſt be miſerable.
Ant. How Sir, have *I* done this?
Alb. Yes *Antonio*, thou haſt done this.
Ant. My dear *Alberto*; ſaid you that you lov'd her?
Alb. Yes *Antonio*, againſt my will *I* do;
As much againſt my will, as when *I* told her ſo;
Urg'd by thy needleſs ſtratagem.
Ant. Name it no more, it was an idle fault,
Which *I* do ſo repent me,
That if you find *I* ſhould relapſe again,
Kill me, and let me periſh with my weakneſs:
And were that true you tell me of your paſſion,
Sure *I* ſhould wiſh to dye, to make you happy.
Alb. That's kindly ſaid, and *I* ſubmit to you,
And am content to be out-done in Amity.
Ant. Yes, *I*'ll reſign my claims and leave the world;
Alberto, 'tis unkind to think *I* would be happy
By ways muſt ruine you;
But ſure you tell me this but only to afflict me.
Alb. 'Tis truth *Antonio*, *I* do love *Clarina*;
And what is yet far worſe for thy repoſe,
Believe my ſelf ſo bleſt to be belov'd.
Ant. How, to be belov'd by her!
— Oh dire effects of Jealouſie!
Alb. All that you ſaw to day was only feign'd,
To let you ſee, that even your eyes and ears
Might be impos'd upon.
Ant. Can it be poſſible!
Alb. And now ſhe thinks ſhe is enough reveng'd;
And lets you know in her feign'd ſcorn to me,
That all your ſleights and cunnings are but vain;
She has deceiv'd them all, and by that Art,
Gives you a confidence, and me a heart.
Ant. I muſt confeſs it is but juſt in her
To puniſh thus the errors of my fear;
I do forgive her, from my Soul I do.
— But, Sir, what ſatisfaction's this to you?
Alb. *Clarina* happy, I'le from Court retire,

An

And by that abſence quench my hopeleſs fire;
War, I will make my Miſtreſs; who may be,
Perhaps more kind than ſhe has been to me;
Where though I cannot conquer, 'twill allow
That I may dye; that's more then this will do.
Ant. —Why did you, Sir, betray my weakneſs to her?
Though 'twas but what I did deſerve from you.
Alb. By all that's good ſhe knew the plot before,
From *Iſabella*, who it ſeems o're heard us,
When you once preſt me to't:
And had we wanted vertue, thou'dſt been loſt.
Ant. I own the Crime;
And firſt I beg thy Pardon,
And after that will get it from *Clarina*;
Which done, I'le wait upon thee to the Camp,
And ſuffer one years Penance for this ſin,
Unleſs I could divert this reſolution,
By a propoſal *Clarina* bid me make you.
Alb. What was it Sir?
Ant. I have a Siſter, Friend, a handſom Virgin,
Rich, witty, and I think ſhe's vertuous too;
Return'd laſt week from St. *Teretias* Monaſtery.
Alb. Sure any thing that is to thee Alli'd,
Muſt find a more than bare reſpect from me;
But it is certain *I* ne're ſhall love again,
And have reſolv'd never to marry any,
Where *Intereſt*, and not Love muſt joyn our hands.
Ant. You cannot tell what power there lies in beauty;
Come you ſhall ſee her, and if after that;
You find you cannot love her,
We'le both to *Candia*, where we both will prove
Rivals in Honour, as we're now in Love:
——But *I*'d forgot to tell thee what I came for;
I muſt this evening beg your company,
Nay, and perhaps your Sword; come along with me,
And by the way I'll tell you the adventure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Lodgings of* Curtius.

Enter Curtius *and* Pietro *diſguis'd as before.*

Curt. I wonder we hear no news yet of the Prince,
I hope he'll come; *Pietro*, be the Bravo's ready,
And the Curtizans?
Piet. My Lord, they'll be here immediately, all well dreſt too.
Curt. They be thoſe Bravo's that did belong to me?
Piet. Yes, Sir, the ſame;

But

But *Antonio* is their Patron.

Curt. They be ſtout and ſecret; 'tis well,
Is the Muſick and all things ready?
For I'le not be ſeen till my part is to be play'd;

Piet. What Arms have they?
Piſtols Sir, would you have other?

Curt. No, *I* have not yet conſider'd how to kill him,
Nor ſcarce reſolv'd to do ſo any way;
What makes this ſtrange irreſolution in me?
—— Sure 'tis the force of ſacred Amity,
Which but too ſtrictly was obſerv'd by me:
—— My Prince, and Friend, my Wife and Siſter too;
Shall not thoſe laſt, the powerful firſt out-do:
My Honour and my Love are there ingag'd,
And here, by tyes of duty, I'm oblig'd:
I ſatisfie but theſe, if he muſt bleed;
But ruine the whole Dukedom in the deed,
The hopeful Heir of all their noble ſpoils,
And joy and recompence of all their toyls.
—— Why ſo was *Cloris*, *Laura* too, to me,
Which both were raviſht from me, Prince, by thee.

[*Knocks within.*

Piet. Sir, they be the Bravo's and Curtezans. [Piet. *goes out.*

Curt. 'Tis well, I need not talk with them,
They underſtand their work.

Piet. They do my Lord, and ſhall be ready at your ſtamp;
They are all *Neopolitans* you know Sir.

Curt. Are they the better for that?

Piet. Much Sir, a *Venetian* will turn to your enemy,
If he will give him but a Souſe more than you have done;
And your *Millanoiſe* are fit for nothing but to
Rob the Poſt or Carrier; a *Genoueſe* too,
Will ſooner kill by Uſury, than Sword or Piſtol;
A *Roman* fit for nothing but a *Spy*.

Curt. Well Sir, you are pleaſant with my Countrymen.

Piet. I'll be ſo with my own too, Sir; and tell you,
That a *Maltan*, who pretends to ſo much honour
And gravity, are fit only to rob their neighbours
With pretence of Piety.
—— And a *Cicilian* ſo taken up with Plots,
How to kill his Vice-Roy, that it keeps them
From being Rogues to a leſs degree;
But I have done, Sir, and beg your pardon.

Curt. Did'ſt leave the Letter, I commanded thee,
For *Laura*?

Piet. I did, my Lord.

Enter

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor, Well, here's the Prince just coming.
Curt. Pray Sir conduct him in,
I'm ready for him. [*Ex.* Curt. *and* Piet.

Enter the Prince, *conducted by two Women in Masquerade, with Lights, he endeavouring to take off their masks.* [Ex. *two Women.*

He walks about while this Song is singing.

What is the recompence of War,
But soft and wanton Peace?
What the best Balsam to our scars,
But that which Venus *gave to* Mars,
When he was circled in a kind embrace.

Behold a Prince who never yet,
Was vanquisht in the Field;
A While his Glories must forget,
And lay his Laurels at the feet
Of some fair Female power, to whom he'll yield.

Fred. What's this the preparation?
Lor. Yes, so it should seem; but had you met,
With so many defeats as I have done to night,
You would willingly excuse this Ceremony.

Musick for the Dance.

Enter Antonio *with* Ismena, Alberto *with* Clarina, Laura *and* Cloris *with two men more, and all dresst in Masquerade with Vizards; they Dance. The Prince sets down, the Dance being done, they retire to one side; and* Alberto *comes and presents him* Clarina, *and bows and retires; who puts off her Mask; and puts it on again and retires.*

Fred. She's wondrous fair;
Sure in his whole Cabal he cannot shew a fairer —
Lor. She resembles *Clarina*; I wish your Highness
Would see further, and then perhaps this would
Fall to my lot, for I love her for likeness sake.
[Antonio *presents* Ismena, *and retires as the other.*
Fred. This I confess out-does the others,
An innocency dwells upon her face,
That's strangely taking, is it not *Lorenzo?*
Lor. To say truth, she is very fine indeed. [*They present*
Fred. Hah! I am amaz'd; see *Lorenzo,* Laura.
Dost thou not know that face?

Lor. A my Conſcience and ſoul 'tis my own Siſter *Laura*;
Why how now Miſtreſs,
Do things go thus with you i'faith?
[*She ſhakes her hand as not underſtanding him.*
Ant. Sir, ſhe underſtands you not.
Lor. Is it not *Laura* then?
Ant. No Sir, it is a ſtranger.
Fred. Let her be what ſhe will, I'll have her
[Fred. *ſeems to talk when ſhe anſwers in Grimaſſes.*
Lor. There have been examples in the world
Of the good offices done by a Brother to a Siſter;
But they are very rare here,
And therefore will ſurely be the more acceptable;
VVell Sir, have you fix'd, that I may chuſe?
Fred. I have, and had he thouſands more, Lor. *goes to* Clar.
I would refuſe them all for this fair Creature.
Enter Pietro.
Piet. Sir, all things are ready as you deſire,
But my Maſter muſt firſt ſpeak with you alone.
Fred. About the price *I*'ll warrant you;
Let him come in; [*All go out but* Fred. *to him* Curt.
—— Are you the Maſter of the Ceremony?
Curt. I am.
Fred. Be ſpeedy then, and by my impatiency
To be with that agreeable Stranger, gueſs at my
Approbation of the Ladies, and which I chuſe.
Curt. Your mighty heat, Sir, will be ſoon allay'd.
Fred. Shall it?
Curt. Yes Sir, it ſhall, for you muſt dye.
Fred. Sure thou art mad to tell me ſo, whoe'er thou be'ſt,
VVhilſt I have this about me. [*Draws.*
Curt. That, *Sir*, you draw in vain; ſtand off—[*Offers a Piſtol.*
Fred. VVhat new conceited preparation's this?
Curt. Sir, when you know this Face, it will inform you.
[*Pulls off his falſe Beard.*
Fred. Curtius! I am betray'd, oh villain! [*Offers to fight.*
Curt. Ho, within there ——
[*He calls, and all the masked men come out, and offer the Piſtols at* Frederick.
Fred. Hold *I* am the Prince of *Florence.*
Curt. Theſe, *Sir*, are Rogues, and have no ſenſe of ought,
But miſchief in their *S*ouls;
Gold is their Prince and God, —go, be gone— [*They withdraw.*
—— See, *Sir*, *I* can command them.
Fred. Curtius, why doſt thou deal thus treacherouſly with me?
Did *I* not offer thee to fight thee fairly?

Curt. 'Tis

Curt. 'Tis like the injuries, Sir, that you have done me;
Pardon me if my griefs make me too rude,
And in course terms lay all your sins before you.
——First, Sir, you have debauch'd my Lovely Sister,
The only one *I* had;
The hope and care of all our Noble Family;
Thou Prince didst ravish all her vertue from her,
And left her nothing but a desperate sense of shame,
Which only serv'd to do her self that justice.
Which *I* had excuted, had she not prevented me.
Fred. In this, upon my Soul, you do me wrong.
Curt. Next, (oh how unlike a brave and generous Man,)
Without a cause, you cast me from your bosom;
Withdrew the Honour of your promis'd friendship.
And made me partner in my Sisters fate;
Only with this difference, that she
You left to act a Murther on her self;
And mine you would have been so kind to've done.
With your own hand, but my respect prevented it.
——Next, Sir, you ravisht *Laura* from me,
And under a pretence of sacred friendship,
You prov'd your self the worst of Enemies;
And that's a crime you dare not say was Ignorance,
As you perhaps will plead, your sin to *Cloris* was
Fred. *Cloris*, why what hast thou to do with *Cloris*?
Curt. She was my Sister, *Frederick*.
Fred. Thy Sister.
Curt. Yes, think of it well,
A Lady of as pure and noble blood,
As that of the great Duke thy Father,
Till you, bad man, infected it;
—Say should I Murther you for this base action;
Would you not call it a true Sacrifice?
And would not Heaven and Earth forgive it too?
Fred. No, had I know that she had been thy Sister,
I had receiv'd her as a gift from Heaven;
And so I would do still.
Curt. She must be sent indeed from Heaven,
If you receive her now.
Fred. Is *Cloris* dead? oh how I was to blame! [*Weeps.*
—Here thou may'st finish now the life thou threatn'st.
Curt. Now Sir, you know my justice and my power;
Yet since my Prince can shed a tear for *Cloris*,
I can forgive him,—here Sir,—send me to *Cloris*,
[*Kneels and offers his Sword.*
That mercy possibly will redeem the rest,

Of

Of all the wrongs you've done me;
And you ſhall find nothing but ſorrow here,
And a poor broken heart that did adore you.
Fred. Riſe *Curtius*, and divide my Dukedom with me;
Do any thing that may perſerve thy life,
And gain my Pardon; alas thy Honour's ſafe.
Since yet none knows that *Cloris* was thy Siſter,
Or if they do, I muſt proclaim this truth;
She dy'd thy Princes Wife.
Curt. Theſe tydings would be welcom to my Siſter,
And I the fitting'ſt man to bear that news.
[*Offers to ſtab himſelf, is held* by Fred. Laur. *and* Clor. *who come in with* Iſab. *dreſſed like* Philibert, *and the reſt.*
Lau. Stay *Curtius*, and take me with thee in the way.
Curt. *Laura*, my deareſt *Laura*! how came you hither?
Lau. Commanded by your Letter; have you forgot it?
Fred. *Curtius*, look here, is not this *Cloris* face?
Curt. The ſame; oh my ſweet Siſter, is it thee?
[Curt. *goes to embrace her, ſhe goes back.*
Fred. Do not be ſhye my ſoul, it is thy Brother.
Curt. Yes, a brother who deſpis'd his life,
When he believ'd your's loſt or ſham'd?
But now the Prince will take a care of it.
Clor. May I believe my ſoul ſo truly bleſt?
Fred. Yes *Cloris*, and thus low I beg thy pardon, [*Kneels.*
For all the fears that *I* have made thee ſuffer.

Enter all the reſt, firſt Ant. *and* Alb. *without their Viſors.*

Clor. Riſe, Sir, it is my duty and my glory.
Alb. Sir we have pardons too to beg of you.
Fred. *Antonio* and *Alberto*, what turn'd Bravo's?
Curt. *I* am amaz'd.
Ant. You'l ceaſe your wonder Sir, when you ſhall know,
—Thoſe Braves which formerly belong'd to you,
Are now maintain'd by me; which *Pietro* hir'd
For this nights ſervice; and from them we learnt
What was to be done, (though not on whom)
But that we gueſt, and thought it but our duty
To put this cheat on *Curtius*;
Which had we ſeen had been reſolv'd to kill you;
Had been by us prevented;
The Ladies too would needs be Curtezans
To ſerve your Highneſs.
Fred. I'me much oblig'd to them, as you;
—*Cloris*, a while I'le leave thee with thy Brother,

Till *I* have reconcil'd thee to my Father,
To Marry me, is what he long has wiſh't for,
And will, I know, receive this news with joy. [*Ex.* Prince.
Lor. Here's fine doings; what am I like to come to if he
Turn honeſt now? this is the worſt piece of inconſtancy
He ever was guilty of; to change ones humour, or ſo,
Sometimes is nothing; but to change nature,
To turn good on a ſudden, and never give a man
Civil warning, is a defeat not to be endur'd;
I'le ſee the end on't though. [*Goes out.*
Alb. Here *Antonio*——imagine how I love thee,
Who make thee ſuch a Preſent.
[*Gives him* Clarina, *who is dreſt juſt as* Iſmena *was; and* Iſmena *in Maſquing habit.*
Ant. *Clarina*; can you pardon my offence
And bleſs me with that *Love*,
You have but juſtly taken from me?
Clar. You wrong me, Sir, I ne're withdrew my heart,
Though you, but too unkindly, did your confidence.
Ant. Do not upbraid me; that I was ſo to blame,
Is ſhame enough; pray pardon, and forget it.
Clar. I do.
Ant. *Alberto*, to ſhew my gratitude in what *I* may,
I beg you would receive *Iſmena* from me.
Alb. Whoſe this?
Ant. *Iſmena*, whom I promis'd thee.
Alb. It is *Clarina*; do you mock my pain? [*Shows* Iſm.
Ant. By Heaven not I; this is *Clarina*, Sir.
Alb. That thy wife *Clarina*!
A beauty which till now *I* never ſaw.
Ant. Sure thou art mad, didſt thou not give her me but now?
And haſt not entertain'd her all this night.
Alb. Her habit and her vizard did deceive me;
I took her for this Lady,—oh bleſt miſtake!
Iſm. I ſee you're in the dark, but I'le unfold the riddle;
—Sir, in the paſſage from the Monaſtery,
Attended only by my Confeſſor,
A Gentleman, a Paſſenger, in the ſame Boat,
Addreſt himſelf to me;
And made a many little Courtſhips to me:
I being veil'd, he knew not who receiv'd them,
Nor what confuſion they begot in me;
At the firſt ſight, I grew to great eſteems of him,
But when I heard him ſpeak——
I'me not aſham'd to ſay he was my Conquerour;
Alb. Oh Madam was it you?

Who

Who by your converſation in that Voyage,
Gave me diſquiets,
Which nothing but your eyes could reconcile again.
Iſm. 'Twas I whom you deceiv'd with ſome ſuch language;
—After my coming home I grew more melancholy,
And by my ſilence did increaſe my pain;
And ſoon *Clarina* found I was a Lover,
Which I confeſt at laſt, and nam'd the object;
She told me of your friendſhip with *Antonio*,
And gave me hopes that I again ſhould ſee you:
—But *Iſabella* over-heard the Plot,
Which, Sir, *Antonio* did contrive with you,
To make a feigned Courtſhip to *Clarina*,
And told us all the ſtory.
Alb. Oh how I'me raviſht with my happineſs!
Iſm. Clarina, Sir, at firſt was much inrag'd,
And vow'd ſhe would revenge her on *Antonio*;
But I beſought her to be pleas'd again,
And ſaid I wou'd contrive a Counter-Plot,
Should ſatisfie her honour and revenge;
Thus, Sir, I got a garment like to hers,
And to be Courted, though but in jeſt, by you,
I run all hazards of my Brother, anger,
And your opinion of my lightneſs too.
Clar. 'Twas a temptation, Sir, *I* would not venture on,
Leaſt from the reaſons of a juſt revenge,
And ſo much beauty as *Alberto* own'd
My vertue ſhould not well ſecure your intereſt.
Ant. But why *Iſmena* was that killing Plot,
When *I* was hid behind the Arras, for now *I* confeſs all,
Iſm. To make *Alberto* confident of my Love,
And try his friendſhip to the utmoſt point;
———*Antonio* too *I* found had ſome reſerves,
Which I believ'd his Amity to you,
Alb. Yes, Madam, whilſt I took you for his *Wife*,
I thought it crime enough but to adore you,
But now I may with honour own my paſſion;
I will, *Iſmena*, confidently aſſure you,
That I will dye, unleſs you, pity me.
Iſm. She that durſt tell you, Sir, how much ſhe lov'd,
When you believ'd it was a ſin to do ſo;
Will now make good that promiſe with *Antonio*'s leave.
Ant. With perfect joy, *Iſmena*, I reſign thee.
[Antonio *gives him* Iſmena.
Alb. By double tyes you now unite our Souls: [*To* Ant.
Though I can hardly credit what I ſee,

The happineſs ſo newly is arriv'd,
Enter. Prince, Lor. *and* Guil. *who comes up ſcraping to* Cloris.
Fred. My Father is the kindeſt man on earth,
And *Cloris* ſhall be welcom to his boſom?
Who'le make him happy in my reformation:
—Here *Curtius*, take *Laura*, who I find,
Had rather be my Siſter than my Miſtreſs?
The Duke commands it ſo.
Curt. Till you have pardon'd me my late offences
I muſt deny my ſelf ſo great a happineſs. [Curt. *Kneels.*
Fred. Riſe, you have it.
Enter Salvator.
Salv. Is here not a Runagado belongs to me?
Lau. No, Sir, my faith's entire,
And *Curtius* has the keeping of it.
Salv. Who made him Maſter of it, hau?
Lau. Heaven, my Inclinations, and the Prince.
Salv. Three powerful oppoſers;
Take her, ſince it muſt be ſo;
And may'ſt thou be happy with her.
Fred. *Alberto*, would this Court afforded
A Lady worthy thee.
Alb. Sir, I'm already ſped, I humbly thank you,
Lor. Sped quoth ye, Heaven defend
Me from ſuch fortune.
Fred. *Lorenzo*, I had forgot thee; thou ſhalt e'en marry too.
Lor. You may command me any thing but Marrying.
Iſab What think you then of a ſmooth-fac'd Boy?
Lor. A Pox on him, ſure he will not tell now, will he?
Iſab. My Lord, I beg your leave to challenge *Lorenzo*.
Fred. What to a Duel *Pillibert*?
Lor Phil. Phil. hold, do not ruin the reputation
Of a man that has acquir'd fame amongſt the female ſex;
I proteſt I did but jeſt.
Iſab. But, Sir, I me in earneſt with you.
Fred. This is not *Phillbert*.
Iſab. No, Sir, but *Iſabella*—that was *Phillibert*. [*Pointing to* Clor.
Clor. Yes, Sir, I was the happy boy to be beloy'd,
When *Claris* was forgotten.
Fred. Oh how you raiſe my love and ſhame;
But why did *Iſabella* change her habit?
Clor. Only to take my place, leſt you would miſs me,
Who being with *Laura*, at the lodgings of *Clarina*;
And comparing the words of her Letter,
With what the Bravos had confeſt to *Antonio*,
We found the Plot which was laid for you,

And

And joyn'd all to prevent it.
Fred. 'Twas ſure the work of Heaven.
Iſab. And now, Sir, *I* come to claim a husband here.
Fred. Name him, and take him.
Iſab. Lorenzo, Sir.
Lor. Of all cheats, commend me to a waiting Gentlewoman; I her Husband?
Ant. I am a witneſs to that truth.
Fred. 'Tis plain againſt you, come you muſt be honeſt.
Lor. Will you comple me to't againſt my will?
Oh tyranny, conſider *I* am a man of quality and fortune,
Iſab. As for my qualities, you know *I* have ſufficient,
And fortune, thanks to your bounty, conſiderable too.
Fred. No matter, he has enough for both.
Lor. Nay, Sir, an you be againſt me,
'Tis time to reform in my own defence;
But 'tis a thing *I* never conſider'd, or thought on.
Fred. Marry firſt, and conſider afterwards.
Lor. That's the uſual way *I* confeſs;
Come *Iſabella*, ſince the Prince commands it;
I do not love thee, but yet *I*'le not forſwear it;
Since a greater maracle than that is wrought;
And that's my Marrying thee:
Well, 'tis well thou art none of the moſt beautiful,
I ſhould ſwear the Prince had ſome deſigns on thee elſe.
Clor. Yes *Guilliam*, ſince thou haſt been ſo faithful, [Clor ſpeak.
I dare aſſure thee *Lucia* ſhall be thine. [*Guil. Bows.*] [*a ſide to* Guil.]
Fred. Come my fair *Cloris*, inveſt thy ſelf
In all the Glories, which I lately promis'd:
—And Ladies, you'll attend her to the Court,
And ſhare the welcoms which the Duke provides her;
Where all the ſallies of my flattering youth,
Shall be no more remember'd, but as paſt;
Since 'tis a race that muſt by Man be run,
I'me happy in my youth it was begun;
It ſerves my future Manhood to improve,
Which ſhall be ſacrific'd to War and Love.

Curtain Falls.

Epilogue

Epilogue *spoken by* Cloris.

Ladies; the Prince was kind at last,
But all the danger is not past;
I cannot happy be till you approve,
My hasty condescention to his Love.
'Twas want of Art, not Vertue, was my Crime,
And that's, I vow, the Author's fault, not mine:
She might have made the Women pitiless,
But that had harder been to me than this:
She might have made our Lovers constant too,
A work which Heaven it self can scarcely do;
But simple Nature never taught the way,
To hide those Passions which she must obey.
Humble Cottages and Cells,
Where Innocence and Virtue dwells;
Then Courts no more secure can be,
From Love and dangerous Flattery.
Love in rural triumph reigns,
As much a God amongst the Swains,
As if the Sacrifices paid,
Were wounded hearts by Monarchs made;
And this might well excuse m' offence,
If it be so to love a Prince.
But Ladies, 'tis your hands alone,
And not his power can raise me to a Throne;
Without that aid I cannot reign,
But will return back to my flocks again.

Guiliam *advances.*

Guil. *How, go from Court! nay, zay not zo,*
Hear me-but speak before you go:
Whoy zay the Ladies should refuse ye,
The Bleads I'm sure would better use ye——
So long as ye are kind and young,
I know they'll clap ye right or wrong.

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The End of the Amorous Prince.